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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature

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A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES. By Joanna E. Wood

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OCT 31 1898

NOVEMBER, 1898.



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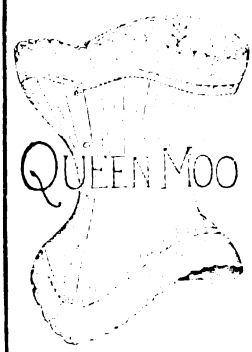
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THE

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VOL. XII. NOVEMBER, 1898. No. 1.

OCT 31 1898

WHERE SUMMERS ARE LONG.

A Comparison of Canadian and European Summers.

PERHAPS no country suffers abroad from misconception in regard to its climate as does Canada. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's well meant but unfortunate allusion to the Dominion as "Our Lady of the Snows"—scarcely an appropriate one to a country where in east, west and south at almost any time in winter as large an area as England is bare of snow, and several times that area has but a scanty covering—is but a natural re-echo of the opinions which have been expressed during the centuries since the snowy gateway of the St. Lawrence was first entered by the French. Exaggerated ideas of the cold of Canada are continually being expressed in books and in leading periodicals, and often by generally well-informed men. A prominent member of The British Association, while sailing down Lake Ontario, referred to the scene he supposed the lake would present when *frozen over*. The late General Benjamin Butler, in an article in a leading American review not long ago, said that Canada could easily be invaded in winter by *crossing Lake Ontario on the ice*. A writer in a popular English magazine tells of the mercury being constantly below zero at Quebec for over four months every winter, whereas a period of two days when such is the case, even in that city, is uncommon. McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary of an old date refers to what are now our boundless wheat fields of the North-West as "situated in an inhospitable climate, and worth very little, excepting as hunting grounds"—an opinion happily well dissipated at the present day. Some of the queer misstatements made are, to say the least, amusing. Sir Francis Bond Head, a former governor of Upper Canada, in a volume on the country, indulging in a little "romancing" about the climate, said, amongst other things, that often in writing his dispatches to the Home Government, in his warm offices in the Government House, Toronto, he has found the ink cease flowing, and on examination discovered a ball of frozen ink formed under his pen. Another writer on settlement in the mild Western peninsula of Ontario gravely tells of horses having to be cut out of the ice formed from the overflowing of the troughs at which they were being watered. And the London *Illustrated News*, on the occasion of Prince Arthur's visit to the lake region, comforts its English readers by the assurance that "Canada has plenty of bearskins and deerskins to clothe her own children and the Queen's son, too." Even the most serious and authoritative of publications make similar singular mistakes. Chambers' Encyclopædia, for example, in its article on North America, says that the basin of the St. Lawrence, *i.e.*, of the Great Lakes and the River, is, in winter, not only relatively, but absolutely, the coldest portion of the conti-

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nent, its low level constituting a depression into which flows the cold, and, therefore, heavy air of the interior of the continent. Unfortunately for this theory the basin is in general much milder on the same parallels of latitude than the Mississippi Valley. And notwithstanding that December, January and February have been known to pass with the water constantly lapping the innermost wharfs of Toronto Bay, "Encylopædia Britannica," in a tabular statement, unable to conceive the final opening of navigation in the harbour occurring one year so early as January, sets down the opening as taking place in June! It is refreshing to turn from these arctic pictures to the impressions of America given in one of the great London monthly reviews by an Englishman who at St. Paul is assured that the date palm flourishes in the Red River Valley in northern Minnesota, so very close to Manitoba, as that former gateway to our prairies, St. Vincent. These wrong ideas prevalent as to the Canadian climate have been exceedingly detrimental to the country, and probably have done more to retard immigration, especially of well-to-do agriculturists, than all other causes combined.

Many Canadians, too, influenced by foreign misconceptions so often expressed, underrate the relative merits of our seasons when compared with those of northern and central Europe. This wrong impression of the comparative length of the summer is aided by the fact that in the most thickly-inhabited portions of old Canada, such as southern and eastern Ontario, fall wheat harvest is generally over in July, and all cereals, excepting maize, are garnered but little if any later. Partly, too, the very considerable and sensible difference in temperature between May and June, and between August and September aids this error, though May in several Canadian localities is as warm as the English June.

Then, too, both at home and abroad, the impression made by a cursory glance at the maps of the two hemispheres tends to the disadvantage of Canada. The Gulf of Mexico, in the minds of most, is associated with the latitudes of the Mediterranean. New Orleans is contemplated as being in about the same latitude as Marseilles or Nice, and Algiers and Morocco as Cuba. The general absence in North America, through occasional severe winter frosts extending as far south as the Gulf of Mexico, of certain characteristic trees of southern latitudes further confirms this impression. Hence we have "Far north Canada," and hence, too, even southern Ontario is mentally removed far up into the latitudes of north Germany and the south of England, and prejudged adversely whenever the length and generous warmth of its summers are thought of in relation to those of France, Austria, South Germany, and even of countries somewhat further north.

A little readjustment of mental impressions in regard to relative latitudes will do much to correct ideas in regard to our summer seasons, and also in regard to our winters, though it is always to be borne in mind that our position on the eastern side of a continent makes our winters colder than those of the west of Europe in the same latitudes, just as the winters of China, Korea and Japan and the east of Asia generally are colder than those of similar latitudes on the Pacific coast of North America.

The Mediterranean, where it laves the delta of the Nile, is further north than New Orleans, while the same south shore of that sea curving past Tunis is as far north as southern Illinois, and only 250 geographical miles further south than Pelee, in Ontario. The northern part of the Mediterranean is largely in the region of the Great St. Lawrence lakes; its most northern shore, in the Adriatic, corresponds in latitude with the north shore of Lake Huron, leaving Lake Superior the only one of the great lakes wholly north of the Mediterranean. Lake Erie in latitude corresponds with the Mediterranean off Barcelona, in Spain, and reaches south to within a few miles of the latitude of the north coast of the Ægean.

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Lake Ontario has the latitudes of the Gulfs of Lyons and Genoa washing the south coast of France and the neighbouring coast of Italy.

Lake Huron's southernmost parallel is that of the north point of Corsica. The Adriatic nearly corresponds in latitude, general direction and shape with Lake Michigan. Canadian Pelee, in Lake Erie, is a little further south than Rome and lies in the same latitude as Braganza, Portugal; Valladolid and Saragossa, Spain; Ajaccio, Corsica; Adrianople, Turkey; and Mount Olfar, Asia Minor. Further north than the southernmost land in Canada (lat. 41° 42′) lies the whole of France and Austria-Hungary (including Dalmatia), three-fifths of Italy, and all of Turkey-in-Europe (with its Danubian valley) excepting Illyria, southern Macedonia and southern Thrace. Greece is the only country in Europe wholly south of Canada.

London, western Ontario, has the latitude of the Pyrenees, and of Vittoria and Pampeluna, Spain; Hamilton, that of Corunna and Bilboa, in Spain, and Perugia, in central Italy. An east and west line through Toronto passes through the sea slopes of Asturias, Spain, and through Toulouse, in the south of France, and leaves the far-famed Nice and Florence a few miles on its northern side. Ottawa and Montreal correspond in latitude with Milan and Venice, and are further south than Lyons. Ontarions regard Lake Nipissing as "away up north," but its latitude is that of Poitiers, central France, and of the Lake of Geneva. Lake Temiscamingue on the Upper Ottawa, and Lake Constance, Switzerland, and Buda-Pesth, the capital of Hungary, are in the same latitude. Quebec represents almost exactly the central latitude of France and the northern verge of Italy, though in winter clad with a thick mantle of snow. Victoria, British Columbia, Port Arthur, on Lake Superior, and Chicoutimi, on Lake St. John, at the head of the Saguenay, have the latitude of Brest, and leave Paris further north, and within fourteen miles of the 49th parallel, the southern boundary of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. Prague, Bohemia, is a few miles further north than Winnipeg, and Brussels, the capital of Belgium, a similar distance north of Regina. The latitudes of sunny France do not fail at Calais and Dunkerque until, going north in Canada, Calgary, on the slopes of the Rockies, in the west, and in the east, Moose Fort on the tidal waters of James' Bay, are reached. London is fifteen miles further north than Moose Fort. Berlin is exactly as far north as Fort Albany at the northern extremity of Ontario. Battleford corresponds very nearly with Berlin and Leicester in latitude, Edmonton with Dublin, Port Simpson, B.C., with Belfast, and Dunvegan, on the Peace River, with Edinburgh.

As a whole, Ontario lies in the same latitude as France and Austria-Hungary, extending a little more to both north and south than either. These European countries cover the latitudes between Lake St. Clair and James' Bay. Switzerland lies in the Lakes Nipissing and Temiscamingue latitudes, Germany in those between Temiscamingue and York Factory, Hudson Bay. The Saskatchewan Valley, Manitoba, and the southern and central part of British Columbia are in the latitudes of central and northern Germany. Great Britain stretches over all the parallels of British Columbia, from the latitude of Kamloops and Winnipeg northward. The St. Lawrence basin in Quebec, New Brunswick, and northern Nova Scotia, are in the latitudes of central and northern France.

The position of much of Canada in the most favoured latitudes of Europe might well create a presumption that at least its more southerly portions possess a comparatively genial climate. This presumption is well sustained by the examination of the records of both the western and eastern parts of the Dominion. Even allowing for the well-known fact that the eastern side of every continent or large island in the temperate zone is colder in winter than the western, the narrowness of

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America, compared with the eastern continent, and the existence of the great lakes as a check on the drift of cold from the interior, makes the St. Lawrence region generally much milder in winter than Chinese territory in the same latitudes. A discussion of the marvellous variety of climates, which, not only the Dominion, but several of its provinces, especially Ontario and British Columbia, and, within these, even very limited districts, present, tempting and interesting as it would be, is impracticable within the space of this article. Enough may, however, be shown to prove that in at least a very important portion of Canada, embracing a population of millions, the climate possesses great and substantial merits, even though these are little known and appreciated abroad.

The Canadian area here selected for comparison is that between Lake Erie in the south and Lake Temiscamingue in the north, and from Montreal and the Lower Ottawa Valley in the north-east to Lakes Huron and St. Clair in the west and south-west. From north to south it measures about 450 miles and nearly 600 from north-east to south-west. Though many thousands of square miles of its surface are yet virgin forest, it includes all but a few score thousand of the people of Ontario, and has a population of about 3,000,000, or half the population of Canada. Though including the neighbourhood of Montreal and a strip along the Quebec side of the Ottawa, it lies almost wholly in Ontario, and may for climatic comparisons be designated south-eastern Ontario, as one of the regions—south-eastern, north-eastern and western—into which the irregularly triangular province is naturally divided. In the elevation of its meteorological stations above the sea it ranges from nearly 200 feet at Montreal to about 600 feet around Lakes Erie and Huron, 800 to 1,200 in the Muskoka and northern inland districts, and to about 1,600 on the high interior sloping from Lakes Huron and Erie to a culmination on the uplands south of the Georgian Bay.

The comparisons made with Europe are in regard to the average length and heat of summer, a matter of very practical importance in the comfort of the population, and especially in regard to agricultural capability. The mean temperatures given are mostly derived from records of the Canadian and European Meteorological Services, and are for periods of fifteen years or more.

For comparing the duration of summer heat, it is not easy to choose, to the satisfaction of all, a standard of monthly mean temperature lower than which no month may average, and yet be regarded as a summer month. Lord Byron once, ill-naturedly perhaps, remarked that England was a country without a summer, but his remark would apply with equal truth to the British Columbian coast and San Francisco, and a long stretch of coast near the Golden Gate. A British standard seems for obvious reasons to be appropriate for comparisons of British seasons with Canadian, and as Englishmen, Irish or Scotch would resent the suggestion that the June of their respective countries is not a summer month, the June of a south of Scotland town, Lanark, may by way of compromise be selected as a standard. The mean temperature of June at Lanark is 54°. The town is inland and about 600 feet above the sea, or about the same as the Huron and Erie coasts.

The following mean monthly temperatures for the five warmest months at British stations are fairly representative of the climate of Great Britain.*

Scotland.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.
Lanark	48°	54°	57°	56°	52°
Aberdeen	49	54	58	57	53
Edinburgh	49	55	58	58	53
Braemar	46	52	55	54	50
Ireland.					
Armagh	50	56	58	58	54
Belfast	51	57	59	59	54
Dublin	51	56	59	60	55
Waterford	51	57	60	60	55
England.					
Carlisle	51	57	60	59	55
Cheadle	49	55	59	58	54
Leeds	52	58	62	61	56
Leicester	51	58	61	61	56
Oxford	53	59	62	62	57
London	53	58	62	63	59
Dartmoor	47	52	56	56	52
Brighton	53	59	63	63	59
Exeter	53	59	63	63	58

*Cheadle, in the middle latitudes of England, is about the same elevation as Port Dover on Lake Erie. Braemar is a little lower than Stratford or Guelph in Ontario, and Dartmoor slightly higher. The other stations are comparatively little above sea level.

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The following are mean monthly temperatures of places in Quebec and Ontario.

	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.
Montreal	55	64°	69°	67°	59°
Rockliffe	52	61	65	61	56
Pembroke	54	64	69	67	58
Ottawa	55	65	70	65	60
Cornwall	55	65	69	67	59
Parry Sound	51	62	66	63	57
Gravenhurst	53	64	66	65	57
Peterboro	58	66	70	68	59
Kingston	53	63	68	67	61
Goderich	54	66	69	68	61
Durham	54	65	68	66	58
Stratford	55	63	68	65	58
Woodstock	54	65	68	65	59
Toronto	52	62	68	66	59
Hamilton	56	66	72	71	62
Stony Creek	55	67	70	69	61
Brantford	55	66	68	67	61
London	56	66	70	67	60
Dover	54	66	69	68	61
Simcoe	57	66	72	69	61
Windsor	59	68	73	71	64
Pelee	58	69	76	73	66

These figures scarcely require comment. Of the five warmer months, only May and September are as warm in the most southern localities in England as in the coolest Ontarion localities south of Lake Nipissing. May in the Ontarion region is almost everywhere warmer than the Lanark June, and in Essex, one of the Lake Erie counties, than July in Lanark and Edinburgh. September in much of settled Ontario is warmer than July in Scotland or Ireland, and in the warmest localities than July in London. The three midsummer months south of the Laurentians are warmer—much warmer—everywhere than in Britain; the excess in July over London is eight degrees at Ottawa in the north-east, and 14 degrees at Pelee in the south-west.

Both in duration and heat the summers of the Ontarion region, therefore, surpass those of Britain. By the minimum standard of a south of Scotland June, Ontario southward from Lake Nipissing and the Upper Ottawa has very generally five months of summer heat to three in Scotland and four in Ireland and England. By the standard of an English Midland June (Leicester's, 58°) or an Edinburgh July, almost the whole Ontarion region has four summer months against one or two in Ireland, Scotland and part of England, and even by the standard of a Leicester July (61°) much of Ontario has four months to none in Ireland or Scotland. If an average south-eastern Ontario June (64°) be selected as the minimum standard of a summer month, no part of Great Britain can be said to have summer at all.

To find parallels to the summers of Ontario, we must go south of the English Channel. All these summers are represented in France and Austro-Hungary; and the cooler ones also in Switzerland and Germany. The following are mean temperatures for places in these countries. The French meteorological stations are arranged according to latitude, proceeding southward :—

France.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.
Arras	55	61°	64	65	57°
Paris	55	61	66	65	59
Lamballe	54	59	62	63	59
Brest	55	60	64	65	61
Epinal	55	62	66	64	58
Mirecourt	55	62	65	65	59
Orleans	58	64	69	67	61
Nantes	57	61	66	65	60
Poitiers	57	62	66	65	61
Bourges	57	64	68	67	61
Limoges	57	62	67	66	59
Lyons	59	66	71	69	61
Grenoble	58	64	69	68	61
Albi	60	65	72	73	65
Nice	61	69	74	73	68
Toulouse	59	65	71	70	64
Montpellier	62	68	74	74	68
Lescar	58	63	68	67	63
Marseilles	61	68	72	72	66
Foix	56	62	67	67	60
Switzerland.					
Geneva	55	62	67	65	59
Berne	53	60	65	63	57
Austro-Hungary.					
Hermannstadt	57	64	67	66	58
Klagenfurt	56	63	67	64	57
Gratz	59	64	68	66	59
Salzburg	54	62	65	63	57
Buda Pesth	59	67	71	69	61
Erlau	59	67	71	68	59
Vienna	57	64	69	66	59
Prague	55	63	67	66	59
Cracow	53	62	66	63	57
Germany.					
Munich	52	59	64	62	55
Bayreuth	52	60	63	61	54
Berlin	55	63	67	64	59
Hamburg	52	60	63	62	57

Comparisons of these European mean temperatures with those of Ontario may surprise the reader, showing, as they do, that Canada has climates which are as warm in summer as many parts of the south of France, and summers as long as in the central departments of that country.

Haileybury, in the Lakes Nipissing-Temiscamingue region, has a mean of about 63° for the three mid-summer months, and 59° for the five warmest. The latter mean is higher than that of Munich or Beyreuth, and the former than that of London or of L'Orient,

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and about the same as that of Berne and Brest (62°.7).

Parry Sound, 64° and 60° for the two periods respectively, is as warm in the mid-summer months as Paris, and for the longer period as Epinal, in the famous Moselle Valley, or as Zurich or Salzburg. Gravenhurst, on Muskoka lake, one degree warmer than Parry Sound in both periods, corresponds very nearly, in summer heat and duration, with Geneva on Lake Leman and Basel on Lake Constance.

Ottawa and Vienna, (about 66°.6 and 63°), Montreal and Besancon, about (66°.6 and 62°.5), Orleans in the Loire Valley, and Grenoble in south-eastern France, correspond very closely in the mean summer heat for either three or five months, and have the summer climate of very many of the Ontario counties.

Peterborough, in the eastern midlands of Ontario and further north than Toronto, has a higher temperature (68° and 64°), differing but very little from that of Lyons on the Rhone, Toulouse near the Mediterranean, or Lisbon, Portugal, for the three mid-summer months, and being a little higher for both three and five months than Belluno, in north-eastern Italy.

Toronto is cooled in summer, especially in May and June, by the deep lake to the south, but the mean of a 15-year period of observation in the two cities shows it to be over 2 degrees warmer than Paris in the three mid-summer months, and over one degree warmer for the five warmer months of the year. It nearly corresponds in summer heat with Nancy, Poitiers, Limoges, and Foix, scattered from north-eastern France to the base of the Pyrenees.

Hamilton may be considered hot in summer. It is as warm in September as Toulouse, and warmer in June, July and August. Its July (72°) is as warm as that of Marseilles, and only two degrees cooler than that of Jerusalem, and five cooler than that of Alexandria, Egypt. The mean temperature for the five warmest months (65°.4) is that of Toulouse and Lyons ; the mean of June, July and August (69o.6) is about that of Albi, southern France, and Como, Italy, and falls short only one degree of that of Marseilles. Hamilton's summer fairly represents the summers of the famous Niagara peach district.

London, in the West Midland counties, averages 67°.5 for the three mid-summer months and 63°.7 for the five months of summer. It is warmer than Vienna, and while the same for the five warmer months as Grenoble, about 100 feet lower in elevation above the sea, is a degree warmer for the mid-summer trio.

Foix, in the extreme south of France, and in the same latitude as London, Ont., and Durham, 80 miles further north in latitude, are, respectively, about 1,400 and probably about 1,500 feet above sea level. The mean temperature for the June, July and August period is 65°.2 at Foix and 65°.7 at Durham, while for the five warmer months of the year the means are, respectively, 62°.4 and 61°.6. Durham, it is worthy of notice, is warmer for latitude and elevation than one place in France.

Windsor (lat. 42° 19'), at the north-western angle of Essex county, which lies in latitude 41° 42' to 42° 20', between the shallow, readily-heated west end of Lake Erie and the equally shallow St. Clair. It is further south than any point in France. Its mean temperature for the five warmest months of the year (67°) is that of Albi (70 miles from the Mediterranean and at the same elevation above the sea—600 ft.—as Windsor), and is half a degree higher than that of Lisbon, Portugal, and not half a degree lower than that of Marseilles. For the three mid-summer months its mean (70°.7) is that of Marseilles ; for July it is half a degree higher than that French city, which, though a degree of latitude farther north, is hundreds of feet lower in elevation.

Pelee Island, the southernmost township of Canada, may be said to have for six months of the year the heat of southern France ; for May there is as warm as at Grenoble, and October

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(54°.1) as at Albi, or as at Perugia, in southern Italy. October is warmer in Pelee than June in Lanark, Scotland, and May than Lanark in July, September than July in London, Berne or Brest, and June than July in Vienna, and August than July in Marseilles. Pelee in July (75°.7) is warmer than Marseilles (72°), Nice and Turin (73°.8), Constantinople (73°.9), Jerusalem (74°.1), and Tangier, Morocco (74°.8); not one degree cooler than Naples (76°.5), Rome and Algiers (76°.6), not two degrees than Alexandria (77°.5), nor five degrees than Bombay (80°.8), and is only about seven degrees cooler than Calcutta (82°.8)*. It has the same mean temperature in July as Modena, Italy, and Kandy, Ceylon. Pelee is as warm as Marseilles in September, but is warmer in June, July and August. Its June is that of Nice, but Pelee is hotter there also in July and August. The mean of Pelee for the five warmest months of the year is 68°.1, which is higher than that of Marseilles (67°.8), and a little lower than that of Nice (68°.8). For the three mid-summer months the mean temperature of Pelee (72°.5) is higher than that of Marseilles (70°.7), Turin (71°.4), or Nice (71°.7), and is about the same as that of Constantinople (72°.6).

It is France, probably more than any other country in Europe, that the agriculturally-occupied portion of Ontario resembles in summer heat. A longer summer season than much of the Ontarion region has is, in France, to be found almost wholly in the south, and there only at comparatively low elevation above sea level. The resemblances are not merely in the mean heat and duration of summer, but also, generally, in the daily and seasonal ranges of temperature, the degree of variability of weather from day to day, or week to week, the large amount of brilliant sunshine, and very largely, too, in rainfall, and its distribution in short but tropical downpours, accompanied generally by heavy thunder and lightning. The average daily range of the thermometer in both countries varies much in localities; in some places, especially inland, exceeding 25 degrees; in others, along the coasts, being below 20, or even 15 degrees. The average daily maximum in July in the Ontarion region varies from about 78°, as at Toronto, to 85° as at Hamilton, and this in large measure irrespective of latitude. The average monthly maximum for the five warmest months, in many places, exceeds 90°; the seasonal maximum at Toronto is 91°, at Hamilton 97°, and in the Ottawa Valley it is about 95°, or about the same as in the valley of the Rhone. Occasionally, 90° is exceeded in April and even in October, and all the intervening summer months have exceeded, at times, 100° in the shade. The highest registered at Hamilton is 106°, which is higher than is reached at New Orleans. Intensely hot weather rarely lasts more than a few days at a time; though, occasionally, it is prolonged for weeks. Nor are very warm nights common in the cooler lake borders. Even in the warmest localities during the hottest weather the mercury rarely fails to fall to 75° before sunrise.

The rainfall on the Mediterranean coast is much lighter in summer than in Ontario. Elsewhere, inland, on ordinary elevations above the sea, it is about the same as in Ontario. Ontario has no mistrals, chilly mountain winds, or siroccos; and strong gales are rare before September or October, and in the midsummer months chilly winds are very rare, and in most years are unknown. Tornados are rare, and are not so destructive as in the Mississippi Valley. Liability to summer frosts varies greatly; at Pelee the continuous exemption covers seven months. Generally they are less frequent than in most of England, and occur as rarely as in inland Northern and Central France. Drought is as in France; sometimes the meadows of Ontario are parched by drought and heat till they become yel-

*The following are North American mean temperatures for July, obtained from varying periods of years: San Francisco, 58°.1; San Diego, 67° and Los Angeles, Cal., 68°.5; Sandusky, 74°.1; Toledo, Ohio, 74°.4; New York, 73°.6; Philadelphia, 76°.1; Washington, 78°.7; Pittsburg, 74°.6; St. Louis, 79°.6; Chicago, 72°.2; Bermuda, 78°.7; New Orleans, 82°.6; Havana, 83°.7.

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low as a puma's skin, but failure of crops from this cause has not been known within sixty years. The pleasantness of the season is greatly enhanced by the brilliant sunshine experienced day after day for weeks together, and the glorious skies and sunsets—beautiful in variety of tint and cloud-form—which have been justly regarded as equal to those of Italy.

With its long, France-like summers, Ontario grows luxuriantly many of the vegetals associated in the British mind with the warmer climates of the world. The egg-plant yields well almost everywhere; the pea-nut grows; cotton without special fertilizers has been grown in Pelee for many years; the sweet potato grows in very many counties, and reaches a weight of several pounds; while the watermelon flourishes as in the tropics, and the tomato, as a great field crop, is a not inconsiderable source of revenue to farmers. The tomato grows on the highest lands of the province. Sorghum is a successful crop. Maize, which is grown on 200,000 acres, and in every county, gives a higher average yield per acre than any western or southern state of the American Union, excepting Missouri. It and the tomato flourish luxuriantly at elevations above sea level which in Britain would not allow wheat to ripen.

That the fig and the almond, with scarcely any protection against severe winter frosts, succeed at a few places as orchard trees, and the apricot and nectarine are grown in orchards in several counties, is rather an indication of not very severe winters than of summer warmth. But the peach is grown on the Georgian Bay, over 200 miles further north than the southern limit of Ontario, and inland at an elevation of over 1,000 feet above the sea. From the heights of Grimsby on Lake Ontario many scores of thousands of peach trees are seen at one glance, or a larger number than may thus be seen anywhere else in the world. In quality the fruit surpasses that of California. The area in Ontario adapted for peach culture exceeds nine thousand square miles. The wild vine trails over the river-side trees almost everywhere. Many species of the grape, including the European *vinus vinifera*, are cultivated in large vineyards, which are found in the Ottawa valley as well as on the Lake Erie slopes. The yield of wine per acre is greater than in California, and twice as large as in France; the area suitable for viticulture embraces over 25,000 square miles.

Amongst forest trees indications of the climate are found in the success of the tulip tree in much of the province. The pseudo-papaw, with its banana-like fruit, is a forest tree in the Niagara peninsula, although not found as such north or west of a line from the west end of Lake Erie to western Texas. In southern Ontario can be grown five out of the seven known species of magnolia, including one of the largest, a species having flowers ten inches in breadth.

In view of the facts here presented it must be admitted that the climate of Canada has, in parts at least, much to commend it to the intelligent, capable fruit growers and country gentlemen of Britain and Europe.

J. Gordon Mowat.



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A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A Romance in Twelve Chapters.

BY JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND", "JUDITH MOORE", ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MISS TEMPERANCE TRIBBEY stood at the bank door of the old Lansing house, shading her eyes with one hand as she looked towards the gate to discover why Grip, the chained-up mastiff, was barking so viciously.

The great wooden spoon, which she held in her other hand, was dripping with red syrup, and showed that Temperance was preserving fruit. To the eyes of the initiated there were other signs of her occupation. Notably a dangerous expression in her eyes. The warmth of the stove was apt to extend to Miss Tribbey's temper at such times.

Sidney Martin, coming slowly up the avenue-like lane to the farm-house, did not observe Miss Tribbey standing at the back door, although she saw him; and therefore, much to his own future detriment and present prejudice in Miss Tribbey's eyes, he went to the front door, under its heavy pillared porch, and knocked. After he had vanished round the corner of the house towards the ill-chosen door, Miss Tribbey waited impatiently for the knock, calculating whether she could safely leave her fruit on the fire whilst she answered it.

The knock did not come. Muffled by the heavy door, its feeble echo was absorbed by the big rooms between the front door and the kitchen.

"Well!" said Temperance, "has he gone to Heaven all alive, like fish goes to market, or is he got a stroke?"

The cat arched its back against Miss Tribbey's skirts and so shirked the reply which clearly developed upon it, there being no other living creature visible in the big kitchen.

"It's as bad as consumpting to have a man hanging over a body's head like this," continued Temperance. "My palpitations is coming on! If I'm took with them and that fruit on the fire, along of a man not knowing enough to knock!"

The fruit in the big copper kettle began to rise insidiously towards the brim.

"I'll just go and take a speck at him through the shutters," said she.

She crossed the kitchen, but ere she left it, long housewifely habit made her "give a look to the stove." The burnished copper kettle was domed by a great crimson bubble, raised sphere-like by the steam.

"My soul!" said Temperance, and took a flight across the kitchen, lifting the heavy pot with one sweep from the fire to the floor. The dome quivered, rose a fraction and collapsed in a mass of rosy foam.

The crisis was past, and just then the expected knock came.

Temperance drew a long breath.

"There!" she said, "That jell's done for! I'll have to stand palavering with some agent chap or book-canvasser with my jell a-setting there gettin' all muddied up."

This reflection bore her company to the front door, which she opened with an air of calm surprise. Miss Tribbey knew her manners.

"Well I declare!" she said. "Have you been here long?"

"No—came this very minute," said Sidney in his soft, penetrating voice.

"Oh, the liar!" said Miss Tribbey to herself, scandalized.

"It's beautiful here," he continued. "That field of yellow grain there is worth a journey to see."

"Poor crittur" Miss Tribbey said in relating this afterwards. "Poor, ignorant crittur! Not knowing it's a

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burning, heart-sick shame to see grain that premature ripe with the hay standing in win'rows in the field, before his eyes."

"Ahem!" said Miss Tribbey, her visitor showing signs of relapsing again into that reverie which had made the interval of waiting seem as nothing to him, unconscious as he was of the narrowly averted tragedy with Miss Tribbey's fruit.

But face to face with her he was too sensitive not to recognize her impatience with his dallying mood. He roused himself and turned towards her with a frank and boyish smile.

"I'm bothering you," he said, "and doubtless keeping you from something important."

"I'm making jell," said she briefly, her attitude growing tense.

"Have you heard Mr. Lansing speak of Sidney Martin?" he asked. "In reference to his coming to stay here this summer? I'm Sidney Martin, and I want to come, if it is convenient to receive me, the beginning of next week, and—"

"Come where?" demanded Temperance.

"Here," said Sidney, a little embarrassed.

"To this house?"

"Yes," said Sidney, looking at her with the confidence in his eyes of one who, loving his fellow-creatures more than life, expects and anticipates their love in return; one does not often see this expression, but one often sees the residuum left after the ignorance it bespeaks has been melled and mingled by experience.

"Mr. Lansing is over at the unction sale at Abiron Rangers," said Temperance; "You'll excuse me, my jell's a-waitin' for me, and whatever time other folks has to waste I've none! You'll excuse me! I know nothing about boarders and sich!"

"Boarders," said Sidney in alarm, looking about for signs of the enemy. "Do you take boarders?"

"It would seem so now," said Temperance, cuttingly. "It would sertingly seem so."

"Oh, bless you!" said Sidney. "I'm not a boarder! I'm a visitor. There's a great difference, isn't there? I'm the son of old Sidney Martin, the county clerk who went away to Boston and married there. You have heard of him, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have," said Temperance, throwing one end of her apron over her head to shield off the sun. "Yes, I have, though I was in short petticoats and my hair in a pig-tail when it happened. He went to Bosting and married rich, didn't he?"

"He married in Boston," said Sidney. "Where is Mr. Ranger's?"

"Abiron Ranger lives two miles down the road, across to the right," said Temperance. "He died a week ago Wednesday, and there's an unction sale there to-day. There's goin' to be a divide up. The widow wants her thirds. A very pushin' woman Mis' Ranger is."

"Two miles more," said Sidney, with something like a sigh.

Miss Tribbey's keen eyes noted that he was white, as from recent illness.

"Won't you set down a spell and hev' a glass of milk?" she asked; "set down in the shade there, and I'll get it in a jiffy. What's the sense of standing in a blazing sun like this?"

She whisked off and presently returned with the milk and a plate of New England cookies.

"I've got to go back to my jell," she said. "When you get ready to go just put the things on the porch. My soul! I was took when you began talking about boarders. For I've said, and said often, 'If boarders comes, I go.' But visitors! We've always heaps of company, and I'll go bail no house I do for'll ever be took short of things to put on the table; the most unexpectedest company that ever drove up that avenue was always set down to a liberal table; when you go down the road about a mile, just look towards the right, and you'll see a brown frame-house, with a lightning-rod on it. That's Abiron Ranger's. Cut across the fields. It's shorter."

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"Thanks," said Sidney; "what delicious milk."

"Yès—Boss don't give chalk and water, she don't," said Miss Tribbey, and went off to her kitchen.

"A poor, slim jack of a man," she soliloquised, ladling out her jelly. "My soul! There's a mighty difference between him and Lanty—but there—his kind don't grow on every bush. Clear Lansing he is, through and through, and there never was no runts among the Lansings."

For a few minutes Sidney rested in the porch, his eyes dwelling upon the undulating grain before him. To one more experienced in these matters, its burnished gold would have told sad tales of the terrible drouth which had scorched the country side, but to him it appeared the very emblem of peace and plenty.

What field of the cloth of gold was ever equal in splendour to this?

He rose and passed down the dusty road. Upon one hand the panicles of an oat field whispered together, upon the other stretched the barren distances of a field known far and near as Mullein Meadow, these weeds and hard shiny goat grass being all that grew upon it.

Sidney did not grasp the significance of its picturesque grey boulders, nor think how dear a possession it was at the price of the taxes upon it. After Mullein Meadow came a little wood, thick with underbrush, in the shadow of which a few brackens were yet green; and fronting the wood a hayfield, with a patch of buckwheat in full bloom in one corner, showing against the dim greenness of the hay like a fragrant white handkerchief fallen from an angel's hand.

Sidney cut across the hayfield to where a glistening point glimmered in the sunshine, above a sloping roof set on brown walls.

"'How curious! How real!'" he said to himself. "'Underfoot the divine soul—Overhead the sun.'"

He reached the enclosure in which the house stood, and paused at the gate to watch the groups of men discussing their purchases, for the sale was over.

Presently, his interest urging him, he entered, and mingled with the others, having the fanciful idea he would know his father's old friend by intuition. His eyes softened as he looked at the weather-beaten faces and hard-wrought hands of these men. The memory of the golden grain was dimmed a little, and he saw bands of men bending above their toil beneath stern skies, "storing yearly little dues of wheat and wine, and oil." But that vision was illy entertained in his sanguine, idealistic imagination. It was dismissed to give place once more to the "free farmer" of song and story, and as if to bear witness to this latter picture, a young man detached himself somewhat impatiently from a group of his fellows, and advancing towards where Sidney stood, flung himself across a mettlesome roan which was tugging viciously at its bridle as it stood tied beneath a tree.

The young man's face was flushed, he was blue-eyed and debonair, his yellow hair tossed back carelessly above his brow; a wide, flapping felt hat rested on the back of his head. His features were large and strongly carven. His mouth, seen red through his tow-coloured mustache, had all the sweetness of a woman's and much of the deviltry of a rake's. But his face did not look vicious, only dangerous. His strong, lean hand curbed his horse easily; he turned in his saddle to call to those whom he had just left.

"If anyone wants a last word he knows where to find me," he cried.

"Yes," someone said, giving a coarse laugh; "near some pair of apron strings."

"What did you say?" demanded Lanty Lansing, urging his horse near the group.

"Nothing; O, nothing, Lanty," said the speaker irritatingly, whilst Lanty's horse circled the group crab-fashion.

"Don't let me keep you," went on the man, and Sidney saw he was heavy, black-browed and strongly built. "Don't let me keep you. Is

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it the little yellow-haired one or the other? I like the little one best myself, Miss—"

"Keep my cousins' names out of your mouth," said Lanty, his quick temper in a flame, "or I'll break your neck for you."

"If all's true that's told for true, you're better at breaking hearts than necks. There's a little girl over Newton way—but there! I'll tell no tales; but to say you're going to have both your cousins! You're a Mormon, Lanty, that's what you are."

"Be quiet! Be quiet!" some of the men said; "Good-bye, Lanty, better be off; he don't mean nothing."

But the big man, sure of the prestige of his size, thinking, evidently, that Lanty would not dismount, was not to be silenced. Perhaps he was hardly quite sober. He was a machine agent in the neighbourhood, and had bidden unsuccessfully against Lanty for a horse. His next words took him too far.

"I ain't sayin' anything to put his back up! All I say is that them cousins of his can smile at other folks as well as him, and why shouldn't they? I don't like a girl no less because she ——." He never finished.

Lanty was off his horse like a flash. His fist caught the big man under the jaw, lifting him almost off his feet and sending him crashing down. Lanty waited with hands clenched for him to rise. The crowd swayed, those close at hand giving way, those upon the outskirts pressing forward. The horse, so suddenly released, reared and swung round on its hind legs, and just then Sidney saw a tall, finely-formed young woman appear almost under the plunging horse, twist a strong hand in the bridle, and wring both curb and snaffle so viciously that the beast gave his head to her guidance. She wheeled it towards Lanty.

Lanty," she said, laying her free hand upon his arm; "Lanty."

"Go into the house, Vashti," he said; "What are you doing here?"

"You are not going to fight," she said, "with him?"

Lansing was silent; she continued: "Go home, Lanty, please—"

Some of the older men had closed around the man, who was just rising to his feet. The first mad impetus of battle was cooling in Lansing's veins, and just then another girl pushed through the group of men to his side. A slight, graceful creature, with the Lansing blue eyes and fair skin, and sweet lips, she was trembling—white.

"Lanty," she said, with terror in her eyes, "has he hurt you? You frighten me horribly."

His eyes rested upon her, self-reproach making them eloquent.

He took the reins from the tall girl's hand, looking always at the white, appealing face of the other.

"I'm a bit of a fool," he said; "but he spoke of you two and—" he paused; "I'll be over to-night," he said, and rode away.

Vashti Lansing's hand and wrist were wrenched, and already beginning to swell; the rearing horse had not been so easily subdued after all; but physical pain was a slight thing to her just then.

"Come," she said to her cousin. "There's father coming out. Don't tell him; let some one else. There are always plenty ready to talk."

So the two girls went into the house, and Sidney Martin stood gazing after them, rapt in the vision of a magnificently-made woman curbing and subduing a rearing horse. Surely a type of the eternal divinity of womanhood, striving against the evil that men do.

Sidney Martin, dreamer of dreams, cherisher of ideals, delicate and supra-sensitive, was subjugated forever by love of that splendid piece of vitality—that woman whom even at this moment he likened to the *Venus de Milo*—whose magnificent energy and forceful grace recalled so vividly the *Winged Victory of Samothrace*. With a throb he remembered the beauty of that headless masterpiece, where it stands in the cool greyness of the Louvre, the inexplicable sense of triumphant effort expressed in its heroic pose. How

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many aspiring souls have gathered fresh courage from its mutilated majesty, where it stands at the head of the wide stairs! And here in the New England hills he had found a woman who might have been its original. The great sculptors had not dreamed then, when they created these Goddesses of stone; even unto this day, it seemed, they walked the earth, radiant in strength and beauty. How fitting that their statues should be given wings, to typify the splendid spirit prisoned in the imperial clay.

Sidney watched the girls enter the house and followed them involuntarily. As he passed the bully who had been knocked down, he saw there was a lump like an egg already adorning his jaw.

"Serves him right!" said gentle Sidney Martin to himself.

A little farther on half-a-dozen men stood talking together; one, whom Sidney took to be the auctioneer, was saying meaningly—

"It's a bad business bidding for what you don't want."

"Yes," said one of the group, labouriously keeping up the joke. "Yes—for it's apt to be knocked down to you, and then you've got it on your hands."

"On your jaw, you mean," said the auctioneer smartly; whereat a laugh went up. Clearly Lanty Lansing had partizans here.

As Sidney reached the doorway within which the girls had vanished, a grey-haired man stepped forth from it.

"Mr. Lansing," said Sidney, confidently.

His intuitions had not played him false.

"I am Sidney Martin," he continued, but got no further with his self-introduction.

"I'm right glad to see you," said old Lansing heartily, "right glad to see you! So you're old Sid's son? Well you don't favour him no more than my girl favours me! I was struck all of a heap when Dr. Clement told me he knew old Sid's son in Bosting; says I, "If that younker is like his father I should say he'd have a liking for the fields, even if he is Bosting born and bred." But there! How did you come? Is your things at the station? How long is it since old Sid died? A nice old boy was Sid! And he had a talent for finding wood-chucks that beat the dickens."

"I lost my father four years ago," said Sidney—"he often spoke of you."

"I'll warrant he did," said old Lansing "and my girls know old Sid as well as their next door neighbour. Sid weren't one of the sort to go back on old times—girls"—raising his voice—"girls!"

The two girls reappeared side by side.

"This is Mr. Martin," said the old man; "Old Sid Martin's son."

The girls gave him characteristic salutations. Vashti's inclination was stately, with all the plastic grace of her beautiful form expressed in it. Mabella, to whose cheeks the soft rose had returned, bestowed upon him the tantalizing salutation of the born coquette, piquant, confident, but withal reserved.

"My daughter Vashti," continued Mr. Lansing. "My niece Mabella"—then—"Where's Lanty?"

"He has gone home," said Vashti; her voice was soft and full; a rarity in that region, and a heritage from the Lansings of old.

"That's too bad! It's my nephew—Lansing Lansing," he went on to Sidney, "the last of the Lansings."

"He's coming over to-night," said Mabella.

"You'll see him then; there are only four Lansings left now. An old man, a young one, and two girls. Well, it's a good old stock and that's plenty for a fresh graft. Well, well! How's Miss' Ranger feeling, girls? Are you ready to go home?"

"Yes—quite. She's more cheerful," said Vashti. "Will we get ready?"

"Yes." Then turning to Sidney: "Where did you say your things were?"

Sidney had no time for explanations up to this moment.

"I've been staying at Brixton," he said; "and this afternoon I thought I

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would come over and ask when I might come, as you had been so good as to invite me; so I came by train from Brixton, and walked to Lansing Farm, and there I saw a lady who directed me here."

"Temperance," said the two girls, and looked at each other.

"She gave me some delightful milk and her opinion of boarders," said Sidney, smiling.

Mabella's laugh rang out like the call of a bird.

"Go and get ready, girls," said Mr. Lansing," and I'll fetch the horses around."

The girls went indoors, first telling Sidney they would not be long. He went to the side of an old well and sat down upon the edge, looking into its cool depths; far, far down, he could see the distorted vision of his own face. A fat toad hopped lazily about the stones in the moist coolness of the well mouth. The wooden handle of the windlass was worn by many palms—as the the creeds of the world are fretted and attenuated by the very eagerness of those who seek the Living Waters by their aid. Hop-vines grew over the house and phœbe birds fluttered through their rustling leaves. The men stared curiously at the stranger by the well, to whom presently came the two girls again, in flat, wide hats.

"How brave you are!" he said to Vashti, rising at their approach. He was more than ordinarily tall, but Vashti's stately head was well above his shoulder.

"How brave you are! That beast of a horse looked frightful as it stood rearing above you! I thought you would be killed."

"I am not afraid of many things," said Vashti, soberly. Yet there was that leaping within her breast which sometimes frightened her sorely.

Sidney's eyes dilated with eagerness as he drank in the suave beauty of her statuesque shape. It was a beauty which appealed to him keenly. Divorced from all minor attributes, it depended securely upon form and line alone; colour, environment, counted as nothing in its harmonious whole. But one of the flexile wrists was swollen and stiff.

"You are hurt," he cried, forgetting that to keen eyes his anxiety might seem absurd. "You are hurt! That horse!"

She coloured a little—slowly—it was like the reflection of a rosy cloud on marble.

"Yes, it is twisted, I think."

He looked at it and shuddered. It gave him a sense of absolute physical nausea to see suffering. He had had a strange bringing-up by a visionary mother, who, absorbed in a vision of the pain of the world, had impressed her morbid ideas upon her child, until now, in manhood, he was as sensitive to even the abstract idea of pain as the eye is to dust. Before real suffering his whole being shrank. At that moment Mr. Lansing drove up in the democrat waggon; but a change which was very apparent had come over his countenance.

Vashti and Mabella looked at each other and nodded apprehensively.

"Get in, girls," said the old man in abrupt authoritative tones. "Come up beside me here," he said to Sidney.

They drove through the yard in silence, old Lansing nodding good-bye curtly to his neighbours. The moment they were on the road he turned to the two girls:

"What's this I hear?" he demanded. "Lanty has been fighting again! Verily he that slayeth with the sword shall perish by the sword. It's a scandal."

"It wasn't a sword; 'twas his fist," said Mabella *sotto voce*.

"He only knocked the man down," said Vashti, "and he needed it?"

"You're a judge of such things, evidently," said her father irately. "I say it's a disgrace to be a common brawler—to—"

Mabella spoke up eagerly. "Oh, but uncle," she said. "The man said something about Vashti, and I—I don't know what, but not pleasant, and—"

"He did, did he?" demanded the old

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man, his face growing strangely like Lanty's in its anger. "He *did*. Wait till I see him! I'll break every bone in his body if I catch him;" he cut the horses viciously with his whip. "Only wait." Evidently he had forgotten his doctrine of peace. As a sky is lighted by an after-glow into the beauty of dawn, so old Lansing's face illumined by his wrath was youthful once more.

"He spoke slightingly of you, did he! The —;" he choked down an unscriptural epithet.

Mabella nudged Vashti gleefully. Sidney managed to give the girls a look of sympathetic congratulation over his shoulder. But Vashti's face was still sombre. She knew her father far too well to think he would be consistently inconsistent. Lanty would have his bad half-hour, irrespective of this raging. The Lansings were essentially illogical. It was a common saying in the neighbourhood, that calculating upon a Lansing was like catching a flea: when you thought you had him he wasn't there!

"What did you think when Dr. Clement gave you my invitation?" asked old Lansing.

"I was simply delighted," said Sidney; "you know I did not feel that I would be coming among strangers. My dear old dad spoke very often of the Lansings, and you in particular."

"Yes—he wanted sister Mabella, her mother there; we quarreled, sister and me, over that matter. She would have her cousin Reuben and nobody else. Poor things! Neither the one nor the other of 'em lived long. We Lansings are great on marrying cousins," he said half apologetically, suddenly remembering it was this young man's father who had been lightlied.

Both the girls blushed, but the blush died unseen upon the cheeks of each. For neither searched the countenance of the other. How blindly we stumble towards our own desires—unheeding the others who seek the same treasure till a hand plucks it away from before us, and then with empty hands we brush the mists from our eyes, and see how, led by fatuous delusion through perilous places, we have come to the ashes! But the ashes are never so dead that eager breath may not blow them into that Phœnix flame from whence Hope is born.

"My father told me all the old stories of his boyhood," said Sidney. "I have heard of all your adventures together."

"So have we," said Mabella. "Do you know the story of how a streamer of crape was tied upon the door of the old church the night the Independents opened theirs?"

"Yes, indeed," said Sidney, laughing. "My father related that exploit of Mr. Lansing's many a time."

Both girls laughed aloud, at least Mabella did, and Vashti's full, soft laughter echoed through it like the call of a wood dove.

"My uncle," said Mabella, with emphasis, "has told us how your father did it."

"Tut—tut" said old Lansing, not ill pleased. "Not worth repeating—school-boy capers."

Afterwards in comparing notes the girls and Sidney found that in every instance the teller of the story had given the other the hero's rôle to play. A generous thing, surely. Yet, like all true generosity, not barren. For in the imaginations of all these young people, this Damon and Pythias of the New England hills shared a dual glory for deeds of "dering do" against scholastic authority and ghostly reverence; and their names went down to posterity as mighty hunters of the woodchuck.

"Must you really go back to Brixton to-night?" asked Vashti of Sidney, as they alighted from the democrat waggon. The man trembled as he looked upon her, so strongly had her individuality impressed him.

"Yes," he said. "I must go back to-night, but," he added, not concealing his eagerness, "I shall come back."

"Whenever you can, and the sooner the better," said old Lansing, interrupting him.

"Monday, then," said Sidney.

"Monday be it," replied the old man,

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pleased with his eagerness. "You want to get browned up a bit," he added. "Have you been ill?"

"Grippe—in the winter," Sidney Martin said, suddenly feeling ashamed of acknowledging it—before that splendid creature whose presence seemed such a reproach to all less superbly well than herself. It was a bad sign, had Sidney been looking for such subtleties, that Vashti's magnificence of physique impressed him as a reproach against imperfection, rather than as a triumph of the race. It was so with her always. She gave others a chilling sense of what the human "might have been" rather than an inspiring perception of what the human "might be." Surely the spirit is subtly giving each individual an *aura* of his own which may stimulate those who enter it like the piney ozone of the mountains, or stifle them as does the miasmic breath of a morass.

"Well—if you must really go—" said Mabella.

Supper was over—a supper presided over by Temperance Tribbey, and justifying thoroughly her remarks upon her capability as a purveyor. Sidney was taking leave at the front door preparatory to his departure for the station.

"Yes—don't keep him any longer, girls. He'll miss his train. It is sun-down now; another dry sun-down at that! It's killing weather. Well, good bye—we'll look for you Monday."

"Yes, on Monday," said Mabella's treble.

"On Monday," echoed Vashti's contralto.

"On Monday," repeated Sidney, raising his hat and turning away, and the voices of the three blent even as their lives were to do.

At the gate Sidney turned; Mabella had vanished promptly to adorn herself against the arrival of Lanty. The old man had gone off to the stables.

Vashti stood alone, her figure erect beside the Corinthian pillar of the old colonial porch. The rigid line of the column accentuated the melting curves of shoulder and hip. Lighted by the yellow after-glow she seemed transfigured to his glamoured fancy. He bared his head, and the goddess raised her hand in farewell. He passed down the road in a dream, hardly noting Lanty, as he rode past him to where Vashti waited in the after-glow.

(To be Continued.)

A FANCY BY THE SEA.

THE lingering trace on the day's dead face
Of the sunset's parting smile,
Sheds an after-glow on the peaks of snow
And the gray sea, mile on mile.

The sea-birds rest on her spacious breast,
Hearing her croon of sleep;
Oh, sweet and long is the slumber-song
Of the ancient Mother Deep!

Perchance she dreams of the matchless themes
She sang when the world was young,
Ere wild winds woke and their sorrow spoke
And taught her an alien tongue.

But some glad day in the far-away,
When the world's heart is retuned,
She will sing again the old refrain
She in her childhood crooned.

Bradford K. Daniels.

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"THE POWER OF FRILLS."

"Dress makes the man, and want of it the fellow."—POPE.



A WELL-KNOWN author makes one of his characters assert that "in these days people are practically born in their clothes." Such an original view of the well-worn subject of clothes, set down in crude black and white, is somewhat startling upon a first reading, and provides much food for thought.

It is most trying to have one's settled convictions on any given subject, which have been carefully docketed and pigeon-holed, rootled out and thrown into confusion because some recognized authority, trading upon his reputation, tosses the ball of a perplexing riddle into the midst of a placid and well-conducted community, to be solved by them at their leisure. We feel as if the ground were slipping from under our feet; we question in bewildered fashion "what next," and expect topsy-turvydom to reign in the midst of our pet illusions. We prepare to contemplate the shattered dreams of our common sense, and see chaos reign in the place of our small proprieties.

That we are content to live in our clothes, smoothing our frills with complacence, is one thing; but to be told we are born in our clothes disturbs the easy flow of our simple thoughts in a manner which is decidedly upsetting, and in some indefinable way we seem to hover dangerously near the precincts of indecorum. On reflection, however, the momentary feeling of perturbation passes, and instead of being shocked, our refined sensibilities will be conscious of a distinct element of propriety pervading the question, and a certain sense of relief and comfort will accrue to those whom the foregoing remarks may have plunged into an uncertainty with regard to their faith in the seemliness of clothes.

There is more truth than fiction, more of fact than theory, at the bottom of this novel suggestion, and it deserves the weighty consideration of all who can justly claim to be thoughtful, and are in the habit of sifting the virtues of doubtful issues.

To suggest that clothes are improper would be the work of a bold spirit, for without a doubt they are necessary and pleasing adjuncts to the needs of our uneasy existense, but they dominate and colour our outlook upon men and things more completely than can be realized from a superficial point of view.

If we take a careful review of life from the early dimpled roundness of wondering babyhood, to the knowing cynicism of old age, we will form some conception of the fateful power of clothes. And if we look back further, across the mist of years, into the depths of the centuries, we will stand aghast at the accumulated strength of resource which has been spent upon our frills.

The strange complexity of voluminous garments—or the scantiness of the



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same; the grace and colour of clinging æsthetic draperies, or the astonishing configuration of the crinoline, have flounted their tantalizing inconsistencies in the face of helpless humanity from age to age. The outrage of all proportion; the height of petulant heels; the tilt of a modish coiffure; the thousand and one seductions of diaphanous laces, continue to bewilder the eyes of poor humans, and they grope helplessly in the midst of a kaleidoscopic view of dissolving chiffons, grasping vainly for some tangible form which will remain unchanging in the midst of change. Finally, the long-suffering observer of human nature in its outward and visible aspect, comes to the conclusion it is more satisfactory to study the human form divine by the broad simplicity of the classics, than trust his powers to conceive an ideal of beauty from the iridescent splendours of our modern habit.

In their power of misrepresentation, clothes are unquestionably guilty of impropriety in its more subtle sense; that is, an impropriety which assumes to the false an air of reality, and covers truth with a garment of prevarication. They conceal the truth without denying it, and by connivance become participants in subterfuges and pitfalls which beset the thorny path of the unwary, who move blindly onward, seeing they know not what, and pondering upon the thought of what they do not see.

Clothes envelope, influence and restrain our frail bodies with a quiet strength which shall still endure when the vigorous onslaughts of the dress reform societies shall have ceased their struggling, and mould the character in an unyielding cast of buckram and whalebone. They constitute the first elements of civilized and social life. They set in motion the maelstrom of effort and emulation, which, spreading in ever-widening circles, draws into its vortex all the machinery for the growth of the world—all of energy, strength, ambition and imagination to assist in creating this gorgeous pageant of clothes.

With the success or failure of personal adornment, our fitful charms glow and wane like the skin of a chameleon; our moods vary from gay to grave, and grave to bitter; our beauties appear or vanish, until we realize that frills are responsible to a larger extent than seems possible for the trend of our mental and physical training.

Despite the advocates of heredity, character is also the result of environment and circumstance; and what environment envelopes men and women more closely than their clothes? Brave with all the bravery of her coat of many colours, and the swish of her well-hung flounces, a woman steps out into the whirl of life with a brilliant dash of radiant smiles and faultless attire. With a courage born of her successful disguise, all that may be of sensitiveness in her nature; all that may be of furtive sadness hanging like a misty veil over the lingering of some close hidden sorrow, is thrust back into the secret cubby holes of her soul—a heartless, dazzling exterior faces the world, and passes on its way triumphant. Protected by an impenetrable shield, she is proof against the most insidious attacks of a skilled tactician in the artifices of that bloodless warfare which is waged without ceasing in social communion.



Behind the kindly shelter of beneficent garments is

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concealed the wisdom of fools and the follies of the wise, and a man of resource plays upon the credulity of his social antagonists with all the legerdemain of a magician. With exquisite discrimination he assumes, according to his need, a variety of guises, and seeks to penetrate the armour of his opponents with the agility and resistless precision of a clever fencer.

The man who seeks to be a large toad in his small puddle hastens to make himself familiar with the "technique" of his wardrobe within the limitations which the Great Mogul of sartorial art has decreed he shall move. He is too wise to underestimate the power of frills, and turns them to the attaining of his own ends with as much forethought as Mademoiselle Aigrette



expends upon the *coup de main* of her next ball-room *campagne*. The nice turn of curve in waistcoats, the proper angle of hat brims, the correct caper in golfing gear are none of them too trifling for the serious attention of the wise man who wishes to make a noise in the world. And woe to the man of ambition who neglects the smallest trifle in this age, when trifles appear as greatness on the near horizon of our short-sighted vision.

The sombre, ungraceful raiment which man (referring specifically to the male gender) has rendered himself subservient to, is as powerful in its present evolution from the picturesque as in the days of white satin tights and doublets of scarlet and gold. From within the stultifying environments of lines and colours, painful in their ugliness, the lord of creation beams forth complacently with inward conviction of the impression he is making, wholly oblivious to the fact that he is but one in an innumerable host monotonous as the proverbial flock of sheep. Every man doubtless takes comfort to his soul that his own especial idiosyncrasies are safely ensconced behind the shelter of a dress as like as two peas to his neighbour. The politician and the pothat orator of the public square ; the lawyer and the vendor of edibles out for his Sunday airing ; the spoiled darling of my lady's boudoir and the butler who ushers him in, all vie with each other in getting the latest intelligence as to shade, shape and set of necktie ; the exact height of excruciatingly uncomfortable collars, and ponder the ways and means of attaining the dignity of that crowning monstrosity, a modern silk hat. In the midst of our confused attempts to recognize quickly the distinctions which lie hidden in the folds of these characterless frills, we humbly apologize to the butler and pass a distinguished *litterateur* with haughty air and a request for light refreshments. Nevertheless, across the surface of this dreary waste of uniformity the mark of indi-





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viduality and subtle detail of mannerism is clearly though delicately drawn. The sign is set upon their foreheads. A cad may take indefinite pains to be immaculate in the fashion of his turnout, he may conform in all things strictly to the most exigent requirements of his well-posted tailor, yet this same perfection of attire will be but the means of his own undoing and he will still be labeled before the world "cad," pure and simple.

A solemn and absorbing interest is this interest of clothes, weighted with grave responsibility, than which there is no topic more universally fascinating. Nothing appeals more unerringly to "all sorts and conditions of men" than the witching coquetry of frills. The unnamed of the factories, with their bits of gaudy ribbon and be-drabbled feathers, are unwittingly unitedin close bonds of sympathy with the great ones of the earth trailing their satin robes. The children culling nosegays in the woods, for the beautifying of their small persons, are but little removed from the aggressive propagandist of a popular conceit in physical culture. No one can escape from the thraldom of this tyrannical master, for where is the man who can live without clothing?

Ever since the beginning of things, when the savage came to the conclusion his paint was a little chilly and donned the furs of animals, frills have ruled the world from a throne so firmly established that the discrowned heads of nations may well gaze upon it with impotent envy.

While thrones have toppled to the ground, and the murder of kings and princes has confronted the sight of outraged nations; while human beings have been tortured and starved, and their children have been crying for bread for body and soul, the twist of a braid of hair, the length and height



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of a shoulder, the impertinent flount of a chiffon has been distracting the souls of the majority, and the dressmakers have convened hurried councils of state for the consideration of urgent affairs of the toilet.

Dress and character—character and dress—the inward and invisible expression of the outward and visible sign have evolved themselves side by side with the cycles of the centuries, each striving to assert its own individuality and obtain the mastery of the other.

Arrayed in all the elegance of velvet, lace and satin, jewelled gauntlets and peruques, we dream of the knights of a bygone time as courtier gentlemen, men of chivalrous action, of high-sounding perorations, and pompous conversation. With the gorgeous period of Elizabeth we associate whalebone, starch and the marvellous erection of the ruff in all the glory of its lofty bearing. That those amazing ladies of expansive brow and regal features, with their figures laced in stomachers glittering with jewels and adorned with many-coloured embroideries, should spout Greek for their morning's diversion, and write ponderous repartees in whatever dead language happened to be available at the moment, is a matter which may be received with entire equanimity when we take into consideration their environment of clothes. It was a necessity for them to live up to their starch, buckram, and powder.





Is it within the bounds of the congruous that those queenly dames of pedantic diction would have essayed the same ideal of mind and manners, had the advent of the bicycle encroached a little more nearly upon the rim of their century? Can we picture to ourselves those paragons of stately dignity moving with their wonted grace

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in divided—or, to be more circumspect, in such august company—abbreviated skirts, where length of limb and turn of ankle are matters to be discussed by the whole world with the nonchalant permission of the owners of said limbs and ankles.

The crusader—splendid in his clinking chains and jointed steel, with the glory of a sun flashing from the points of his emblazoned shield, like an ogre from another world, plunged forward on his iron-clad devil horse, ready to defy the earth single-handed. A man of to-day, in all things apparently fashioned in like mould, but clad in soft tweeds or immaculate broadcloth, announces with cheerful candour that his heels could not be seen for dust should the dogs of war be let loose. To what cause must we ascribe this alarming change of front in the back-bone of our defences? Who shall dare to say that bravery was engrained in the nature of the crusader and that cowardice lurks beneath the cloak of the patron of pliable stuffs. Rather let the defenceless bones of Sir Knight turn in his grave, while we drag his plumes in the dust and ascribe the honours of his hard won fame to the virtue of his tempered steel.

The shears and flax in the web of life hold a double meaning, which those who run may read, and the material strength of that slender thread twines about our mental life with a force which can hardly be overrated. The affairs of nations have been set at naught for the gleam of a satin slipper; the lives of brave men have been lost for the possession of a dainty glove; the fair fame of women has been jeopardized for the flash of a priceless jewel. The influence of this magic power of clothes strikes to the core of life, and all alike acknowledge its sway. The grave and gay, the strong and the weak; the devotee of fashion and the loudest rebel who disclaims against its rule; the loyal follower of conventionality, and those who boast of eccentricity, cannot get away from the thraldom of clothes. Even the erratic, long-haired artist owes something to the habit he affects to despise, and would not feel so untrammeled by moral and social obligations but for the unbound flountings of his vagrant locks, while the curious cut of his clothes helps him to accentuate the eccentricities which are the delight of his heart in the blending of a harmonious whole.

Beneath this wonderful covering, with its accompaniment of pathetic pretense and brave jest, dwells a spirit pulsating with a touch of the divine deep in its secret places, whose invisible wings stretch out across the ocean of eternity. A soul—strong enough to suffer—yearning to break its chains and be true to itself, oftentimes slinks through life crushed beneath its weight of clothes, while the tiny spark divine flickers low, and the world wags on to the musical frou frou of its silken frills.

Illustrations by F. H. Brigden.

Constance Rudyerd Boulton.

FOREST LEAVES.

IN virgin beauty, man's estate, the earth
Emerged from chaos, perfect from its birth;
The Architect had weighed each element,
Had fixed the solid land, the seas had pent;
Had ribbed with rocky bones the mountain's side;
Adjusted motion's swing, and chained the tide.
The heat and cold, the light and shade, the shower,
In nice proportion blent, with silent power,
Obeyed the voice which bade them clothe the hill,
And valley drape, with emblems of His skill.

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The towering pine arose, the wind tossed wide
His waving plumes, while whispering music sighed ;
The royal oak rejoiced in sturdy strength
Of gnarly trunk, and massy arms of length ;
The lordly elms on buttressed columns rear
Aloft their Gothic arches branching fair ;
Amid the crags, the goodly cedars coal
With fairy wands, the crystal stream and pool ;
Superb in vernal green, or autumn dyes,
The gorgeous maple groves in masses rise ;
The queenly silver birch in mirror bright,
Of moonlit lake, enchants the wond'ring night ;
The spirit of the woods designs their leaves,
Distils the incense rare that balsams breathes.

Subdue the earth. Man's brutish ignorance
Destroys instead, and blindly trusts to chance ;
With axe and fire he strips each mountain side ;
The rivers shrink, the bubbling spring is dried ;
The leafy reservoirs of gentle rains
And vapours moist, the blazing sun has drained.
Now torrents rage and swell the inland sea ;
The cyclone's vortex spreads calamity ;
Then death-like draughts, then tempests, blight and hail ;
Unbalanced Nature groans, her products fail ;
The people faint for bread, the beasts must die ;
Foul pestilence now reigns where vultures cry.
In flaming letters on the pages sere
Of Time's sad register, the story drear
Is told of wrecks of empires, nation's graves ;
Sepulchral ruins, famine-haunted caves ;
Of Edens curst, sirocco blasted plains,
Decadent mighty ones ; their countless grains
Of human atoms, glide like wind swept leaves ;
Their faded phantom forms are memories.

America bewails the bulwarks, felled
To sate the mill man's greed, that once repelled
The northern blast. No kingly chief was spared ;
Nor sacred grove. Those "solemn temples" reared
Their lofty pinnacles and crosses high ;
A growth of ages pictured on the sky.

Let kingly science teach, let wisdom guide
Our rulers' hands, to guard our country's pride ;
From vandal hands preserve the forest bounds,
Replant the wastes and stock the hilly grounds.
Let private wealth assist with careful zeal
To dress the landscape warm, for future weal.

William H. Taylor.

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FROM BRYCE'S "EARLY DAYS IN WINNIPEG."

WINNIPEG IN 1869.

The Village of Winnipeg lay nearly a mile north of Fort Garry, and contained about fifty buildings.

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

BY J. JONES BELL, AN OFFICER IN LORD WOLSELEY'S EXPEDITION.

THE Province of Manitoba, aptly referred to by Lord Dufferin in one of his speeches as the bull's eye of Canada, occupies a position about halfway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and comprises within its boundaries some of the most fertile wheat-growing territory in the world. The richness of its soil was established by an exploring party sent out in 1858 under the direction of Prof. Henry Youle Hind, of Trinity College, Toronto. It could not be expected that a country of such capabilities—waiting to be tickled by the plough that it might laugh into an abundant harvest—could long remain unoccupied. Soon after the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were confederated in 1867, the eyes of the people of the new nation were turned towards the fertile lands bordering on Red River, and extending to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, as a place to which they and their children might migrate without having to change their political allegiance, the available agricultural lands of the older provinces being pretty well occupied.

The country had long been in possession of the Hudson's Bay Co., which had received, in 1670, a charter from Charles II., granting it sovereign rights over Rupert's Land, a somewhat indefinite area, but which was understood to include a large portion of the North American continent. In 1783 a rival trading corporation, the North-West Company, had been formed, and for years a keen rivalry existed, frequently resulting in bloodshed. In 1822 the two companies amalgamated, retaining the older name, and carried on an exceedingly profitable trade in furs for many years. In 1812 Lord Selkirk attempted to form a colony of Sutherland Highlanders on Red River, having secured a grant of land from the Hudson's Bay Co. for the purpose, but the experiment was attended with limited success. The colony was on several occasions threatened with annihilation by its Indian neighbours, and by a still worse enemy, the plague of grasshoppers. A few other

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settlers and traders found their way in, but the country was too far removed from the outside world, and the means of communication too slow and uncertain for colonization to proceed rapidly; nor did "the Company," as it was called, encourage settlement, as that would have interfered with the monopoly which had proved such a source of wealth to the shareholders.

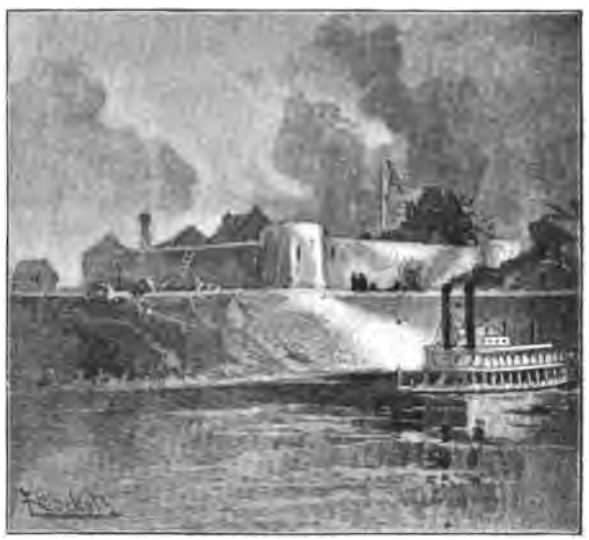
Upon the completion of federation, the attention of Canadian statesmen being directed to this territory, negotiations were opened for its transfer to the new Dominion. The tenure of the Hudson's Bay Co. was doubtful, and it was proposed to dispossess them by process of law, but as long and tedious litigation would have been the result, an agreement was arrived at by which the Company relinquished its rights, in consideration of a money payment of £300,000 sterling, the reservation of a certain amount of land around its trading posts, and one-twentieth of the other lands as surveyed.

The transfer was fixed for the 1st of December, 1869, but the Government of Canada, eager to secure the rich prize, and influenced doubtless by considerations of a political character, appointed the Hon. Wm. Macdougall, C.B., Lieut-Governor, and sent him out in the month of September, with instructions to proceed "with all convenient speed" to Fort Garry, there to assist in the formal transfer of the territories, and be "ready to assume the government" on the date mentioned.

In the negotiations between the Government and the Hudson's Bay Co. the feelings of the colonists in the Red River settlement were not taken into account. It can scarcely be wondered at that at least a portion of them resented such treatment, and that they objected to the change of their status from a Crown colony to a colony of a colony without their views being considered. No guarantee had been given that their rights and privileges would be respected, and, though there could be no doubt that they would be fairly and justly treated by Canada, it is not surprising that opposition was expressed in a very emphatic manner.

Mr. Macdougall was instructed to go to Fort Garry, and assured that shortly after his arrival the Queen's proclamation transferring the territories would be issued. He travelled through the United States to Pembina, a small village in the State of Dakota, near the boundary. There he learned that it was the intention of a number of French half-breeds to prevent his entering the territory, and that a party of them had erected a barricade on the road, which they intended to protect by force of arms. On attempting to proceed he found this to be true, and on being ordered back had no alternative but to comply. He returned to Pembina, and there awaited developments.

The people of the Red River settle-



FROM "PICTURESQUE CANADA."

LOWER FORT GARRY.

This Fort was about twenty miles north of the Fort Garry which guarded Winnipeg.

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ment consisted in the main of two classes—French half-breeds, descendants of French voyageurs who were in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Co., and who had intermarried with the Indians, and English and Scotch half-breeds, the offspring of similar marriages. The latter class was augmented by the settlers brought out by Lord Selkirk. The former were generally Roman Catholics, the latter Protestants. There was also a sprinkling of Canadians, who had found their way thither from the older provinces. It was not in the interest of the Roman Catholic church, or of the Hudson's Bay officials, that the territory should be transferred. The church wished to see a French province created similar to Quebec; the officials, though active opposition would be contrary to the terms of the bargain, were well aware that with settlement would end the fur trade.

Had the Government of Canada moved with greater discretion it is not likely the rebellion would have occurred. The arrangement had an air of purchase about it, and the cry resounded throughout the North-West that the people were being bought and sold like cattle. Had a declaration been made, stating that the rights of property would be respected, that all in bona-fide occupation of land would be allowed to retain it and receive legal title, that the religious views of everyone would be respected, the ground would have been completely cut away from under the feet of the political agitators. The Government, however, not only failed to express its intentions, and sent out a lieutenant-governor without intimating their design to the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, who was in charge, but they sent surveyors, who ran lines, drove stakes, opened up roads and acted as if the country was already in possession. The Selkirk settlers, and others of that class, however perplexed at the procedure, had confidence that the Canadian authorities would do substantial justice in the recognition of all just and lawful claims, and were content to wait patiently, but the French half-breeds, more excitable in disposition, ready to fight with any who might cross their path or interfere with their rights, and, as a class, not so well-informed on current events, and more ready to follow their leaders, were not satisfied with a course which seemed to put their rights in jeopardy. Nevertheless, there was at one time an attempt made on the part of some of the French to have the armed force, which had turned back the Lieutenant-Governor, dispersed; and on another occasion three leading French half-breeds agreed to have a meeting of English and French to prepare and send a statement of their rights to Lieutenant-Governor Macdougall, with the promise that if he granted them they would bring him into the country in spite of Riel. These movements, however, fell through, and the French, though not unanimous in support of their leader, pretty generally lent themselves to a course which branded them as rebels, and left a blot on the beginning of constitutional government in the North-West.

The real leader of the rebellion was Louis Riel, a French half-breed,* son of a miller of St. Boniface, a parish on the opposite side of Red River from Fort Garry. He was at first only the secretary of the provisional government, John Bruce being its president, but Riel soon assumed the functions of head. He had for some weeks been travelling through the settlement, holding meetings, and inciting his countrymen to oppose the transfer. Having great influence and considerable eloquence he had no difficulty in persuading his compatriots that their rights were being invaded, and in gathering around him a large following.

The first overt act of the rebellion was committed on the 10th of October, 1869, when a band of eighteen men, headed by Riel, compelled a survey party under Col. Dennis to desist. This was followed by an armed force taking possession of the highway at the Sale River, about 15 miles south of Fort Garry, and erecting a barricade

*Riel always called himself a half-breed, though it is said there was really no Indian blood in his veins.

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in the form of a fence, not a very formidable fortification, to be sure, but a sufficient warning to the incoming Lieutenant-Governor and his party that the rebels intended to hold the country until terms had been agreed upon. At this point every incomer was stopped and questioned as to his business, the mail bags were examined for information as to the intention of the government, and freighter's carts were robbed to supply the necessities of the army of occupation.

A few days after the erection of the barricade another aggressive step was taken, when Ambrose Lepine, adjutant-general of the provisional government, with an armed body of mounted men, turned back Lieutenant-Governor Macdougall when he crossed the boundary line to take formal possession.

Winter was approaching and more comfortable quarters than the camp at Sale River were required for the rebels. On the 3rd of November they moved down to Fort Garry, of which they took possession with all the stores it contained. Anticipating such a move, some of the loyalists had offered to garrison the fort, but as there was a difference of opinion nothing was done. The Hudson's Bay officer in charge could only protest. Riel and his men proceeded to make themselves comfortable in their new capital, and with the furniture sent forward for the Lieutenant-Governor, and the abundant stores which the fort contained, entered upon a life of ease and luxury such as they had never before experienced.

The officers of the Hudson's Bay Co. have been accused of conniving at the seizure of Fort Garry and the rebellion generally. Be that as it may, Governor McTavish, who was at the head of the Company's affairs in the territories, in view of the fact that Riel had called a convention to consider the situation, issued a proclamation denouncing the insurgents, calling upon them to return to their homes, and requesting the convention, in any movement it might make to secure the people's rights, to employ only such means as were "lawful, constitutional, rational and safe." He also frequently referred with indignation to the hauling down of the Union Jack by the rebels, and the hoisting of a flag in its place, bearing the French fleur-de-lis and the Irish shamrock. Riel, further, in the *New Nation*, a newspaper published under his control, used very violent language towards the Company. Whether the Hudson's Bay officers did or did not encourage the rebellion at the outset, there is no doubt it went further than at first anticipated, and what was probably intended only as a demonstration to secure certain rights developed into an armed rebellion of formidable proportions.

The 1st of December was the day fixed for the formal transfer of the territories to Canada. Mr. Macdougall had received no notice of any change in the programme, and he accordingly, when that day arrived, issued from his temporary residence at Pembina a proclamation announcing his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor, and another confirming all public officials in their offices. He also gave Col. Dennis a commission to act as his lieutenant and conservator of the peace, and empowered him to raise an armed force to put down the rebellion.

Acting upon this commission Col. Dennis proceeded to organize and drill the English and Scotch settlers, and took possession of Lower Fort Garry, usually known as the Stone Fort, twenty miles down Red River. In his force was included about fifty loyal Indians from St. Peter's reserve. This action incensed Riel, and one of the first results was the capture of some forty-five men who had assembled in Dr. Schultz's house. No resistance was offered on their part, as it would have been useless. They were imprisoned in Fort Garry, some in solitary confinement, Schultz, who had incurred Riel's special enmity, being one. It was, doubtless, the intention to put a violent end to Dr. Schultz's career; but he managed to escape, and found his way, lame from a fall received in dropping from a window, on snowshoes to Eastern Canada, his only companion

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in the terrible journey being Joseph Monkman, a faithful and loyal half-breed.

A collision between Riel's men and those enlisted by Col. Dennis now seemed imminent, but the urgent solicitations of the clergy and others induced the latter to abandon the rash attempt to put down the rebellion, and the force was disbanded and sent home. Mr. Macdougall, finding that any attempt to enter the territory would be futile, returned to Ottawa, where he had to incur a vast amount of censure on account of occurrences for which he could not justly be held responsible.

Anxious now to conciliate, the government at Ottawa sent two commissioners to Red River, in the persons of Vicar-General Thiebault and Col. de Salaberry, who accomplished nothing. Mr. Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona, chief officer of the Hudson's Bay Co. in Canada, was despatched a few days later as special commissioner. It had become the avowed intention of the provisional government to bring about annexation to the United States. Mr. Smith arrived at Fort Garry on the 27th of December, and after much delay and opposition was allowed to address a mass meeting of upwards of a thousand people, held on the 19th and 20th of January, in the open air, with the thermometer 25° below zero. Such a meeting under such circumstances shows the intensity of feeling which prevailed. The result was the appointment of forty delegates, representing both the French and English elements, who met on the 25th of January and continued in consultation till the 10th of February. A Bill of Rights was prepared and three delegates—Judge Black, Rev. Father Richot and Alfred H. Scott—appointed to proceed to Ottawa to urge its acceptance.

Le Roc. Pierre De Lorme. Thomas Bunn. Xavier Page. Andre Beauchemin. Baptiste Tereaux.



Pierre Poitras. John Bruce. Bob O'Lone. Louis Riel. W. B. O'Donoghue. Paul Prue. Francois Dauphinais. Thomas Spence.

RIEL AND HIS COUNCIL (1869-70).

(Reproduced from a photograph in the possession of Mr. Bell.)

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LOUIS RIEL.

The first portrait is taken from an engraving made by Harpers, after a portrait by Zimmaman, of St. Paul. The second is from "The North-West," by G. M. Adam. The two lower portraits are not so indicative of Riel's character as the two upper; the first is from a picture of Riel in 1884; the second is reproduced from "The Making of the Canadian West," by R. G. Macbeth.

A few days before the convention met Riel had announced his provisional government, with himself as President, W. B. O'Donoghue as Secretary-Treasurer, and Ambrose Lepine as Adjutant-General. The convention, although it was not within its province, agreed to ratify this government, some of its members no doubt against their better judgment, but influenced by Governor McTavish's advice to "form a government of some kind and restore peace and order in the settlement." Riel was of course anxious that this should be done, as it gave his movement the appearance of having the support of all classes, and a standing in carrying on negotiations which it would not otherwise have possessed.

Immediately after the convention Riel released a number of the prisoners at the fort, and promised that the others would soon be set at liberty. He failed to carry out his promise, and the people at Portage la Prairie, being determined that they should be released, assembled to the number of about

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eighty. They were joined by some three hundred English and Scotch half-breeds. The party was under command of Major (now Senator) Boulton, formerly a captain in the 100th Regiment. They were undrilled and badly armed, and inferior in numbers to the French, who garrisoned the fort to the number of six or seven hundred. It was the intention to try and take it by a *coup de main*, but the plan was frustrated by a violent snowstorm, and the design having become known, the force dispersed. Some messages had passed between Riel and this force, and it seems to have been understood that it should be allowed to disperse without hindrance, and that the prisoners would still be released. However, on their way back to the Portage forty-seven of the party, including Major Boulton and Thos. Scott, were captured. Boulton was tried by court martial and condemned to be shot. His fate appeared to be irrevocable, and he had received the last sacrament, but at the eleventh hour Riel, at the urgent intercession of Mr. Donald A. Smith and other friends, relented. On the 28th of February the promise was repeated that the prisoners would be set at liberty, but on the 4th of March, suddenly and without any apparent reason, the President caused Thos. Scott to be tried by a court martial, composed wholly of French half-breeds and presided over by Lepine. The proceedings were conducted in French, a language which Scott did not understand. Condemned to be shot, the execution was ordered for the same day, and the strongest remonstrances failed to make the tyrant swerve from his purpose. Scott was taken out and shot before the walls of Fort Garry, the execution being carried out in

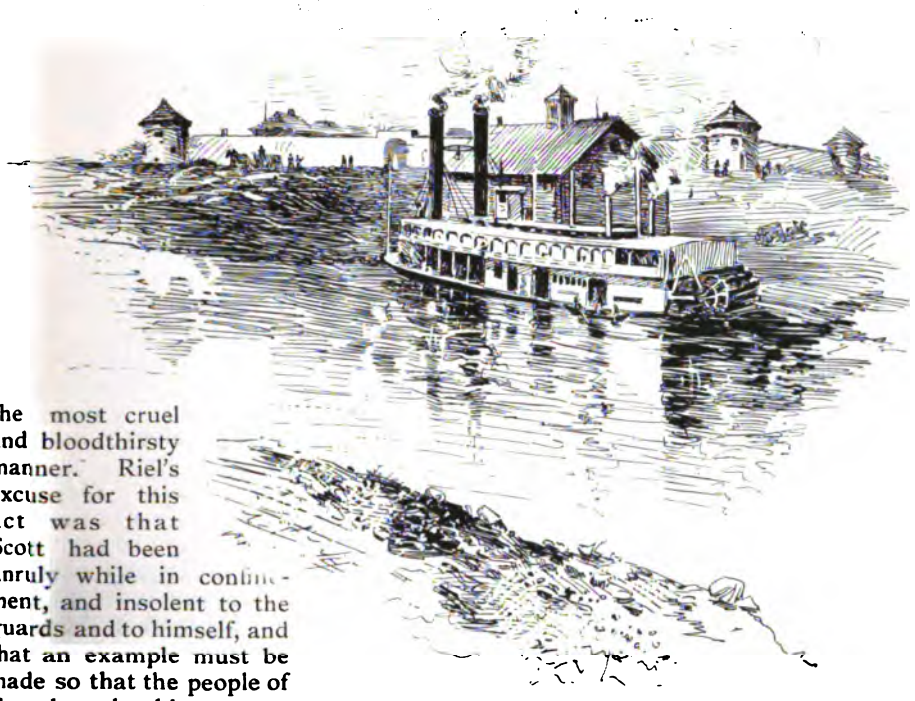


Firing Party. O'Lone. Kennedy. O'Donoghue. The Coffin. Riel. Rev. G. Young. The Victim. Alfred Scott.

THE DEATH OF THOMAS SCOTT.

(Reproduced from an original sketch made shortly after the tragedy.)

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REDRAWN FROM "PICTURESQUE CANADA."

FORT GARRY IN 1870.

The Hudson's Bay Co.'s Warehouse and Steamer are in the foreground.

the most cruel and bloodthirsty manner. Riel's excuse for this act was that Scott had been unruly while in confinement, and insolent to the guards and to himself, and that an example must be made so that the people of Canada should respect those of Red River.

The story of the execution of Scott is so graphically told in his "Manitoba Memories," by Rev. Geo. Young, who was with him till the last, that it may be here repeated:

The eleventh hour had now come, and as we were engaged in spiritual exercises, Scott inquiring and I answering, and both pleading with God for the mercy and grace so much needed, we were interrupted and startled by the entrance of several guards, who were sent to bind and blindfold the prisoner and to lead him out to the place appointed for his execution. All hope of deliverance vanished at once. At my request the guards withdrew for a few minutes to allow us another opportunity for prayer, but this delay gave annoyance to Riel, who came to the door vociferating his reproofs and orders as if intent on hurrying up the execution, or murder, about to be perpetrated. The only request made by Mr. Scott was to be permitted to bid his fellow-prisoners "good-bye," which was granted. As I led him to their rooms and opened the doors, he with wonderful calmness and tenderness said "Good-bye, boys." We were then conducted down the outside stairway and through the east gate of the fort to the spot where the sentence was to be carried out. As we were moving slowly forward, the following words were uttered by him, which I can never forget, and which I have often repeated since that sad hour: "This is horrible! This is cold-blooded murder. Be sure to make a true statement." Twenty-seven years have elapsed, and on many a platform and frequently through the press I have tried to obey, as I am now obeying, that solemn injunction. At my request we were again allowed a brief season of prayer, and kneeling in the snow we unitedly lifted our hearts to God for help in this time of special need. "Can you now trust in Christ for salvation?" I asked. To my great comfort he replied, "I think I can." And after advising him to remain kneeling, and by his request placing the blindfolding cotton more directly over his eyes, we bade each other a solemn "good-bye." Immediately after, I spoke to the captain commanding the firing party, urging him to spare his life at least a day longer. I was told promptly, "His time is come and he must

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die," and then speaking to O'Donohue I said, "I know you have the power to stay the execution for a day longer. Will you not do so? It is dreadful to send a soul into eternity with so little time for preparation." He admitted that it was, but simply said, "It is very far gone," and did not interfere. The poor, brave Loyalist was then placed in such a position as they desired, a few yards east of the present track of the street railway, when he again knelt in the snow. Then, at the signal given, several rebel bullets were sent on their mission of death, into and completely through his breast, causing the snow to be stained and saturated with his heart's blood, while his spirit quickly passed from the presence of his murderers to the presence of God. Immediately after the firing I approached the prostrate body, then quivering in death, and saw a half-drunken guard fire a revolver at his head. Thus it was, in brief, that those who were responsible for this tragedy reached a terrible climax in crime and cruelty.

After this bloodthirsty exhibition of power none cared to dispute the authority of Riel, and he ruled the settlement with a rod of iron. His act, of course, put an end to all negotiations, and henceforth any peaceful settlement of the difficulties was out of the question. When the news of this cold-blooded murder reached Canada it created intense indignation. Public meetings were held throughout Ontario, and strong resolutions passed urging the government to despatch a force to Red River to restore the Queen's authority and punish the murderers of Scott. When the delegates from Fort Garry arrived at Ottawa with the Bill of Rights, two of them—Father Richot and Alfred Scott—were arrested as accessories to the murder, but after a formal examination they were set at liberty, as nothing could be proved against them. To the previous desire to possess the fertile prairies was now added a deep feeling of sympathy with the relatives of the murdered man, and a longing to avenge the death of one whose only crime was loyalty to his Queen and devotion to his country.

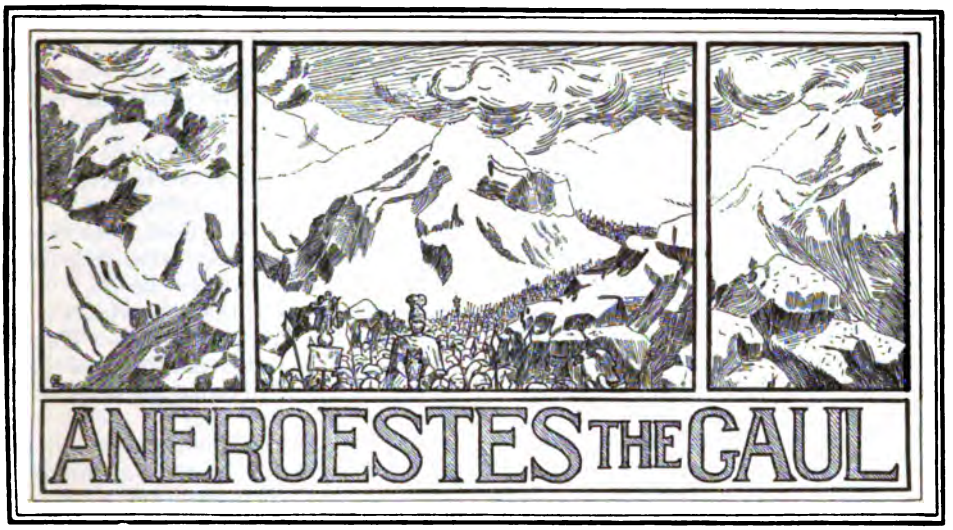
In the Province of Quebec a different feeling was manifested. While the murder of Scott could not be condoned, the sympathies of the people were with Riel, their fellow-countryman of French extraction. The French members of parliament would not consent to the necessary appropriation to send out an armed force if coercive measures were to be employed, and as it would be next to impossible to carry the measure in the face of their opposition, fair promises were resorted to. They were assured that the troops, when they arrived in Manitoba, would be used only for the protection of property and the maintenance of law and order, in fact, that they were going more in the capacity of police than of soldiers. Had a force not been sent, the people of Ontario would undoubtedly have taken the matter into their own hands, and organized an armed body of emigrants sworn to avenge the death of Scott.

The government was between two fires, kindled by their own maladministration. But public opinion in Ontario was too strong to be resisted, the money was voted, and the organization of the expedition proceeded with.

(To be continued.)



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A Fragment of the Second Punic War.

BY EDGAR MAURICE SMITH.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The story opens in the year B.C. 218, a day or two after Hannibal had crossed the Alps into Gallia Cisalpina (Northern Italy). To arouse his worn and weary soldiers, Hannibal chose two captured Gauls to engage in gladiatorial combat, the prize being freedom, a warhorse and the full equipment of a cavalryman. The winner is one Aneroestes, who, his home having been destroyed by Hannibal's troops, enlists in the Carthaginian cavalry for service in the war against Rome. The Army sets out on the march to Rome, but stops to lay seige to Taurasia. Hannibal sends Aneroestes into the city as a spy, with instructions that he is to open a rear gate when the front wall has been broken down. He pretends to be a deserter and obtains admittance, has a chat with Agates, the chief of the inhabitants, and falls in love with his daughter, Princess Ducaria.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ASSAULT.

HANNIBAL had carried on his preparations with vigour, and before noon of the second day a monster ram was propelled towards the city under cover of a testudo. A section of the wall facing the camp, but not too close to the gate, was chosen as the point of attack. Those apportioned to work the engine, though they numbered nearly five score, were also protected by the testudo, and were thus enabled to advance without serious danger. In their wake marched a mixed body of slingers and light infantry, who, however, halted just beyond range of the enemy's missiles. They formed a small vanguard to the army proper, drawn up in order of battle further back. On either wing was posted the cavalry, and the foot soldiers were massed in the centre. All were held in readiness as the opposing walls were loosely built, if massive, and none could foretell when a breach of sufficient importance might be made to warrant a storming. It was, moreover, expected that so imposing an array would make the enemy afraid to exercise any open manœuvring.

Though late in November, the air was balmy and pleasant. The sun had risen unseen behind a bank of voluminous clouds, but by degrees its gleams penetrated the more filmy portions and peeped through the rifts, dispelling the early winter gloom, and emblazoning the arms of the soldiers.

Every eye was turned on the testudo as it crept slowly forward. It was of necessity large—nearly forty feet deep, and little less in width—and while

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roughly built, was fitted to withstand much. In shape it resembles a hut, but in order to permit the workings within of the ram, it was open at either end, though the front was protected by a short roof that slanted outwards. The frame was of heavy wooden beams. Over the sides and roof were stretched numerous fresh hides stuffed with chaff and weeds which had been soaked in vinegar. This process rendered the structure well nigh fire proof, Small, heavy wheels were attached to the base and enabled a body of men to push it forward without much effort, though the ram which ran the length of the testudo, and extended behind and before, added much to the weight. This instrument of attack, though simple in device, was rapid and effective in its work. A single beam—in this instance the trunk of an ash—some hundred feet in length, was suspended by chains to another beam fixed transversely over it against the roof of the testudo. It could thus be moved to and fro without the weight resting on the soldiers.

Hannibal smiled at the assurance so prevalent on all sides, for he read in it an early victory. He personally directed the placing in position of the testudo, and from nearby superintended its operations for some time. He saw that the masonry would not long bear up against the attack, and he exhorted his followers with encouraging words.

"Spare not your strength," said he. "To-morrow the city will be ours."

None doubted that his prophecy would come true, and a ferocious enthusiasm pervaded the army.

The workers of the ram were relieved at short intervals, and there was no weakening in the blows. Men of every nationality threw aside their clothes before seizing the beam, and with wild shouts hurled the rudely shaped head against the wall of stone.

Meantime the besieged were inactive. They had watched the approach of the engine in wonderment. Few, save Agates, had ever seen a testudo; yet none were afraid, for they possessed an unwarranted confidence in the strength of the defences.

"The army is assembled as though a storming were intended," remarked Britomar, while he surveyed the mass drawn in line of battle.

Agates called attention to the testudo that had halted about sixty feet from where they stood. A little later the ram was seen to draw back, then shoot forward with a terrific force, propelled by a hundred pairs of arms. The metal head struck the wall with a dull thud that echoed like thunder. Pieces of loose clay and stone became displaced, and rattled down the sides with much noise.

At an order from the chief a jagged rock was rolled to the edge of the battlements, and when the ram next advanced, this was hurled upon it. But the beam was a heavy one, and nothing was effected, except that the force of the blow was slightly weakened.

Soon the engine began to work more rapidly, and the prolonged poundings startled the inhabitants. They assembled in prominent places, followed by their wives, and excitedly discussed the impending danger. The children left alone in the huts crept to the openings and cried piteously. Many among the warriors were thoroughly alarmed, for they disliked this strange mode of warfare.

Some of the women encouraged the violent to organize a sally and destroy the enemy's machine—a plan that appealed to their restiveness. But the wiser knew this would be fatal in the face of the army, though they experienced difficulty in making their caution prevail.

The ram pounded away without cessation, and when a breach was at last made, terror spread throughout the city. Though the opening was small there were many who imagined it more serious, while others feared, and with reason, that it signified the beginning of the city's downfall. Inner defences were rapidly constructed at the weakening spots, and men were apportioned off to repair the damage as soon as darkness fell.

Ducaria attended her father whenever possible. With the increase of

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danger she seemed to become filled with an enthusiasm that gradually communicated itself to those with whom she mingled.

"Be patient," she said, "and act according to my father's orders. He is a wise leader and will advise you to do what is best."

Aneroestes had watched the movements of the women for some time, though his eyes rarely moved from Ducaria. Her attractiveness and rare beauty seemed to exercise a spell over him of which he could not rid himself. Barbarian though he was, his better instincts revolted at the idea of giving up these creatures to the despoiling hand of the conqueror. In the precipitous ravines of the Alps he had once been mighty, a leader and the son of a chieftain, but he had seen the homes of his tribe destroyed, and many of the bravest killed or taken prisoners. He had been willing to inflict similar punishment upon the warriors of another nation to free those of his own, but the thought—the sight—of Ducaria stayed his intention. To war against women was distasteful to him, and he grew troubled when he thought of what the morrow would bring forth.

He gazed abstractedly about him. The day was now on the wane and the sun poured its rays upon the backs of the Carthaginian soldiers, gilding their helmets and throwing long war-like shadows against the city.

As his gaze again swept the plain the figure of Hannibal, surrounded by several of his staff, loomed up distinctly.

"Yes, it is he," he muttered.

"Who?" asked Agates.

The mountaineer started in surprise for he had unconsciously spoken what was passing in his mind.

"My sight is good," he replied, "and though the light from the sun is strong, I can discern the Carthaginian general."

"Where?"

"Directly in the centre, not far behind the testudo. He is riding a black horse. You can distinguish him by his purple mantle and his size. He is much the largest of the group."

Agates looked as directed as did many of the others. Ducaria made a shade of her hand and gazed long at the hostile army.

"Is he as noble as some say?" she asked.

"He is noble," answered Aneroestes, "but when balked in a design he is fierce and cruel. We could hope for but little mercy from him."

"It would be well if he were killed," remarked Concolitanus savagely.

"He has captains more ferocious than himself."

"But he is the head."

"True," assented Aneroestes, "but he lives," and his eyes again became fixed on Ducaria.

Concolitanus was not slow to perceive this, but a cry from below prevented him from saying anything. A large stone had been dislodged and had crushed two men.

The Taurini anxiously waited for nightfall. It came none too soon, for the wall was sorely damaged when the last blow was struck for the day. The breach was not sufficiently large to threaten a further falling away of the stones, but a close inspection showed that it would poorly stand another day's battering. Repairs were instituted without delay, and the light from the pine torches revealed anxious-faced warriors toiling under heavy burdens.

Britomar, who well understood the art of building, superintended the work. The jagged hole was repaired after several hours and an inner wall erected some thirty feet in length. This would practically take the place of the main structure in front when it should tumble. All now saw that their safety lay not in the walls.

Aneroestes was almost continually with Agates, for the latter, while at first suspicious, had since found confidence in the muscular mountaineer. He had all along secretly admired the fearlessness that had marked his entrance into the city, as well as the manner in which he had defied Concolitanus. Now he trusted him completely, and he further valued his

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opinions on the means that should be taken in the defence of the city. Perhaps he was touched at the young man's thought for the women and his wish to place them beyond danger. At midnight he said :—

"It is late. Get you to sleep, for I will watch till morning."

But Aneroestes refused.

"I, too, will remain on guard," he said, "though there will be no attack before morning."

They stood together and watched the enemy's camp-fires. The mountaineer was surprised to learn that messengers had been dispatched early in the night to the kindred tribes living about the Padus, asking for assistance to repel the invader.

"Our walls may not survive," explained Agates, "and we must take every precaution."

Presently they were joined by several of the leaders, and the plan for the morrow was discussed with much animation.

"To me," said Britomar, "it seems the wisest course to concentrate the main body of our men at this portion of the wall where the attack is directed. Then if a breach of any magnitude is made we will be strong enough to resist the enemy's entrance."

"Nevertheless," responded Agates, "I dislike weakening the other points of the wall. It must be remembered that we have three gates, though the one facing the east is unlikely to be attacked."

Aneroestes trembled, for this was the gate he was to open.

"It is our only way of retreat should the city fall," continued the chief. "It is by this road that our women may escape."

"Is it the only way?" asked the mountaineer.

"There is one other, but this is sufficient. The distance to the Padus is not great. On the far side of the river, rafts are concealed of sufficient size to transport all who may wish to go."

"But," persisted Aneroestes, "the enemy may cut off this means of retreat."

"It is not likely."

"There should be no risks. The Carthaginian is wily and will surely cut off every avenue of escape. No gate will pass his notice."

"You speak so earnestly that one might almost believe you to be positive of the enemy's plans," said Concolitanus.

"I know the ways of the General," said Aneroestes quietly, "and I warn you to depend on no ordinary road to escape."

"We may not wish to escape," said one.

"But the women?"

"They, too, may prefer to remain with us. But the city is not yet taken, and the walls are still stout. The engines of the enemy may make further breaches, but we will rebuild them as we have done to-night, and when all else fails we can stop the way with our bodies."

It was Concolitanus who uttered the re-assuring words, and the effect was as wine to those who heard him.

Aneroestes admired his courage, but he hated him for his attention to Ducaria. He wished to save her—to save the city, but the rattle of slave chains resounded in his ears, and peering into the inky darkness he fancied he saw those fair young men of his tribe—his brothers—writhing under the lash—bleeding, maimed and praying for death.

He watched the approach of morn with burning eyes that had not closed all night; and yet he felt no need of rest. It was on this day he was to open the gate to Himilco, and so give the Carthaginian army possession of the city. When he undertook this mission he had felt no compunction, for the Taurini were little more than strangers to him. He was, besides, striving for the freedom of those young men of his tribe who even now writhed in slave chains. The thought of this nerved his failing determination. Hannibal's wrath he could brave if Ducaria might be saved, but he shrank from breaking his vow when he remembered the tortures that would be visited on his fellows.

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He watched the preparations being carried on in the waking camp with feelings altogether new to his disposition. Knowing that he must not disappoint those who were dependent on him, he, at the same time, found it impossible to leave Ducaria to the mercy of the soldiers. True, he might save her, provided she would allow him to do so, but there came the difficulty. Were she even to suspect his intentions her indignation would be aroused and it would then be but natural for her to announce his treachery to the whole city.

Though he stood alone he was conscious of being watched. While his counsels were well received by Agates and the head men of the city, the spirit of caution never forsook them. Aneroestes knew, however, that when the time came in the midst of the storming he could easily slip away unnoticed and perform the task assigned to him.

Slowly the sun rose above the top of the gentle Ligurian hills; and the murmuring Padus, so dark and impenetrable a few moments before, now danced in the flood of yellow light. The Duria ending its course a few stades below also partook of the radiance and dazzled the eyes of those who gazed upon it.

The Carthaginian camp was distinctly visible to those in the city, and it was seen that though the day was but newly born all haste was being made to renew the attack.

Suddenly a shrill cry was heard from the watchers on the walls—a cry expressive of rage, sorrow and disappointment. It was answered by the jeers and laughter of the enemy. The cause was easily discernible. Two rough crosses faced the rising sun and on each was nailed a man. The Taurini recognized the bodies as those of the spies who had left the city in the night to make their way across the Padus.

Aneroestes was greatly troubled for he now knew that all hope for the city was at an end. He was sad at heart, yet he felt that the hopelessness of the situation made his projected action less difficult.

His meditations were interrupted by the approach of Concolitanus who accosted him maliciously.

"Your countenance reflects not joy," he said. "Does fear possess the warrior of the mountains at sight of the spies nailed to the crosses? It is an unpleasant form of death and one to be avoided."

"I have no cause for fear, and therefore fear not."

"You do not, then, anticipate such a death? Is Hannibal more merciful to those who play him false?"

"I fight for whom I will," answered Aneroestes sullenly. "While I hold a sword none shall make me prisoner."

"You talk bravely, yet I doubt your good purpose."

"It matters not to me. Others more worthy believe in me."

The approach of Agates with Britomar and several others checked a continuance of the discussion, but the two young men exchanged looks of defiance and dislike.

"The enemy watches us closely," said the chief. "It is unfortunate that both our messengers should have been captured. His soldiers must surround the city, and in that case we shall have to rely altogether on ourselves."

"Already they are preparing for the attack," said Britomar. "I will proceed to my place and be in readiness when the first blow is struck."

Just then a cry of surprise broke from Aneroestes.

"What is it?" asked the chief.

"See you naught?"

"I do indeed see the whole Carthaginian army stretched out before me, but there are no more than were repulsed yesterday."

"But yesterday there was one ram; to-day there are two, and even now both are advancing."

"That increases the danger," muttered Britomar.

The others strained their eyes in the direction of the engines and showed an uneasiness that had not been before apparent.

"Both rams," declared the chief, "are bearing towards the part of the

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wall that was attacked yesterday."

"Hasten, Britomar, and see that everything is in readiness. I shall join you presently. It is true," he added to those nearby, "that the enemy now have two rams and the dangers of yesterday will be doubled, but we number full as many as our opponents, and should the walls fall we can defend ourselves like brave men."

"And the women?" murmured Aneroestes.

"They may escape by the small gate facing the Padus. The Carthaginian is concentrating his attack on the front. He has no knowledge of our rafts and believes escape across the river impossible."

But the mountaineer shook his head.

"All gates are watched," he said. "Two of your most wary spies failed in the night to pass the sentries and what hope can there be for women in the light of day?"

"What, then, would you advise?"

"Undermine the wall where it faces the fork of the rivers and construct a passage. If the women are to escape by the rear gate a start should be made at once, but the escort should be little short of the whole force."

"The mountaineer is much concerned over the fate of our women," said Concolitanus.

"Too much so," added another.

"Our women will not fly until the last," shouted a third.

"It may then be too late," retorted Aneroestes.

Angry eyes were turned upon this man who openly predicted defeat.

"To-day at least we are safe," said the chief, "so we need not fear for the present."

Aneroestes turned away. He knew that Himilco and his men must already be secreted among the trees bordering the Padus.

By this time the testudos had come within short range. The head men of the Taurini dispersed to their several stations to be ready for the first attack. It was not long in coming, and the besieged soon saw that the whole force was to be directed against the one spot.

All capable of dealing a blow were assembled at the threatened points. Some few were weighted with years and others again suffered from immaturity; but a burning determination shone in every eye and strengthened the weakest arm.

They were splendid looking warriors—these Taurini—tall, supple and powerfully built—points which were particularly noticeable in the more energetic. Some were completely ungirt save for a cloth about the loins, while others were content to remain naked to the waist. The fair skin of their bodies blended artistically with the thick yellow hair piled in towers on the tops of their heads, while several permitted it to float loosely about their shoulders.

Aneroestes gazed at them in admiration, but he knew that though brave and fearless they would be no match for Hannibal's subtlety, and he regretted having been chosen to open the gate for he loved the sight of valiant warriors.

Numberless rocks, blocks of wood and tree trunks had been heaped along the wall, and men were posted close together to hurl the massive pieces upon the besiegers. Beside them stood the slingers with others lightly armed.

Agates hoped that this arrangement would keep the attack at a distance.

Quantities of darts steeped in pitch were also held in readiness, and it was expected that a thick flight would find some dry spots on the testudos. Some stood behind in the protection of the walls, for their services would be required in repelling a storming, while those wielding heavier weapons were assembled below as the making of a breach would likely be followed by an assault on the exposed part. Some were armed with iron-tipped spears of ash in addition to several javelins. Oblong shields of brass furnished them with a means of defence. The main number favoured the Gallic sword, which, though useless for thrusting, was wonderfully effective in the hands of a powerful man. Others again car-

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ried heavy clubs, studded with spikes, and for one of these Aneroestes had gladly exchanged his sword. It was the kind of weapon he had used in the wilds of the mountains.

He noticed that the women ot the tribe were busy preparing food and carrying it close to the walls so that while fighting the soldiers could refresh themselves. Among them he distinguished Ducaria who turned away in confusion as their eyes met. How greatly that glance shook his resolve, he was afraid to think.

His whole being was afire with excitement.

Hannibal's army had, since the early morning, been drawn up in line of battle in the same order as the day previous, save that the slingers did not head the van but were stationed on either side in equal numbers. The whole, too, was much nearer, almost within range of the Taurinian weapons. Desultory shots from the slings were indulged in without any effect save to increase the fervour of battle that had settled upon the men of both sides.

When everything was made ready in the ranks of the Carthaginians, the two rams under cover of stout testudos advanced slowly to the attack. The point chosen was the same that gave way the day previous.

And now a hush overspread all, for the besieging party knew not what steps would be taken by the defenders while on the other hand, the latter were impressed with the magnitude of the engines. It seemed as though one and all realized that a decisive battle would be fought.

Nervous fingers closed more tightly on weapons, and the bravest breathed more quickly.

The testudos did not halt until within sixty feet of the wall, but, before the rams could be got to work a shower of blazing darts was hurled against the leather coverings.

The war shouts of the Taurini broke upon the stillness with such force and defiance that the men of the opposing host looked askance and muttered among themselves: "This is no ordinary enemy; we shall lose many ere the city is taken."

But Hannibal and his officers smiled.

They waited for the hour of noon when Himilco and his troop would effect an entrance at the rear gate.

"I trust the mountaineer will not fail us," said Maharbal.

"He will not," answered Hannibal, "provided he lives."

The rain of blazing darts had no visible effect upon the testudos, and in a few moments the first blow was struck —a powerful, deliberate blow, propelled by five score pairs of arms, causing the whole masonry to tremble.

The two rams were about thirty feet apart, and the obvious intention of the Carthaginians was to demolish the section in between. This, with the several additional feet on either side that would fall with the rest, would make a dangerous gap. And now the blows followed one after the other in rapid succession. In answer to each, pieces of stone varying in size became severed from their places. They fell outward and inward, raising wreaths of dust that troubled the eyes of the defenders.

The part of the wall that had been rebuilt seemed to stand the attack better than the old, as the clay was still wet and did not crumble from the constant vibration.

It was only a matter of time before the breach would be made, and in truth the Taurini were as anxious as the enemy to come to a hand to hand conflict. But the exchange of missiles continued without abatement, for with the opening of the attack the Baleares had advanced and poured showers of stones into the city. Many of those mounted on the walls fell, and while the Taurinian slingers answered the besiegers they hardly inflicted as severe punishment.

Concolitanus had chosen to post himself at the point of attack and had hurled more than one javelin with telling force. Clustered about him were many choice warriors, and he had induced Aneroestes to stand near by for

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he wished to exhibit his prowess to the mountaineer.

Amidst the thickest flights of stones and darts he laughed carelessly and remained ever watchful for an advantage. Suddenly his eyes blazed more brightly and his thin nostrils expanded in excitement.

"Is that not Hannibal on the black horse?" he asked his companions.

All looked in the direction indicated, and those who knew him recognized the Carthaginian general.

"It is he," said Aneroestes.

Concolitanus seized a javelin, but the mountaineer forestalled him and had hurled one before any guessed his intent. It fell short by only a few feet and all exclaimed, for the distance was beyond that which could be covered by an ordinary man.

"You throw well," hissed Concolitanus, "but I would you had left the work for me."

"I did my best," answered Aneroestes. "When he again approaches you may perhaps do better."

"He will not again approach after that warning," muttered the Taurinian warrior in an undertone, while the others applauded the mountaineer's attempt.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE GATE.

While the Taurini suffered from the missiles of the enemy they fought with unabated fury and continued to pour the blazing darts upon the roofs of the testudos. The perpetuity of this form of attack eventually began to tell, and in spite of the precautions taken by the Carthaginians smoke denoted that a hole had become burnt in one of the coverings. Though small in dimensions it was soon enlarged to such an extent that the engine had to be withdrawn in order to undergo certain repairs. This slight advantage greatly encouraged the defenders and they redoubled their efforts.

Suddenly the lines of the army parted and a score of sappers appeared in the wake of a body of soldiers, fully armed and holding their oblong shields before and above them so as to form a veritable testudo of metal. The sappers carried no visible weapons but each one was supplied with a pick axe, and it was at once evident that they were to hasten the work of the rams.

The whole advanced at a quick, steady pace that was uninterrupted by by the resistance of those on the battlements. For with the near approach of the strange body the Taurini were able to hurl the heavier javelins to advantage, while the trunks and jagged rocks greeted them when within the shadow of the wall.

Numbers fell, borne down by the weight of the missiles or stunned by the force of the javelins, but no gaps were left in the formation as it pressed onward. Supported by an unceasing rain of stones discharged from the slings of the Baleares, a position was taken up at the foot of the battlements immediately between the points attacked by the rams.

Amid the din of the battle the clink of the picks soon rang out clear and distinct.

Then the second ram which had been re-covered, moved forward, and as its blows joined in with the destructive work of the other, the chief men of the city admitted that the wall would not long stand. Already a small breach had been made by constant battering, and the falling away of the clay signified a more serious mishap. Nevertheless, the Taurini continued their efforts and in every way endeavoured to repel the assault.

The more impetuous demanded that a sally should be made, but this was impossible as Hannibal had wisely chosen to direct his attack against a part of the wall some distance from any gate. Consequently a movement from within would be met by the full strength of the army. Thus the workers of the engines and those with the picks were certain of being free from molestation.

Aneroestes had rendered valuable assistance in raising an inner wall, but he handled the stones nervously for the

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hour was close at hand when he was to open the gate to Himilco. The advance of the sappers was the first signal, the second and last was to be the falling of the wall. This he knew would not be long in happening.

His eager eyes sought for Ducaria among the women but he was unable to distinguish her, so great was the confusion. He wondered if any of the enemy's missiles had pierced her soft skin, but he writhed when he pictured her in the hands of the Carthaginian soldiery.

The fatal time drew near but he worked on, tearing his hands on the rough edges of the stones—panting and wild-eyed with suppressed excitement.

Three hours had passed since the opening of the day's attack and the struggle had become maddening. The dull boom of the rams thundered throughout the place and caused the timid to look longingly towards the broad Padus that flowed between them and safety.

The clink of the sappers' picks was now scarcely heard so great was the tumult, but the ruinous work went on, impeded at times, though unchecked. The rams were being worked magnificently. Stark naked, the men bent to their task with shouts, and each blow, seemingly harder than the one previous, re-echoed the success of their efforts.

Hannibal was confident that the tottering wall would soon give way, and not wishing to lose more of his soldiers than was necessary, he recalled the sappers, who by this time had successfully undermined a large portion. The rams would easily complete the work.

Agates likewise saw this, but inner walls were being rapidly raised behind the threatened places and he did not fear for the present.

All the heavy armed soldiers were held in readiness. Aneroestes was among the number, his war club grasped firmly and the upper part of his body freed of all clothing. He had as yet had little opportunity to slip away, though he had not sought to do so. The reappearance of Ducaria held him to the spot, and she had smiled on him as he laboured.

The picture of his suffering kinsmen faded from his mind.

At last they who were waiting for the closer struggle saw the weakened section of the wall totter on its foundations, then fall inward with a mighty crash that drowned all minor sounds. The atmosphere became clouded with a grimy dust. When it cleared a gap thirty or more feet in width was revealed to the two armies, and for a moment the sight appalled the defenders. But they stood close to their inner wall and met the fierce onslaught of the enemy.

And now the air became filled with shrieks and yells that chilled the blood of women, but wrought the combatants to greater fury. Though a low wall separated them they in reality stood face to face, for many of the Taurini had rushed forward to meet the storming party and engaged with them almost before their feet trod the soil of the city.

For hours both sides had vented an unquenchable hatred at long range, but now sword crossed sword, and the clanging blows rang out in hideous discord.

Eager warriors, assailing and defending, poured into the breach, but the latter had the advantage of being able to concentrate a greater number without being subjected to attack from above, and the Carthaginians suffered much from this quarter. Massive stones crushed many midway in their advance, and well-aimed javelins pierced the stoutest armour. The long ash spears, tipped with metal, were used with great effect by the Taurini, though the more aggressive wielded swords similar to those of their antagonists. These consisted mainly of Insubres. Shields of varied shapes littered the ground, for in their excitement to kill these weapons of defence hampered the fighters' movements.

Hannibal viewed the scene with satisfaction. He commanded on horse-

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back not far from the breach—an imposing figure, in his armour of golden scales that reflected prismatic beams with every motion. A gorgeous helmet, surrounded by a crest of horse-hair, encased his head and made him the more conspicuous. The soldiers were inspired by his near presence, for he was one of those rare men who ever win the love of their inferiors without lessening their power over them. He had ordered a body of Gauls to first storm the breach, as he wished to spare his own more valuable infantry, and these newmade allies bade fair to do the work to his liking. In all respects were they equal to the defenders, and racial hate intensified their energy to the point of brilliant action. Scores fell, but others were ever ready to fill their places, and the battle gathered in fury as it progressed.

Forgetful or regardless of his mission, Aneroestes fought in the van, and his mighty club, tracing rapid circles in the air, descended upon the head and shoulders of more than one Gaul with deadly effect. Assailed on all sides, he seemed possessed of an energy to fight an army, and those nearby marvelled. But suddenly he ceased and stood with gaping mouth and eyes fixed upon the breach. His strange behaviour was not noticed by the struggling warriors, nor did they see him slowly withdraw from their midst.

With the fever of war upon him, he had caught sight of Hannibal, and the glimpse of that imposing figure transformed his advance into a retreat. He saw in the stern visage no mercy for those of his own tribe should he fail in his duty, and he shivered at the thought of the tortures he would bring upon them. Without further consideration he made his way to the rear. Once beyond the line he hurried towards the small gate, for the time was passed when he should have been there.

As he sped through the city he took no heed of the old men who had crawled to the doors of the huts, and, anxious to know how the battle progressed, called out to him in shrill, quavering voices. Neither did he heed the cries of the women who beat their bare breasts in anguish and invoked the protection of the Gods for themselves and their helpless babes. A boy ran out as though to intercept him, but he roughly pushed him aside, and a wail of pain mingled with the more distant noises. Once he tripped and fell heavily, but he was up again in an instant and continued the more madly on his course.

And all the time he retained his club, for something told him he would have need of it ere Himilco entered the city.

Eventually he came within sight of the gate, and the two guards awaited his approach in wonderment, for he seemed scarce human and his speed was terrific.

"Has the city fallen?" cried out one.

But Aneroestes vouchsafed no reply and raised his club as though to strike. Seeing this both men rushed at him with their swords, but he jumped to one side and brought his weapon down upon the man nearest to him. He guarded, but the blow smashed his weapon and struck his shoulder with no light force. With a cry of terror he fled, and the mountaineer was left face to face with the remaining guard, who with commendable alacrity reached at him and pierced his arm. But in doing so he left himself exposed, and a crunching blow battered his head into a pulp. Then the victor ran to the wall and waved his arms violently, for this was the signal agreed upon.

Aneroestes paused for breath and the noise of the battle smote upon his awakening senses.

The excitement at an end he began to think more of his surroundings. But the clatter of the approaching troops now became audible, and he was about to advance towards the gate when his arm was seized in a nervous grasp and turning in amazement, for he had heard no footsteps, he found himself confronted by Ducaria.

For a moment he gazed at her; then his eyes fell. Her face was stern and he guessed that she knew his intentions.

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It was for him to speak but he said nothing.

The girl had evidently been exerting herself in no small degree for her breath came quickly and in gasps.

"What is it you are doing?" she asked. "A Taurinian warrior lies dead at your feet, crushed by your club, and another flies wounded through the city proclaiming you as a spy and a traitor. What means it all?"

Then Aneroestes answered without looking up.

"I am in the service of Hannibal and have agreed to open this gate to a body of his soldiers. Even now they are near at hand. If you listen you will hear them."

"Traitor!" cried the girl. "You shall not do it."

"I will, I must. Hannibal relies on me and I have sworn by the Gods to do his bidding."

"And will you sacrifice the lives of brave men by treachery? Will you give the women into the hands of the soldiers and have children slain before the eyes of their mothers? You who expressed concern over our fate! And I believed in you though Concolitanus warned me to beware!"

With hair dishevelled and eyes aglow with anger she inveighed against him, while her grip tightened on a dagger that she drew from the folds of her gown.

The mountaineer saw the subtle movement but expressed no fear.

"I acted not for myself," he said, "nor for riches, would I betray the city, but I am bound to the Carthaginian. Thirty young men of my tribe are held prisoners by him as I was, and their bodies suffer from hunger and the scourge. They also mourn for their lost liberty. If I am false to my promise they, not I, will suffer, while my success will break the slave chains that bind them. I can do naught but open the gate. Even now the soldiers are outside demanding admittance and I hear the voice of Himilco. Let me pass, I pray you," and Aneroestes attempted to push her aside.

But Ducaria only looked the more fierce.

"I will not let you pass," she answered. "You strive for the freedom of your brethren and by doing so you enslave mine. I will not loose my hold while strength is in me. I saw you in the fight striving nobly against many, then I saw you stop as if smitten with fear, and when you hastened away I followed you though you outran me. Woman though I am I shall defend the city as long as life lasts."

"Then kill me. In this way only can I fail to fulfil my vow. Your hand fondles a dagger, let it smite my heart and so rid me of my task. But, I pray you hasten, for Himilco will not long remain patient."

Ducaria stared at him in astonishment. She raised her arm, but only for an instant. Then her fingers relaxed their hold and the weapon fell to the ground.

"It would be kind to strike," whispered Aneroestes.

"I cannot."

"Death alone frees me. To save the city I must not spare myself," and bending down the warrior picked up the fallen dagger.

But Ducaria stayed his arm and looked rather than spoke her pleadings.

The mountaineer fell on his knees.

"I will be your servant," said he huskily. "For your sake I will not open this gate even though my brethren suffer for my faithlessness."

Ducaria seized his hand. He rose to his feet and for a few moments they stood silently with fingers interlaced.

All the time the Carthaginians without beat upon the gate and demanded instant admittance.

Suddenly a number of soldiers, pale-faced and out of breath, accompanied by as many women and children, came hastening towards the exit.

Unmindful of themselves both Ducaria and Aneroestes attempted to stay the flight, but there were too many to be influenced by what was said or to take note of the clamour without. The barriers were dragged away and, as the gate flew back, Himilco and his men appeared in the opening. The fugitives halted aghast, then, turning, fled in

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the direction from which they had come, followed by a party of horsemen.

Himilco's keen eyes at once detected Aneroestes, who held Ducaria as though she were with him by force.

"You kept us long waiting," he said, for he could speak the Gallic language tolerably.

"I was attacked after giving the signal," answered the mountaineer, and he pointed to the corpse of the guard. "Besides, the fugitives interfered with me."

"And yet you seem to have benefitted by their presence," remarked Himilco, meaningly, as his lustful eyes devoured the outlines of Ducaria's supple figure, "for you have captured a woman whose beauty I have never seen excelled. She befits not your station. Take her to my tent and I shall there reward you."

"But I do not wish to sell her," expostulated Aneroestes.

Himilco reined in his horse for a moment, though the others, with the exception of his attendents, had gone on, and he smiled yet more unpleasantly.

"Take her to my tent," he repeated, and do you, Cincibil," he added, turning to a Gaul, "accompany this man," after which he rode on to the scene of battle.

Meanwhile Ducaria had crept close to Aneroestes, for she gathered the meaning of Himilco's order, and as the cavalcade galloped forward she looked up appealingly at this strange man who stood beside her. He said nothing and seemed intent on the last writhings of a fleeing Taurinian whom the passing soldiers had struck down.

The Gaul, Cincibil, had dismounted and now advanced leisurely towards the pair. He was a large man and smiled at the consternation expressed on Ducaria's face.

"Come," he said, "you must change your lover and we had best move at once."

But she shrank away from him, while her eyes again appealed to Aneroestes

"Come," continued the Gaul, impatiently. "The orders of Himilco will not wait," and with a rapid movement he seized the girl by the arm. She cried out as though in pain.

Aneroestes turned at the sound.

"Let her alone," he said.

Cincibil first looked surprised, then burst into a laugh.

"I have my orders," he retorted, "and they came from higher than you. If you refuse to accompany the girl I will carry her off myself. Come," and he more roughly took hold of her.

But with a growl like that of a wild beast, Aneroestes threw himself upon the man, and before any resistance could be offered, buried a dagger in his throat.

The blood spurted on to his face as he hurled the body from him. It fell to the ground a corpse, for the blow had been well aimed.

Ducaria looked on aghast.

"Why did you do it?" she asked. "Himilco will surely be avenged on you."

"I care not. The man persecuted you. I will not deliver you to Himilco. Tell me where you can find safety and I shall take you there."

"Beyond the Padus we have kinsmen, and I might with them find refuge. But I cannot leave my father—perchance he is wounded," and the tears came to her eyes.

Then a sudden idea occurred to Aneroestus. Rushing forward to where Taurinian, whom he had slain, lay, he tore off the man's clothes and came back with them.

"There is yet a chance of escape," he said. "Attire yourself in these things. As a youth you may not attract notice."

And while she wavered he pressed her the more eagerly, so that at last she consented to make the change while he kept watch.

"For," he explained, "you will only sadden your father by remaining. To avoid Himilco and the Carthaginian soldiers you must do as I say."

But when she rejoined him disguised as a youth, he made no attempt to

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conceal a deep disappointment that had settled on his face.

"What is it?" she asked tremblingly.

"We cannot escape. I see bands of Numidians in the field between here and the Padus. If we try to pass them they will surely strike us down."

"What, then, is to be done?"

"We must proceed to the Carthaginian camp and trust to your disguise."

"And if Himilco discovers me?"

"You have your dagger."

Ducaria understood.

(To be continued.)

JONES OF THE 49TH.

"THE wildest man in the Forty-ninth,"
So the others said; and Colonel Gray
Kept eyes on him, and swore he'd tame
The spirit of Private Jones, some day.

Of all the drinkin' an' swearin' men,
Jones was the worst of the rippin' crew;
A wonder it was that he wasn't drummed
Out of the service, an' smartly too.

Always in trouble, but always gay,
Singin' or cussin', as case might be;
Dirty, untidy, an' yet for all,
Better you wouldn't wish to see.

Some never thought him a fightin' man,
Till one day out on the Western plain
We saw the dust of a hostile band,
An' face to face with the Injuns came.

I'll never forget, to my dyin' day,
That painted crowd an' the fightin'. Jee!
How the rifles rang. An' over it all,
The smoke cloud hung till you couldn't see

The clear blue sky. An' then we drove
At the dusky line, an' forced it too;—
The old flag wavin' above our heads,
As, cheerin', we followed the beggars through.

Till the Colonel fell, an' then the foe
Swung round for a moment, an' sent their lead
Plumb in our faces, an' towards the spot
Where the brave old Colonel lay for dead,

Right in the line of the fightin' there,
An' never a soul dare bring him in.
Till all of a sudden I heerd a cheer
That almost swallowed the fightin' din.

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An' the good-for-nothin' Private Jones,
Was totin' the body of Colonel Gray
Away to the rear ; while the bullets sang,
An' ripped the prairie jest where we lay.

We raised our voices, an' Private Jones
Was cheered to the echo, again, again ;
An' we tuk fresh courage, an' wheeled around,
An' swept the enemy off the plain.

But Jones didn't jine us ; he wilted down,—
" Here, take yer Colonel, I'm cussed ef I
Can carry him further, my checks are in,
Jest leave me here 'neath the Western sky."

We raised him gently ; but, far away,
His gaze had wandered ; then, soft an' low
We heerd him murmur a word or two ;
Perhaps 'twas cussing'—we didn't know.

B. Kelly.

LOVELAND'S HARBOUR.

LET us wander, dearest maiden,
By the ocean, silver-laden—
There to watch the fleeing vessels as they softly disappear;
And to dream that we are sailing
With a gentle breeze unfailing
Into loveland's harbour with its charms forever dear.

There in dreams we'll roam together
O'er the hills, among the heather,
List'ning to the song-birds as they thrill with melody ;
And feel the spell of winging,
To the sound of joy-bells ringing,
While our souls are soft uplifted in a nameless ecstasy.

There we'll dwell in dreams enchanted,
With a love divinely planted,
To grow thro' endless ages in an older, sweeter bliss ;
And test the joy extending
To the heart with life depending
On the spirit of a vision, on the magic of a kiss.

Let us build a cot of flowers,
And within its shady bowers
Let us fold awhile our pinions and enjoy its welcom'd rest;
And as the lights are dying,
Our hearts contented sighing,
We will dream our world beloved is loveland's harbour blest.

Hastings Weblyn.

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OKANAGAN, OR BEETHOVEN ?

A British Columbian Study in Colour Music.

ADAGIO CANTABILE.

THE subtle breeze of an autumn morning ran hushing through the pine tops ; softly, though with that suspicion of a crisper temperature which foretells so unerringly the approach of winter ; yet it was still early in October, and the woods had just begun their season of splendour by bursting into a revelry of variegated autumnal tints. The whole district of the Okanagan country lay steeped in luxuriant sunshine.

A subdued accompaniment to the landscape was formed by the whispering sough of the wind as it rustled the flickering leaves on the cotton-wood trees—a tangle of sound, which sighed in murmuring contrast to the singing notes of a stream that came bickering down the mountain-side, and ultimately merged itself into the shining waters of the Salmon River.

With many a treble splash over its rocky bed, many a twist and turn within the narrow confines of the overgrown gully, the little icy stream flowing onward along its course, speeding swiftly from out the lake which gave it birth on the summit of Connop Mountain, and never pausing until with turbulent joy it swept into the river and oblivion at the same time.

As I strolled leisurely along the old stage-road which traverses the Okanagan Valley from Vernon to Ducks the stream-music grew more insistent on my ear, and rounding a bend of the highway, I perceived, not twenty yards off, the cause of the increased sound. With light and graceful touch the silvery cadences of a magnificent waterfall swelled and then died on the morning air, trilling an eternal melody as the clear volume of water rushed over the boulder-ledge, and precipitated itself headlong down into the abysm of a darkling pool.

Turning to the left there stretched before me a narrow strip of the valley, sun-steeped and beautiful. The road was bordered by snake-fences of heavy pine logs, along which the chipmunks frisked and chirruped in keen delight of existence, and on the upper side acres of semi-open park-land swept away to the foot of the hills which undulated towards the horizon. The foreground lay dotted with bull-pines, whose red boles showed brown and black in the shadows, the needles falling noiselessly on to the short slippery grass that carpeted the ground. A band of white-stemmed cotton-woods flanked the pine groves, and standing thus in dense masses (well-nigh impenetrable save to the ruffle-grouse and squirrels, whose homes they sheltered), the trunks gleamed in silver tones through their glowing robes of scarlet and golden leaves.

Leaving the highway, I turned my steps slowly up the mountain track, choosing an open glade for pathway, where fallen foliage and dry twigs crackled underfoot. Presently the ascent grew more arduous, and a quick succession of dominant sounds proclaimed the change of scenery. Here tussocky herbage had scarted the ground, and the tree-stocked hills arose tier above tier in unending followment.

Up, up, I climbed ; now skirting a prominent boulder, now almost losing my way in a deep overgrown ravine, but ever and anon emerging again into sunlight, and sweet clear rhythm of noon-tide.

On gaining the height of my goal, I turned my eyes to the south. A swift harmonious modulation rang out, and the melody of nature responded. Far to the west were piled up range upon range of hills, some partly wooded, others again showing in places the hard

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bones of rock through their soil-covering; escarped and jagged peaks alternated with sheer bluff facings of granite, where, sentinelled by mountain crags and cradled in solitude, lay a silent lake on whose placid bosom the mystery of the world slept.

Down at the foot of the eastern grey-green slopes, wine-stained here and there with intermittent shades, were the meadows of a rancher's homestead, its richly-verdant flats cut by the sharp scythe-sweep of the Salmon River.

PRESTO AGITATO.

The low mutterings of a coming movement quivered in the air. High noon was past, and the face of the sun darkened. Then there fell upon the landscape a hush of expectancy, ere with a chord of the seventh the atmospheric colouring whirled into a succession of abyssmal depths of tone. Here was no monochrome, but a multichrome of singular kaleidoscopic intensity. All the reserve forces of nature were gathering for a grand tempestuous climax. Wilder and fiercer became the struggle of the wind to overmaster creation, as the terrific harmonies of Heaven crashed and thundered around me where I clung panting and shaken to the face of a sheltering rock, clutching the sparse scrub-growth with nerve-tightened fingers. Everywhere the shadow of the raging storm had deepened the green of the foliage on the hillsides to blackness; even the erstwhile flaming cotton-woods were now but blotches of swaying magenta on the wolds.

A mountain cataract, roaring and surging into the valley beneath, gave forth deep bass discords—fit accompaniment to the storm, and the groans of the agonized trees, as they struggled in a death grapple with the wind king, grew louder, as in the glare of lightening the stone boulders turned violet-hued with reflected electricity.

ANDANTE.

The storm abated as rapidly as it had gathered, and ere the mystical hour of sunset all was calm once more in the Okanagan Valley.

Far away below me the river crinked and cranked along, its tortuous sinuosities forming a succession of dull grey pools beneath the over-hanging bushes, and a gentle murmur amongst the sedges which fringed its banks flooded the evening air as with a sweetly-soothing lullaby.

Raising my eyes, I saw at the end of a vista of pine boughs the outline of some grateful shapes, the fac-similes of which so frequently stand out revealed against the background of purple heather and gorse on a Scottish moor. There they were—grouped on a grassy mound under the trees whose shelter they had sought during the recent awful tempest—a herd of deer, amidst which, one, a noble stag, stood waving his antlers restlessly to and fro. Another instant, and with a fanfaronade of swishing sound they fled rapidly away over sward and hillock, till the jutting elbows of the cliffs hid them from my sight.

LARGO.

The sun was sinking, the wind well-nigh hushed, the colours of autumn were fading — slowly — away. The memory of it all touched the spirit of humanity with an indelible sweetness —then—softly—gently—it—died.

.

Only a Sonata of Beethoven's after all, which interpreted by a master-hand sank deep into the soul, and by the force of its intense musical colouring conjured up a vision of the beautiful Okanagan Valley. The virtuosity of the upper tones, the intermittent strains of bright-hued harmonies, as contrasted with the concentrated depths of the bass chords—all these conspired to paint (as no artist's hand has ever done) the iridescent picture of mountain, wood and water.

The music to which I had listened had been the Leit-Motif of my chimera.

Julian Durham.

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THE HISTORICAL CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY—BUILT ABOUT 1705.

A GLANCE AT MONTREAL AND SOME OF ITS HOMES.

PROUDLY, and yet without arrogance, beautiful, smiling and gracious, Montreal rests on a slope against its famous mountain, and surveys, across the broad St. Lawrence and one of earth's grandest, greenest valleys, Mounts St. Hilaire and Beloeil and the more distant, mist-wreathed and oft-hidden Green Mountains of Vermont. And so colossal a sight, so magnificent a view, as that of this great city, seen from its mountain, dwelling by a great river, and both surrounded by a well-wooded, hill-bound tract of level, soft-bowling country, is seldom had upon earth.

As a city of three hundred odd thousand inhabitants, Montreal, founded by Maisonneuve in 1642, is empowered to catch and hold attention in a way conferred upon few cities. An old world piquancy flavours its distinguished modern aspect, and appeals to the intellect with Parisian politeness to interpret and finely appreciate its true qualities. And a recapitulation of some of these would give a place wherein the languages and customs of France and England unite, as much as they may have been opposed to one another in the past; where old provincial laws still trip the unwary; where not so long ago a compromise in English and French coinage was in circulation; where Martello towers still stand, and Fortification Lane traces the site of the city's ancient sally-port wall; where the chivalrous spirit of his haughty, sword-girt predecessors still exists in



RESIDENCE OF MR. C. R. HOSMER.
(Formerly the Late Sir J. J. C. Abbott's House.)

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THIS MAGNIFICENT RESIDENCE IS OWNED BY THE HON. GEORGE A. DRUMMOND.

the humble *habitant*; and where, finally, the Roman Catholic religion still impresses itself, within and without, upon those institutions which Old France gave to the New, at a time which made their establishment in a land of savages one of hardship and daring.

Jacques Cartier never dreamt that in naming a mountain in honour to his king, Francis I., he christened a hundred years in advance one of the chief cities of America and the British Empire, and the metropolis of the future Canadian nation. Thus *Mont Real* became Montreal—Villemarie de Montreal, a city dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; and as royally called, so has Montreal royally answered with miles of wharves and shipping, where the modern leviathans of the deep from cis-Atlantic ports tranship direct to trains that load for the Pacific Coast and every point between; and with a depth of streets and houses that reach far back to the mountain they partly invest, and promise to some day completely imprison. These streets are wealthily toned with shade trees, above which project domes and towers, spires and tall chimneys innumerable.

The city proper is composed of thirteen wards; of which St. Antoine, English, is the wealthiest and most influential. The value of real estate they aggregated in December, 1897, amounted to over one hundred and seventy-seven million dollars. On this—less an exempted forty millions, in church property principally—there is a tax of one per cent.; the whole being guarded by one of the best fire brigades in the world.

Built on a flight of giant steps in rising ground, the city is endowed by nature with exceptional advantages as regards water and drainage; and with two splendid reservoirs high above the city in the midst of its mountain park, the water pressure, in the adjacent municipality of Westmount especially, is excellent.

Besides the mountain park just mentioned, whose worth as an earthly paradise is priceless, and St. Helen's Island opposite the city, which, nobly clothed with grand trees, vies with the mountain in attracting pleasure-seekers, the city possesses a collection of public squares—including Logan's Park, the new parade-ground, and the old historical and poplar-lined parade-ground of Champ de Mars—of which any place might well be proud. And in this connection, the Protestant and Roman Catholic Cemeteries, secluded from the throbbing city by a reposeful mountain, captivate both the eye and soul with silent eloquence. As adjoining cities of the dead, the former is, artistically, much the superior; but the heights of the latter, Côte des Neiges Cemetery, counterbalances this by overlooking the whole northern country—a rivetting sight. As the leaves turn in the fall, the scene here is converted into one as gorgeous as the sunsets that sometimes occur behind it.

The fame of Montreal's architecture, like that of its private collection of paintings, has gone abroad.

Seen from its equally famous mountain, a view of the city is one of count-

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less fair buildings, let down into a forest of noble trees. Over this embowered seat of quarried limestone reposes a stately air; spire answers spire in the sunlight; burnished domes commingle with dull towers; red brick affects self-possession amid the cold reserve of cut stone; and through all, dwarfed to the eye, the bushed streets pick their way beneath heavy foliage. By a silver ribbon at its base, the St. Lawrence, the city is divided from the well-wooded country south of it; the latter, with an occasional exception, treading a level green towards the far-off horizon, where it suddenly and dimly meets the sky with a broken, bluish range of mountains—the Green Mountains in Vermont.

An impressionist picture of Montreal from the brow of its mountain, at night, in the dead of winter, would be that of a great white well in the darkness, in which lies a sugared city. With the latter lit like unto day with a multitude of arc-lamps, that blink in the frosty air as if they were living diamonds, the combined effect is a glow that eats outwards into the surrounding country like faint moonshine.

For a day picture, taken in January, we have the following blue and white impressionism.

A snowy whiteness upon everything except the sky. The cloudless latter is intensely blue. Backgrounded against it upheaves a number of faint blue mountains. In front of these, patches of sepia-blue woods creep towards us, across expanses of the purest white, toned bluishly wherever shadows embark. At our feet, finally, lies the city—a red, white and grey conglomerate, above which a certain bluishness is observable in the atmosphere. So much for one of Montreal's winter Sunday mornings.

Now that the electric railways have begun to network the island, old suburbs are rehabilitating themselves, and new ones arising as if by magic. It is predicted that, in time, cities will become business centres merely. Be this as it may, our faces are now turned countrywards as a place of residence to an extent unknown before. To meet this exodus, Montreal's environments are found catering to its citizens most charmingly. East, west or north on the island, or opposite the city south, a choice is had of places that, in the summertime, bless the sight, ease and restore the jaded mind, and satisfactorily minister to those souls that seek to dwell among the beauties of Nature. From a gentle and inland standpoint, it would seem impossible to surpass the vistas of scenic loveliness to be had in Montreal's vicinity.

The subject of suburban expansion directs our attention for a moment to the Victoria Bridge. Modern engineering has much to boast of in the way of feats, but to replace an old bridge with a new one, and that without removing the former or interfering with the passing of trains through it, is surely among the greatest. When all is completed, the tubular bridge, so familiar to many of us, will have disappeared, and in the open successor, designed for all kinds of traffic, Montreal will possess one of the finest in the world. Waiting on this, Montreal's Brooklyn will



MR. JAMES LINTON'S RESIDENCE.

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ROKEBY—MR. A. F. GAULT.



THE LATE MR. DUNCAN McINTYRE'S RESIDENCE.



RESIDENCE OF MR. R. B. ANGUS.

now, no doubt, arise, and do the city credit. The terminal municipality of St. Lambert's, by the very nature of things, is already stirring towards a splendid future, and we look for an early fulfilment of some of its store of great promise. The Jubilee Bridge, after this, will be one of Montreal's added attractions. To cross it for the first time will be no common experience. Here we turn the subject.

When Indians lurked in the woods, and only sailing vessels stemmed the St. Lawrence, Montreal, or, rather, Hochelaga, went in for a class of buildings more useful than ornamental. If nothing else, they were solidly put up; and no doubt the contemplating red-skin regarded them, as compared with his wigwam, much in the light that we now do a classical *fin-de-siecle* pile. There was a sameness and a simplicity about dwellings in early colonial times that Puritanically disavows any kinship whatever with the more worldly styles that now prevail; and the few of the former left to represent them not only do so with ill-concealed contempt for the aspirations of their present-day, fangle-idead associates, but—with high wedge roofs, and low, thick walls that resemble fort masonry—seem to coldly and continually muse back through a couple of centuries upon those scenes and incidents which emboss the first pages of our national history. Such is the Chateau de Ramezay, among the more preten-

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tious of its kind, linking us with a past in which it took a notable part. Built about 1705, by Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Montreal, it afterwards became the English gubernatorial residence. Its fate is among the best, that of a museum of those antiquities belonging to the history that has been enacted within and without its walls. It chiefly interests us at the present moment as the structural predecessor of what has been set up since.

Apart from historical "Monklands," crowning Montreal's western extremity, and now part of Ville Marie Convent, the only abode of vice-royalty that now offers to compare with the old chateau, is our late Premier's residence, Sir John Abbott's, on Sherbrooke Street. It was here that Lord and Lady Aberdeen lived during an official stay of several weeks one winter season. This house has since passed into the possession of Mr. C. R. Hosmer, General Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway Telegraph Co.

A little further on, and we have Senator Drummond's house—an imposing structure in red sandstone, on the corner of Peel and Sherbrooke Streets. Half-way up the chimney-side is a square sun-dial. Were this house proportioned with grounds, the effect would be most striking.

Much better off in this respect is Mr. James Linton's residence. Situated on rising ground, and back its proper distance from the street (Sherbrooke), we



RAVEN'S CRAG—MR. H. MONTAGU ALLAN.



MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN'S RESIDENCE.
(Formerly the Property of Lord Mount Stephen.)



LORD STRATHCONA'S MONTREAL RESIDENCE.

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are at once impressed by it. As a gray gem, leafily-set, the eye pardonably lingers over it. The lawn is one of the finest in Canada, and about the grounds are disposed life-sized and life-looking statues of dogs and deer.

Near-by, on the same street, we have Mr. A. F. Gault's house, "Rokeby," recalling Sir Walter Scott's stirring poem; a copy, we believe, of Rokeby Castle itself. With Envy one of the Virtues, few would gaze upon this classic in stone without heartily coveting the ownership of it.

When the late Mr. Duncan McIntyre signed his share of the Canadian Pacific Railway contract, the successful carrying out of which made possible the peerages that Lord Mount Stephen, and Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal now possess, he is said to have exclaimed, "This is either the poor-house or a palace!" That it was not the former, a glance at the palatial home he afterwards erected for himself soon convinces us. Situated well up on the mountain-side, it commands a superb view of the city and country south. The house and grounds, which cost in the neighbourhood of three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, stand at the head of Drummond Street, one of Montreal's steep and exclusive avenues.

A little lower down on the next street—Peel—is the residence of Mr. R. B. Angus. This is a noble affair in light sandstone, and the lawn-terraces are beautifully kept.

High above us on the mountain-side again, a pistol-shot away, nestles the Allan homestead, "Ravenscrag." This lofty-seated castle is almost hidden in trees, and perches in the very heart of the people's mountain park in a high-walled park of its own. It was built by a very far-seeing, brainy business man—the late Sir Hugh Allan, one of the founders of the Allan line of steamships. From him it descended to his son, Mr. Montague Allan, its present master.

One of Montreal's more magnificent mansions, inside and out, is Lord Mount Stephen's, on Drummond Street, now owned and occupied by Mr. Meighen, President of the Lake of the Woods Mining Company. Like Senator Drummond's, this house is seen at a disadvantage—it requires a generous amount of land to make it speak as it should to the eye. As it is, there is a wealthy look in every stone, composing a self-reliant massiveness suggestive of some cis-Atlantic baronial hall.

Naturally enough, we next turn to the residence of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal (Sir Donald A. Smith). Like the man himself, there is a quiet, unassuming air about it that we take to at once. Another noticeable characteristic is the distinct citified look it has, chiefly conferred by the amount of space the broad, smart gravel driveway occupies, as compared with the plots of sky, rich green bordering it, in a shallow frontage of grounds. As with most houses of its class in the city, the fine conservatory attached is often open to the public. Two shades of sandstone offset one another in the erection of this luxurious home; but since acquiring his Scottish estate, Lord Strathcona, like his companion-in-honours, Lord Mount Stephen, is an absentee-owner—much to Montreal's regret in both cases.

Henry Cecil Walsh.

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M. C. CAMERON, AS I KNEW HIM.

A Character Sketch.

IT is over forty years since a young man came to Goderich from Eastern Ontario where, in the town of Perth, he had first seen the light some twenty-five years previously. He carried with him a letter from his father, recommending him to the kind offices of a leading man in Goderich, and in that letter it was stated that the bearer was a clever young man, who would not fail to make his presence felt in the Huron Tract, which was then looming up as a Mecca for men of ambition and energy. The letter further stated that all expenses incurred in giving a fair start to the young lawyer during the first two years of his residence in Goderich, would be met by the father of the young man. The gentleman to whom the letter was sent accepted the epistle and the conditions it involved, but had no occasion to fall back upon the father of Malcolm Colin Cameron to fulfil any of the obligations.

From the first, the young man showed himself willing and able to accommodate himself to the surroundings, and as he was possessed of energy and self-confidence, coupled with industry and perseverance, to an extent greater than ordinary, he soon took a front place in his chosen profession, and laid the foundation of a profitable business.

His coming to Goderich was in 1855, and inside of the following dozen years he had run the gamut of public life from town councillor to member of parliament. As councillor, reeve and mayor of his adopted town, he soon showed that he was capable of doing good service in a public capacity; and it was little to be wondered at that, when a vacancy occurred by the retirement of James Dickson, immediately before the advent of Confederation, the eyes of the Liberals of Huron turned toward the young lawyer as one fitted to represent the county in the first Canadian parliament under the new order of things. The year previous a vacancy had occurred in the county judgeship, and the young lawyer had been an unsuccessful applicant to Sir John Macdonald for the position, and when the call was made to him to take up the Liberal standard and carry it on to victory, the opportunity was the more readily seized that it offered a chance to get even with the Old Chieftain for the "throwing-down" of the year before.

The campaign that ensued was a warm one, and in it the Liberal candidate laid strong and deep the foundation of that reputation for effective stump-speaking which was his glory and the pride of his friends in the thirty years that followed. Like many of the older school of politicians, he did not bank on either his literary style or his pronunciation. In the latter his Highland accent was particularly apparent when such words as "superior," "superlative," etc., received the initial "shoo." Neither did he attempt to paint the lily or gild fine gold in his addresses, for he did not possess the artistic imagination or the oratorical grace necessary to such an undertaking; but he had a clear, incisive way of stating a case, and a magnetic personality that caught the emotions of an audience, and enabled him to sway at will the hearers who faced the platform from which he spoke. As a *nisi prius* lawyer he was particularly effective, and few juries withstood his pleading. On the stump in a political campaign he reduced invective to science, and his denunciation of an opponent's policy was always merciless and scathing in the extreme. His *bête noir* in politics was the nepotist, and many a time and oft did he declaim against public men who had availed themselves of opportunities to assist

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relatives to positions, to the exclusion of all others. One of the first attacked by him along this line was the late James Dickson, his predecessor in the representation of Huron, who not only took to himself the registrarship of the county, but succeeded also in getting post-offices for two of his sons. The condemnation of this piece of nepotism was stoutly expressed on every platform during the campaign of 1867, and proved a winning card for the man who made the denunciation. Not satisfied with that, he carried his antagonism so far against the registrar that for years he never passed words with his parliamentary predecessor, because he considered a trust had been betrayed.

During his first term in parliament he was successful in having Goderich harbour constituted a harbour of refuge, and was instrumental in securing a large expenditure of money in improving the harbour conditions of both Goderich and Bayfield. How he succeeded in getting the concessions from an adverse Administration is not pertinent to this article, and will do at another time, should the spirit move me to put pen to paper ; but of one thing there need be no doubt, the town was materially benefited by the work then instituted through his efforts. Towards the end of his first term in parliament he began to be that thorn in the flesh of Sir John Macdonald which he continued to be to the last days of the Old Chieftain, and a partition of the County of Huron was decided upon by the Government, with the ostensible object of giving three ridings to the county, but with the real object of gerrymandering Sir John's thorn in the flesh out of parliament. The Grits were "hived" in Centre Huron, making the north and south constituencies safe to friends of the Government, and excluding utterly, so it was thought, the man who formerly represented South Huron. The bringing down of the bill redistricting Huron was the historic occasion when old John Rymal, then member for South Wentworth, rose in his place in the House and, holding up a diagram of the new South Riding, said to Sir John, "You could bow down and worship this creature of your own creation without committing idolatry, for there is nothing in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, that resembles South Huron."

But the gerrymandering of the constituency did not keep Sir John's thorn in the flesh out of the House. He went into the contest with the intention of winning, and, backed by the sympathy of the people in the gerrymandered district, he swept all opposition before him, and carried the constituency by a safe majority, despite the fact that his opponent on that occasion was none other than Thomas Greenway, the present Premier of Manitoba. After the contest his name became a household word all over the country, and when mention was made of the man from Huron, in connection with election campaigns, his fighting qualities were as fully recognized as those of the gallant Major O'Shaughnessy, of the 88th (Connaught Rangers) during the Napoleonic wars, of whom the poet wrote :

> He cared for neither shot nor shell,
> He dared all deaths and dangers—
> He'd storm the very gates of hell
> With a company of the Rangers.

The Pacific Scandal or Slander—as the term suits—caused the defeat of Sir John Macdonald's Government in 1873, and on the 28th of January, 1874, another election was held. On this occasion the Goderich lawyer, now in his forty-third year, was again successful, but being petitioned against, and the case coming to court, he was unseated because of the acts of overzealous friends, and in the bye-election that ensued was not a candidate, owing to absence in Florida in search of health, thus giving a walkover to Mr. Greenway. In 1878, Mr. Greenway, after receiving the Liberal nomination, refused to prosecute the canvass, and once more the Goderich man stepped into the breach, and was elected. In 1882 the re-districting of constituencies placed Goderich in West Huron for electoral purposes, with a majority

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of 158 in the riding adverse to a Liberal candidate. I well recollect that evening in May when our candidate came home from Ottawa. We all knew that he could have the South dows for South Huron, as then constituted, he said: "But I shall not further look for South Huron. I will stay with the constituency in which I live, and move, and have my being.



THE LATE HON. M. C. CAMERON.
Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories.

Huron "hive" for the asking, and we were on pins and needles as to what action he would take. We banked on his pluck, and we won. He spoke from the balcony of *The Signal* office, and, after stating that on his trip home he had vainly looked from the car win- (Cheers.) There is an adverse majority against me, but, with the assistance of my friends in West Huron, I will wipe that adverse majority off the slate. Give me a fair field and no

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favour, and the devil may take the hindmost, and that won't be M. C. Cameron." (Cheers.)

Did he win? Of course he won, for nothing could withstand the vim with which he fought the fight personally, and the vigour with which his friends entered into the contest. Truly the majority was not large, but it served. In 1887 he ran for the same constituency, and met his first defeat at the hands of Robert Porter, but retrieved himself in 1891. Unseated in the fall of the same year, owing once more to the acts of over-zealous friends, he next faced Hon. J. C. Patterson, who was backed by all the strength of the Dominion Government, and he was again defeated—by the slight majority of 16. In this contest he was heavily handicapped by ill-health. During the previous year one of the most cruel and malicious slanders ever put in circulation against a public man was concocted by a discharged gardener of the man slandered, and this had been bruited abroad by political opponents, with the object of driving him from public life. Two of the rascals directly implicated in the libels were cited before the courts and found guilty of the crime, but the worriment incident to the prosecution told severely on the slandered man, and he never was himself again, physically or mentally.

In 1895 Hon. J. C. Patterson was appointed to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Manitoba, and again our candidate was put forward and won in the bye-election of January, 1896. In June of the same year he fought his last fight and helped to bring to power the party with which he had been allied for so many years. His friends in Huron and himself had hopes that he would be of Cabinet rank, but it was decreed otherwise, and he remained a private member until last May, when he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories, a position which, unfortunately, he was destined not to hold for long.

For nearly a quarter of a century I had known him personally, and from Sept. 1, 1880, until May 20, 1897, no one knew him more intimately than I. I knew his elements of strength—and he had elements of strength—and I knew his weaknesses. Of the latter I have no word to say, for he has passed from our ken and the place that knew him shall know him no more. He and I differed on a line of public policy, just as he and the late James Dickson differed. Our differences were threshed out at the time, and public opinion has rendered its verdict. I am perfectly willing that the matter should rest as it stands. I shall neither add to nor take from what has been said on that subject. But although an irreparable breach was made in our friendship, I never can forget the days when we were friends, and when the desire of my heart was to second, as best I could, the efforts of the most fearless gladiator in the political arena that I ever knew, and to aid in having victory perch upon the banner of a candidate whom I then believed to be the embodiment of rugged political integrity and the personification of political magnetic power.

Dan. McGillicuddy.



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A HALLOWE'EN ADVENTURE.

With Pen and Ink Sketches by W. Goode.

THE morning of Hallowe'en came crisp and fresh, with golden sunshine across the purple hills, to the Cloverfields farm. Brisk Mrs. Dean, stepping from kitchen to pantry directing and assisting her one stout maid, cast inquiring glances at the face of her only son. Reuben evidently had something on his mind. At last he put it into words.

"Mother—*will* you have the Ferris girls out to keep Hallowe'en? You know when they were here in the summer they said they'd like to come again, and—well—I saw Amy yesterday when I took the potatoes in, and she said she would love a Hallowe'en in the country."

Mrs. Dean's bright face clouded a little, but she was a very judicious woman, and it occurred to her that perhaps a little more of Amy Ferris' society would lead Reuben to take *her* view of that young lady, while on the other hand, distance might but continue to lend its proverbial enchantment. So, after a brief pause, her answer was much more cheerful than her son expected.

"Why yes, if their mother will come, too, certainly we can have them. And isn't there a cousin staying with them?"

"Yes, Miss Grey. Amy says she's a dull, stupid little thing, but of course she must come too. It's very good of you, motherdie; I'll drive in this morning and bring them out after dinner."

"Be sure and say *particularly* that I wish Miss Grey to come, and perhaps it would be as well for them to stay all night. It would be very late for you to take them back."

So Reuben went off to his work delighted, and Mrs. Dean began her preparations for the more than half-unwelcome guests, with a little spark in her mild eyes.

Reuben was her only child, her great and only interest in life, for she had been a widow for many years. They were dearest comrades, and when he left school she read with him, and polished up the neglected French and Latin of a studious girlhood for his benefit; on every portion of the farmwork he asked and valued her opinion, and for "motherdie" to bring her sewing and sit under a tree near by when he was mowing or raking was his ideal of a happy afternoon.

All this happiness had lasted uninterrupted till the summer before my story begins. Then, in a moment of weakness, Mrs. Dean had yielded to the plaintive persuasions of a former school friend (now the wife of a flourishing lawyer in the neighbouring town of Armsted), and received her and her two daughters into the seclusion of Cloverfields as summer boarders.

This step she had never ceased to regret. There was nothing congenial now in her former school friend, and that same sometime friendship necessitated a closeness of companionship which often wearied Mrs. Dean, and which effectually interrupted for a time the happy routine of her life with her son. But Amy and Mabel found time to cultivate Reuben's acquaintance, and three weeks of long forest rambles, fishing excursions and work in the hay field, with Amy pretending to work beside him, filled his horizon with new and strange visions, disturbing, incomplete, yet poetic. Mabel was bonny and merry, but too young to care for monopolizing Reuben; it was Amy's saucy hazel eyes that disturbed his dreams, and Amy's nut-brown curls that netted his fancy—— his heart, he fondly thought. Mrs. Dean had other opportunities for studying the girl's half-formed character, and she, watching her closely, saw a

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"Amy pretending to work beside him."

total lack of sympathy with anything in pain—a hard carelessness of other people's feelings, and an innately second-rate standard in life both for herself and for others. She saw her prettiness, too, with the eye of a beauty-loving woman who sees deep enough to discern or to miss the beauty of the soul. She watched Reuben's enthralment with pain. A little of her early friendship for Mrs. Ferris awoke, and a slight sense of some reason for the change in her, when that poor lady said as Amy left the room after some remarks whose hardness had shocked even her out of her usual good-natured apathy:

"She is her father over again, Helen; Poor child, poor child!"

After the disturbing element returned to town, an attempt was made at resuming the old order of things, but it was half a failure. Reuben's love and devotion to his mother were unchanged, but he had found one subject of thought, to him the most engrossing, on which she could not sympathize with him.

The afternoon of Hallowe'en saw a merry party roaming the grounds of Cloverfields, and in the evening they all gathered in the great old-fashioned dining-room, weaving time-honoured spells around the blazing fire. Fortunes were told in many ways. Melted wax dropped through a key into cold water, formed fantastic shapes that were supposed to presage the future of the one who poured it. Apple peelings, twirled three times round one's head and thrown on the floor, formed mysterious letters, the initials of the "not impossible she" or he. A thread held over the top of the lamp chimney showed in how many years the holder would be married, someone counting slowly till the thread broke.

So the evening passed merrily; but Mrs. Dean noticed that little Lois Grey, who had quite thawed out and grown animated during the afternoon (when she had kept close to Mrs. Dean instead of frolicking about with the others), grew reserved and quiet again, seldom laughing, and looking like a little shadow in her black dress. She took her part in the games and tricks, but with a pathetic shyness, which she seemed trying in vain to shake off.

Lois' story, though told by Mrs. Ferris very scrappily, had deeply appealed to Mrs. Dean's motherly heart. She had been left an orphan two years before, and until this autumn had supported herself by typewriting; but her health had given out and Mrs. Ferris, being her nearest relative, had brought the lonely girl to her comfortable home to recruit.

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"Of course she will go back to work as soon as she is able," Mrs. Ferris said. "I thought before she came that she might do as a sort of companion, but she is altogether too quiet and Amy doesn't care for her."

That evening Amy was the life of the party. Her bright eyes sparkled, the firelight shone on her brown curls and brought out the rich colour in her cheeks. In her crimson gown she seemed to catch and absorb all the light in the room.

There were peals of laughter now and then from the kitchen, where Martha, and Jake, the new hired man, were roasting chestnuts. Mrs. Dean listened with a smile. "Jake seems of a happy disposition, Reuben! But I cannot help feeling sorry that we had to send away poor old Dennis."

"So was I sorry, Mater dear! But he's quite comfortable with his little cottage and his pension. And his temper *was* too much to stand, wasn't it now—even for you?"

Mrs. Dean laughingly confessed that it was, adding that she believed the poor man to be out of his mind.

"Judging from the horrible threats he poured out on my devoted head, I'm inclined to agree with that theory," Reuben admitted.

As the evening wore on and tricks were nearly exhausted, Amy and Reuben retired to a cosey bow-window and he proceeded to describe to her in an undertone the most important of Hallowe'en's charms.

"You take a lamp in one hand and a mirror in the other, and go backwards from the house down a path—say to the gate; you must start just as the clock strikes twelve, and look in the glass all the time, never turning your head. But, of course, you would be afraid."

Amy indignantly denied any such possibility, and discussed the advisability of taking the path to the front gate, or the longer one from the kitchen door to the barn; and when a little after eleven they went to their rooms, there was a pretty definite agreement between them (of which the others had heard nothing) that she should try this particular spell.

But when the girls were together in their pretty room with its cheerful fire and the warm curtains drawn, either Amy's spirit for adventure failed her, or the love of mischief and a wilful wish to disappoint Reuben, took possession of her. A little plot entered her lively brain and she proceeded to put it into execution.

As the three sat by the fire in their pretty lounging-robes she told them (without naming the source of her information) about her mirror trick. Lois had heard of it before, indeed she affirmed that a friend of hers had first seen her future husband in that mystic manner. A little to Amy's surprise



"The most important of Hallowe'en's charms."

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she willingly agreed to try her fate that night, and took her cousin's advice to go from the kitchen door without question. By the time this was arranged it was so near the stroke of twelve that she had no time to do up her hair or remove her pretty blue wrapper. Amy and Mabel provided lamp and looking-glass, and after seeing her down-stairs, ran back and ensconced themselves in the hall-window.



"Lois began to back slowly down the path."

The night was starlit and not cold. As Lois shut the kitchen door and began to back slowly down the path a cold shiver ran down her spine. All she saw for a time was her own face, flushed with a soft brightness quite new to her, eyes large, solemn and wide open, a little cloud of silky light-brown hair that floated round her face. She had never before admired her own reflection; now for a moment she did. Then she noticed the little spruces by the well and the tall ones in a dark clump near the barn. Her hand trembled and the lamp shook as she approached their dark shadows. The next moment a deadly fear seized her, for she saw distinctly, crouched under the trees, a man with a scowling savage face, and an axe grasped in his hand. The path swerved a little away from the trees toward the small door at the other side of the barn. Stupefied with horror, she paused, and then perceived that the man's gaze was fixed on the little barn door. Just then it opened, and still gazing fixedly in the glass (for she dared not, could not, turn) she saw Reuben's tall form emerge from it and come toward her. She met his eyes in the mirror, and caught their expression of surprise, and something else which she could not fathom.

For a moment the imminent danger was forgotten, and all the wonderful hidden dreams of her heart shone out in answer to his look. Then that dreadful crouching figure, unseen by Reuben, filled all her mental horizon. She turned toward the trees just in time to see him rise and leap toward Reuben, the axe raised to strike. Like a flash she darted forward and hurled her little lamp full in his face.

There was a yell of pain which filled her with horror, a gleam of fire, and the next moment the man was on the ground, fighting fiercely, while Reuben endeavoured to extinguish his burning clothes. He was a much heavier man than Reuben, and had the tremendous strength of a maniac. Lois turned white and sick, and stood wringing her hands wildly. But only for an instant; then she remembered that Jake slept in a little room over the stable. She sprang past the struggling men and up the steep ladder, she scarcely knew how. Poor Jake was roused so suddenly and thoroughly that he was wont to declare in after days that he never, no never, got over it, his nerves "was that shook." But he was quickly by Reuben's side and between them the frantic man was overpowered and carried into the

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kitchen, where the rest of the now-awakened household came with terrified inquiries.

Mrs. Dean and Mrs. Ferris skilfully dressed the burns of the poor raving creature (who turned out to be the recently discharged farm hand), while Reuben, though nearly tired out with the struggle, went at once for the doctor. As he passed out, he found Lois leaning in the doorway, pale and shivering. He caught both her hands and kissed them, with a quick comprehension of one of the thoughts that made her look so distressed.

"He is but slightly burnt; don't let that worry you,——*dear*," he said.

But Lois crept up to bed and cried herself to sleep.

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The following Hallow-e'en, as the clock struck twelve, Lois Dean and her husband, standing together in the moonlight, pressed cheek to cheek and looked in the same small mirror. That mirror is one of Reuben's most cherished possessions now, for he says it showed him a soul he might otherwise never have seen, and he firmly maintains that he loved her passionately that moment before she saved his life.

Elisabeth Roberts MacDonald.

HER LETTER.

DEAR Bird that flyeth swiftly past,
Oh, bear this word for me,
To him, who holds my heart so claspt,
'Twill ever with him be.

Soft breeze, pray, carry on the wing
These thoughts, fresh as thine air,
That he may hear the pure notes sing,
My soul would with him share.

Keen storm, that sweeps the heaven wide
My passion to him pour,
To let him know that at his side,
Dark doubt can ride no more.

Oh stars, should o'er his path come night,
Look down and guide him on,
That sorrow blinded by thy light
May pass him, and be gone.

Bright sun, shed on my dear one's day,
My love, that's warm as thee,
And keep him ever in the way
That leads to home and me.

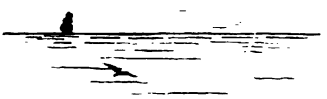
Elvira Floyd Fræmcke.

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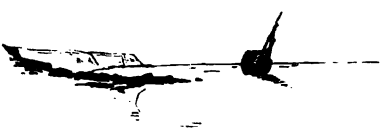
The Song of the Derelict

Ye have sung me your songs, ye have chanted your rimes
(I scorn your beguiling, O sea!)
Ye fondle me now, but to strike me betimes
(A treacherous lover, the sea!)
Once - I saw as I lay, half-awash in the night
A hull in the gloom - a quick hail! - and a light
And I lurched o'er to leeward, and gared her for spite
From the doom that ye meted to me



I was sister to Terrible, seventy-four
(Yo ho! for the gwinp of the sea!)
And ye sank her in fathoms a thousand and more -
(Alas! for the might of the sea!)
Ye taunt me and sing me her fate for a sign!
What harm can ye wreak more on me or on mine?
Ho braggart! I care not for boasting of thine -
A fig for the wrath of the sea!

Some night to the lee of the land I shall steal
(Heigh-ho! to be home from the sea!)
No pilot but Death at the rudderless wheel
(None knoweth the harbor as he!)
To lie where the slow tide creeps hither and fro
And the shifting sand laps me around, for I know
That my gallant old crew are in Port long ago
For ever at peace with the sea!



John McCrae

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THE HEROINE OF ROMANCE.

An Autobiography.

YOU all know me. I am as old as Eden, as fresh as the spring and as variable. Many truths have been told of me, and much that is false; I have blushed as often at over praise as I have grieved over calumny.

I am the Heroine of Romance!

I have dim visions of myself when Egypt was young and Babylon undreamed of. I begin to see myself more clearly in the heroic days when gods little and gods big came down from Olympus, or other high altitudes, to woo me. I looked grandly statuesque in those days and wore most becoming Greek drapery. I don't remember much about how I felt, or what I thought of things in general—for the day of mental analysis and introspection had not dawned, and only in regard to my sweethearts did I trouble about knowing my own mind. And it was generally the strongest of my lovers who won me, for the ancient lover had a very taking way with him.

There were some odd things about me in those olden days. I obeyed my parents, I never gainsaid my father's will except upon my knees with my clasped hands uplifted; and then it did me little good. I have carried docility so far as to let my stern parent pierce me to the heart with a butcher's knife without raising an objection. But I think Virginias were and always have been scarce.

I admired myself in those good old times, but later on, in the days of chivalry, I was even more charming. I used to sit in old baronial halls among the gentle maidens of the household and bend my modest eyes upon my tapestry work, the while the good friar read to us or a blind minstrel played upon his harp. Nothing did I know of the great world and never did I walk abroad outside the castle walls. When evening fell I'd hie me to my turret chamber and throwing wide the lattice I'd gaze wonderingly out over the wall and across the moat to where a bridle-path led down the rocky height, through a woody glade, and on and on until it joined some road that led out into the great, gay, wicked world. I'd look and look, day after day, hopefully, anxiously, impatiently, and at last I'd see emerging from the dim vistas of the forest, the setting sun shining on his glittering armour, a gallant knight on a coal black steed, all caparisoned in black and silver. And as he drew nearer and yet more nigh, I could see that he was wondrous handsome and of noble bearing and the heron's plume upon his helmet proclaimed the quality of his birth. My heart whispered "'Tis he!" and leaning from my casement I waved a muslin kerchief, which a vagrant wind snatched from my grasp and wafted to the feet of the Arab charger. A moment later it would be raised on a spear's point and tucked into the bosom of the Black Knight's coat of mail.

There were many things about those days that makes me long for more of them, but those lordly strongholds were badly drained and rather draughty, and the one great fire-place in the lofty hall failed to heat the rest of the castle. Indeed there were many conveniences lacking that now can be had in city houses at twenty dollars a month. But aside from unromantic details, one thing in those days annoyed me greatly. I could never have two lovers. As soon as a second began to bud, there would be trouble. A challenge to enter the lists would come, a trial-at-arms, a corpse and then only one lover left! Or if both returned alive, my warrior blood would never permit me to look upon a battered, beaten cripple—so it amounted to the loss of

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a lover whether the outcome of the duel were life or death.

I had a lively time during the Crusades and the border wars, but later on I lived a much easier life. Wars and tourneys and courts were all eschewed and I lived in pastoral seclusion, the cherished darling of a select family circle.

I had skin like satin, cheeks like roses, teeth like pearls. I was sometimes twins, generally sisters, often cousins. One of us was small, fragile and fair as a lily; the other tall, stately and dark, but both were good as we were beautiful. We dressed in white with coloured sashes and wore roses in our hair. With arms entwined and ringlets mingling, we worked at our samplars or made pictures of wool on canvas, of Rebecca at the well or Daniel in the lion's den. We loved our home and parents dear, we adored each other, we would die if we were parted, we would never, never marry. We both always fall in love with the same man at first sight and he with only one of us. He generally loved the fair one, but, fearing his passion was not returned, he would successfully woo the brunette, and the lily maid would bear herself like the Spartan lad until the wedding morn, when she would always be found dead in some lonely corner. Then the bride, grief-stricken, gat her to a nunnery, leaving the young groom to console himself as best he pleased.

Sometimes it fell out otherwise. The hero occasionally loved the dark sister, but she, knowing the fair one loved him too, would not listen to his love, but with biting, bitter words, and a breaking heart, would drive him from her. Then he hied him away to foreign parts, and the maidens sat and worked at their samplars, and groaned inwardly, "he cometh not." News of his death would come while gallantly defending a pass, single-handed, against five hundred rebels, four hundred and ninety-one of whom he invariably slew. The fair maid would weep, the dark one would make no moan, but a deadly sickness would strike her down. At her burial a scarred and battered soldier would appear, sore wounded, but alive. He would be nursed back to health, and they would live happy ever after.

The worst thing about those days was the ease with which I died. Even the rumoured unfaithfulness of a lover sent me to bed, and finished me without the aid of a doctor. And when my lovers were off to the wars, and news was long in coming, I began to mourn them for dead, even before a foreign mail was due, and always died of a broken heart the day before they returned victorious and well.

Later on I rather liked myself—I was so very young and so very, very pretty, and my innocence no child of to-day would credit. I always fell in love with the very wickedest old man I could find. He was generally titled and rich (which was a consideration even in those days), and had a masterful way with him; but after the excitement of killing a couple of wives and desolating other happy homes, it seemed surprising how easily, but desperately he fell in love with a little thing like me. Sometimes he proved to be not so black as he was painted, rather a tame old fellow, in fact, after marriage, but generally the curtain fell at the altar, which was much the safer way.

I am always sorry when authors make me fall in love with vicious men, and when they are ugly and disagreeable as well I have reason to protest. I also dislike being painted as a tomboy romp, an impudent homely harum-scarum hoyden, to whom the finest gentleman of the realm, generally first seeing up a tree or riding bare back, loses his heart and loves for ever after. I am pretty credulous where I myself am concerned, but this is too unnatural even for romance.

I really enjoyed the time when I was always grandly beautiful, coldly proud and high born, the last of a noble race. My life was always a poem, though sometimes in blank verse, and nothing short of princes of royal blood were good enough for me, and there were none of those to suit. I sometimes so far forgot my pride as to love a wan-

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dering artist or a gipsy chief, but only when they were dukes in disguise, rivalling Apollo in grace, Hercules in strength, and everybody in handsomeness. There were several details that would vary, but I could always depend upon marrying an earl at the very least, and the world of fashion was always at my feet.

There came a brief period when I could not depend upon possessing any of my old attributes—I was neither rich nor beautiful, and worse than all, I was no longer young. I was weighed down with responsibilities ; I was worn with cares, I was an unloved, unsought, unappropriated blessing, and yet my story had its interest, and its end was often peace. Sometimes I was a widow, and then everything was uncertain. I never know my own mind, occasionally I had no mind to know.

Down through the ages I have often been cruelly maligned and misrepresented, but never until these latter days have such unnatural stories been told of me. I can depend upon nothing, not even of having an end. All is a tangle, an uncertain, intangible, unutterable muddle, when half the time I am a married woman with a husband who does not count, and the other half a sort of nightmare creature, not human, and neither fish, flesh nor good red herring. I have changed as all things change here. I know it. I am not now as particular as I used to be about my complexion or my deportment. I am not so helpless. I am not so fond of dress—I ride a wheel, I wear thick soles, I play golf, and sometimes football and hockey. I fence, I row, I paddle, I skate, I shoot, I ride. I somtimes talk slang, I am not afraid to go out alone, though, as in ages past, I prefer company. I know my own mind and I speak it. I don't like work, but I can earn my own living if necessary. I am not always pretty, and I am not often good, but when I love I want to marry, the fear of being tied does not appall me, and I want to bind my hero safe and fast. I am not like "The Woman Who Did," I am not and never was like "A Daughter of To-day," I am as unlike as possible the wavering and contradictory beloved of "Jude the Obscure ;" I am not a bit like "Tess of the D'Urbervilles ;" the story of "An African Farm" is not my story ; "A Yellow Aster" I would put far from me ;" "Dodo," "Trilby," "A Superflous Woman," "The Heavenly Twins," and many more make of me an abomination, and I pronounce them gross distortions of my person and character. I have done much that was evil, much that was foolish since the world was young ; I have changed with changing fashions, but I am still a woman. I can still be recognized as a daughter of Eve. Eve liked Eden, but she liked Adam better, and when he was driven out in disgrace she followed him, and made Eden for him elsewhere. And woman, now as then, will leave all, do all, bear all for Love !

Kate Westlake Veigh.

PLAIN GIRL.

THERE are some words that indicate a positive genius on the part of man for language. Girl is one of these. You repeat the word slowly and it remains unique and inseparable, —girl, a perfectly inexplicable but quite satisfactory definition of what she is. The dialect-mongers call her "gal," but that means nothing. A gal may be conceived of as a slip-shod nonenity of roughened aspect, incapable of disturbing the equilibrium of the universe. But girl, what may not a girl accomplish in time ? A straight, avengeful, feminine possibility, with the real length of her hair still apparent, she yields no hostages to fortune on that account or on any other. She does not hesitate, consequently she is never lost so long as she does not desire to escape from her own peculiar position; occupying that, where no one

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may conflict with her, she is immovable.

How much of its fitness the word owes to the magic combination of the letters "g" and "i" it is hard to say. Girl, gig, gimlet, there is a certain clearing of the decks for action and what one might call a sharpness of procedure about them all that induces a contemplative mind to withdraw to the position of a spectator and approve of the activity, but not to interfere with it.

No one can understand what being a girl means until one has relinquished the sensation. And then suddenly one is an on-looker for good,—a privileged spectator who occupies a seat in the front row and has the keenest appreciation of the play, but after all only a spectator. The quivers, thrills, resentments, delusions, enchantments, manias, are never quite possible again.

There is a vast difference between girl in the family and girl in the aggregate. In the family no one may criticise the girl, no one may analyse her. There she is, and there she will remain, the joy, the sensation, the climax of that brief period of adjustment during which the family is growing up. If there is another side to this question, where, from some misapprehension of her true character, a mystified resentment is cherished against the girl, the writer is wholly incapable of assuming it, and must prattle away with a certain glorified conception of her own inability.

But no one can say this of girl in the aggregate. Those who know her best, perhaps, are her numerous instructors who receive her in a complicated rotatory succession, and round out their little day with a more or less vague realization of the limited effect they have upon her. Some of these instructors are women, some are men, and she thrives upon them both with a fearful avidity that is not entirely reciprocated. In the hands of the born teacher, girl, even in the aggregate, is as gentle as a lamb, and passes through and away from that classroom in a chanting procession of discreet paces and smiling looks. But let us leave the perfect instructor, for there is a certain inattraction about the heavenly side of a girl's character, considered by and large. When she has a name of her own, with a definite colour to her hair and a special variety of nose, when, in fact, girl is in the family, one may wax heroic in her treatment. But in the aggregate, girl is more interesting as we have known her.

Women may not be able to do much with girl, but at least they have a perception of what may exist beneath the surface, having once been what they no longer are, and they maintain a cautious reserve as to what she really thinks. But man is delivered into the hand of the girl, and, although he frequently does her good, she makes a continual drama of his conception of her. Does he think she is good, or does he think she is bad, or, possibly, does he like her too well for his own peace of mind? To a man who is teaching with a high ideal of girl united to a keen perception of actual details, what a sad thing life is! There is at times a bread and buttery character to a girl's outlook that cannot co-exist with idealism. The absorption of a slate pencil may be a reversion to type, but it produces a kind of mental anæsthesia in the sentimental beholder. It was doubtless with the remembrance of such an occasion cold upon him that Walter Besant's French instructor exclaimed, "I adore woman, but I hate girl!"

It is a state that involves its own compensations, which seem to grow more fair as they recede. The real girl makes a world of her own and lives in it every hour of the day. In that atmosphere there are all sorts of strange crises, climaxes, and dangers that are imperceptible to dull-eyed maturity. No one but herself could number the conspiracies from which she escapes, the romances that begin and never end, the judgments that she passes on half the comprehensible universe. Next to being a girl again it is good to remember the attractions of

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that delightful period, and to long for the return of a certain inhuman carelessness of consequences peculiarly its own. If the girl is approached properly much may be learned, but to prevent a too great credulity on the part of the enquirer, it is well to remember that nothing is more frequent than an innocent deception, a befooling of others into the belief in the girl's defenceless condition and transparent garrulity, neither of which are so great as they seem. She is bound to be amused at your expense, no matter in what guise you make your approach, and it is better to cultivate her acquaintance humbly, not forgetting to leave open a way of retreat if she seems to find you too disagreeable.

Marjory MacMurchy

THE HEART THAT BREAKS.

Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
Which now is sad, because it hath been sweet.
—*Shelley.*

CHANGED, did you say, Alice? Ah! yes dear, seven years have sadly changed my face, but have not changed my love for you. This dear old place fills me with memories of the past—the sweet, the happy past, when we were school girls. How gentle and true you always were, Alice, and how I loved you. Your brother—but Alice, the perfume of those roses thrills me. Ah yes, we gathered roses from this bush that happy evening so many weary years ago; that evening when Fred told me of his love. You loved your brother, Alice, but not as I loved him. Then why was I parted from him and from the home of my childhood, from you and from all that was dear to me on earth? What had Fred done to merit my father's disfavour? He hadn't riches. He had only intellect, ambition and love to offer—and Clifford Dean was wealthy.

When father told me that Fred could never be my husband a strange feeling took possession of me. My heart began to break. But Alice, at nineteen a girl does not fully realize the meaning of heart throbs, and sleepless nights, and weary days. You tried to comfort me, Alice, but I lived on in a strange, wakeful dream. You remember the morning I left for the University. We kissed good-bye in this garden and tried to smile through our tears as each said to the other, "I shall always love you." The memory of that parting has been very dear to me.

We did not meet again until the day of my marriage in the little church yonder, three years afterwards. Oh, Alice! Why did Fred come to that ceremony, and who brought roses to the church? I would have no flowers but lilies. Still it was dreary and delightful to forget all the painful present in the perfume of those roses, and to live again for a few short moments in the happy past. My eye slowly wandered over the church on the smiling faces of the friends who thought me happy; then I must have started violently, for I remember my lilies falling from my trembling hands. I had looked on Fred's pale face and read the pain and anguish there. How often that look has haunted me! I can see it now and hear the solemn words of the ceremony that made me the wife of Clifford Dean. Stutue-like I received the good wishes of my friends, and statue-like I entered the carriage with my husband—my husband, Alice! The man whose gold had bought me from my father! The man whom I had wronged so deeply! O, foolish, foolish girl that I was!

There is little else to tell, Alice. My home in that far off city was elegant, my husband was esteemed by all who knew him, and every luxury that gold could give was mine. But what did I care for riches or power? The

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scent of a rose gave me moments that I would not exchange for all the wealth of earth—moments that brought memories of love's sweet dream.

And, Alice, I have come home to die. God knows I have suffered much, and have tried to be a loving wife; and He has promised rest to all the heavy laden who come unto Him.

Fred will soon return from across the sea. He will go with you often to my grave in the churchyard. Some glad day we will meet beyond. Be kind to my father, Alice—my poor, dear father. He does not know that my heart is broken. And my husband will be here to-morrow. They say I will be well again, but they cannot understand.

Kiss me good night, dear Alice. How beautiful the moonlight is! How sweet the summer air and the perfume of the roses! I shall soon be dreaming—dreaming.

Annie Lang.

THE REAL PRINCE BISMARCK.

WHEN the history of this generation comes to be investigated and written, the figure of Prince Bismarck will fill a great place in the record. The outstanding features in European history during the century are not many, but they are vivid and of far-reaching consequence: the gradual decline of France, the growth of Russia, the expansion of the British Empire, and the re-creation of a powerful central state in Europe—the German Empire. The man who mainly constructed and solidified modern Germany must always, therefore, be a study of profound interest to all who come after him. In these days of a free press and much writing the public careers of the prominent men of the time are pretty familiar to us. But the secrets of the council chamber and the domestic circle are not all told. When the veil is lifted from these, light is often thrown upon the intentions of statesmen, and the real trend of public policy, which cannot be derived from the most assiduous study of official documents and acts.

This is eminently true of Bismarck, and "the secret pages of his history," which have just come from the pen of Dr. Moritz Busch*, not merely gratify curiosity, but add considerably to the evidence and knowledge we possess regarding European politics during the last twenty-five years.

Dr. Busch's "sharp ear and attentive memory" incorporated in a diary, which he kept for over twenty years, the fullest information relative to Bismarck's conversations. Never had Johnson a more obsequious and faithful Boswell, than had the German Chancellor in this zealous, half-adoring, and always listening friend and functionary. We are not called upon to discuss the good taste, or even the morality of this conduct of the good Busch who heard a great many things and wrote them all down. We must be content to accept them for what they apparently are—a full revelation of Bismarck's private opinions and private proceedings during many years, recorded with the Chancellor's knowledge and permission, and with his full approval of their being given, after his death, to the world.

It is frequently said that no man is a hero to his own valet. And it may well be doubted if an exact record of any great person's hasty, frank opinions, uttered often without reflection, not seldom in anger, and always without thought of their being literally transcribed, can do much to impress him favourably upon posterity. Dr. Busch seems to have been a kind of human phonograph, who gave Bismarck occasional twinges of uneasiness, and on one occasion, at least, a decided fright. But Bismarck knew that the work of German unity was his, that he had achieved it in despite

*Bismarck, some secret pages of his history. By Moritz Busch; 2 vols., with portraits, $7.50. The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto.

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of many obstacles and the stupidity of many professing co-adjutors, and he was quite willing that the whole story should be told. How does he come out of the ordeal? Much as contemporary opinion has adjudged him to be: a figure strong and heroic, marred a little by the passion, the malice and the cruelty which the secret chronicler depicts him to have shown at certain stages of his career, but in the main, a man of genius and of courage, for whose strength and insight no danger was too great and no situation too complicated. Bismarck found in Busch, an official in the German Foreign Office, an accurate and trustworthy agent for inspiring the German official press. The system was so elaborate and complete that if we forget the existence of a non-official and independent German press, we might infer that Bismarck framed, not only a policy for his country, but also most of the opinions of his fellow-countrymen. Leading articles, special contributions, letters to the editor flowed from the official pen on every phase of current events, and in 1870, Dr. Busch was in high favour with the Chancellor, and accompanied his staff to the frontier on the outbreak of the war with France. He deciphered despatches amid the roar of the guns at Sedan. He was instructed to keep the press supplied with information, told what troops to praise and what errors or popular conceptions to correct. Even the French newspapers, in the newly-conquered territory, were taken in hand and instructed what to say.

The tragic and historic occurrences of the great struggle are depicted graphically. The author was in daily contact with several of the principal actors in the drama. Some portions of this narrative are not entirely new, as Dr. Busch has incorporated a part of his previous book, "Prince Bismarck and his People During the Franco-German War," which appeared in 1878. But probably, to Canadian readers, this work is not very familiar. There is an interesting story told of its publication. After the close of the war there was a temporary severance of the intimate relations between the Chancellor and his writer for the press. Bismarck had always known that he had a diarist at his elbow. He was informed that Busch intended to publish his diary. The consequences might have been serious, since the Chancellor had often, in social intercourse with his staff, spoken in the most unrestrained fashion of the German politicians of the day, of the petty German Kings and Princes, nay, even of the Imperial family itself. Chancellors are not exempt from the laws regarding lese-majestie. The diarist was summoned to the presence and asked his intentions. He was found, as was probably expected, trustworthy and discreet. He would submit proofs to the Chancellor who could correct or eliminate as he pleased, and the author would transfer the corrections to another set of proofs so that no one would know through whose hands the work had passed. This was done, though Bismarck afterwards found that even his censorship had failed to detect some statements which proved embarrassing. In the present volumes the author has restored those portions of the narrative which had to be omitted in 1878, and they make entertaining reading. The Chancellor at all times spoke with extraordinary freedom of persons high in authority. His contempt for the petty German princes, who were with the army in 1870, was strong. The "carrion crows," he called them, "a flight of vultures" and "a preying mob," while he ridiculed unceasingly their vanity and pretensions. He referred, at this period, in careless approval of the Crown Prince (Emperor Frederick): "He will get rid of many bad habits that render old gentlemen of his trade rather troublesome." As time went on, however, the Crown Prince fell lower in the Bismarckian calendar, for we find that "he wants, above everything, to have peace and a quiet life, and nothing to trouble him," and would, in fact, like to lead a pleasant existence "without much thought or care, plenty of money and praise from

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the newspapers." Of the old Emperor, Bismarck complains unceasingly, and one of his anecdotes of royalty represents fairly the spirit in which he usually referred in private to the capacity of monarchs for governing. "That reminds me (he told Busch one day) how the Elector of Hesse sent his own doctor to Bernburg to make enquiries as to the mental condition of the last Duke. He reported that he had found him worse than he had expected, quite imbecile. 'But, good heavens, he cannot govern in that case!' exclaimed the Elector. 'Govern!' replied the Doctor, 'why, that will not prevent him'" Bismarck, in objecting to some passages in the author's book in the war, said: "Augusta [the Empress] will read the book carefully, underline it for him [the Emperor], and comment upon it. Of course, I know I had a hard time of it with him at Versailles for whole weeks. I wished to retire, and there was nothing to be done with him. Even now I have often a great deal of trouble with him. One writes an important note or despatch, revises it, rewrites it six or seven times, and then when he comes to see it he adds things that are entirely unsuitable, the very opposite of what one means and wishes to attain, and what is more, it is not even grammatical." What fate, indeed, can be reserved for monarchs who show equal disregard for their grammar and their Prime Ministers.

William I. also, it appears, would "have it that he has done everything himself; he likes to be in the foreground; he loves posing and the appearance of authority." The Empress Augusta, the Chancellor grumbled, worked against him constantly, and her influence with the Emperor was sometimes successful.

The Chancellor's attitude toward Great Britain was uniformly hostile, although, perhaps not more so than toward other nations. They were all pawns in the game, and any would have been sacrificed if German interests demanded it. His comments upon English affairs are at all times amusing. During the war he complains that England's impartiality was a "fraudulent neutrality" since both France and Germany, being allowed to purchase horses and munitions of war there, the privilege was mostly of value to France. England, therefore, gained no good will from either side, as the French resented her policy of non-intervention. The Sabbath-keeping habits of Englishmen he thought tyrannous. "I remember the first time I went to England, on landing at Hull, I whistled in the street. An Englishman, whose acquaintance I had made on board, said to me, 'Pray sir, don't whistle.' I asked 'why not, is it forbidden here?' 'No,' he said, 'but it is the Sabbath.'" His knowledge of international relations was communicated freely to the author. "We were on good terms with England under Beaconsfield," he said in 1881, "but Professor Gladstone perpetrates one piece of stupidity after another. He has alienated the Turks; he commits follies in Afghanistan and at the Cape, and he does not know how to manage Ireland. There is nothing to be done with him." When Busch retired from the diplomatic service on a pension and took up literary and journalistic work, Bismarck employed him constantly to write articles in the press. One day, apropos of the French advance on Tunis, the instructions were: "Say nothing about England and Italy. It is in our interest if they should fall out with the French, and when the latter are busy in Tunis they cease to think of the Rhine frontier." He thought the Empress Frederick "a Liberal Englishwoman" who was a "follower of Gladstone," and possessed more influence with her husband than was desirable. But, on the whole, the author is probably more hostile to the English than was Bismarck.

As the Chancellor grew older he anticipated retirement from office, and more than once predicted that it would occur when Emperor William passed away. But cordial relations were established with Emperor Frederick, and during the short reign of this unfortunate prince, we hear of no disagree-

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ments. The accession of the present Emperor also brought no complications at first, and there appeared to be no reason why Bismarck should not end his days in office. After the promulgation of the Imperial Rescript upon the labour question in 1890 signs of friction began to show themselves, and the concluding chapters of Dr. Busch's second volume furnish many particulars at first-hand from Bismarck, of the difference between the Emperor and himself and the ultimate withdrawal of the aged Chancellor to his home and private life. It is all very interesting, but is scarcely the most satisfactory period of the Chancellor's career, as fretfulness, ill-health, and disappointment embittered his temper and forced him into an attitude the reverse of heroic and impressive. The work is not a literary master-piece, and the narrative presupposes a general knowledge of the course of German affairs, but the interest of the reader does not flag, and no one can doubt that the diary is essentially truthful, if not always discreet. Some defter hand may later on work up the material it contains into a more consecutive account of Bismarck's life, but its simple directness and conscientiousness in detail will continue to render the diary a stronger and more effective presentation of the last years of Bismarck than almost any other form of biography that could be conceived. It has already stirred up a political and journalistic tumult in Germany, and in Canada it deserves to be widely read.

A. H. U. Colquhoun

"THAT IS QUITE ANOTHER THING."

I LAVISHED my heart on a flippant *Francaise*,
Who distractingly languishing glances bestows;
But when I exclaimed, "Be my bride," she said "Sir,
Voila une autre chose."

The churchman who scorns in public to sin,
With pious self-pride through devotions goes;
But smite ye his cheek. Will he t'other turn?
Voila une autre chose.

The man clam'ring "Liberty, Justice for all!"
In wrathy rebellion at tyranny's woes,
With abuse hisses hot at his family, for
Voila une autre chose.

We think we are truthful. Who dares speak the truth?
Scorning to lie, what we will, we disclose.
But flaunt to the world for Truth's sake the Truth,
Voila une autre chose.

'Tis so with the world, for its dealings are dark.
Friends you may have, staunch and true, you suppose
If you hav'nt the money to pay your way,
Voila une autre chose.

Samuel Mabee.

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CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

THE Sirdar found Major Marchand at Fashoda, but he was not thereby prevented from hoisting the British and Egyptian flags and taking possession of the place. The French officer said that he had instructions from his Government to claim the town for France, but he would offer no opposition to the British occupation. This magnanimity of the Major has its comic side. The British victory at Omdurman saved the French expedition from annihilation, and had it been delayed even a fortnight Major Marchand would have probably suffered the fate of so many African adventurers. As it was he allowed the sign of British conquest to float over Fashoda, merely falling back on the hope that his priority of arrival would furnish a basis for negotiation on the part of his Government.

Lord Salisbury, however, seems doggedly determined in the opinion that there is nothing to negotiate about, and even those of us who are not bitten with the idea that Britain has a divine right to stamp the broad arrow on anything that she covets, will agree that Egypt's title to the Khalifa's dominions has been re-established by the right of conquest. The claim of Major Marchand, saved from destruction by the success of the British and Egyptian forces, stands surely on a very flimsy foundation. There are of course disputes between the two countries at other points of the compass which may lead to negotiation with a view to a complete settlement of all causes of misunderstanding, but we may be sure that the possession of Fashoda will not be one of the disputed questions. Let us hope that the Newfoundland shore matter, however, will be one of them. The situation on the west coast is a perfect millstone round the neck of the oldest colony and stands in the way of the Island's progress and prosperity. No settlement can be arrived at that will please one class of English men—the class that carry about with them the conviction that the earth is Britain's and the fullness thereof. The viewpoint of this section of the public was amusingly illustrated in the public prints recently by a writer who said that the possession of Senegambia by the French was an obstacle to the progress or enlargement of Sierra Leone, the adjoining British possession. Had a Frenchman reversed the statement we would have been quick to see how fat-witted it was. Let us have some sanity and English common sense in this great African game of "I'm the king of the castle."

At the root of the matter so far as Britain is concerned, there lies a quite prosaic and practical concern. The British merchant and manufacturer finds that when a piece of heatheness falls into the grip or "protection" of a European power, the protection at once takes the fiscal form and goods from the United Kingdom have to overleap a tariff barrier. The only feasible way to prevent this is for Britain herself to seize the territories or make them a "sphere of influence," which prevents other powers from closing the door. It has been happily christened the open-door policy. It is this consideration that wins the support of the commercial classes in England for the rage for territorial acquisition that is the most striking feature of international politics at the present moment. In a recent speech, M. Liotard hinted that France could subscribe to he principle of the open door. An intelligible earnest of this would be the opening of the door in the colonies that France already controls—Algeria, Madagascar, Tunis, Senegal, Tonquin, Anam, Cochin-China, Cambodia, the Congo, etc. The admission of foreign goods on the same terms as French goods would be something that rival

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powers could not misinterpret to the discredit of the Republic.

The position of affairs in France is, on the whole, more satisfactory than it has been for some time. The determination of M. Brisser to have the Dreyfus case re-opened has had a calming effect, showing that courage in doing right, even although it seems to tend to the precipitation of a storm, is the shortest way out of a difficulty like this. Circumstances had cast grave doubts on the methods by which Captain Dreyfus had been found guilty, and so long as the idea remained in even a few noble minds that an innocent man, the victim of a conspiracy, was suffering as cruel a punishment as can be conceived of, there could be no peace for the French authorities. Obviously the way out was to have a new trial, and the Premier is entitled to the credit of having the courage to order it, notwithstanding, that colleague after colleague resigned, that the army raged and that even his constitutional master, the President, was hostile. M. Brisser has displayed unexpected firmness and real statesmanship, and its effect is at once apparent in the nation. Unfortunately the early indecision gave play to the turbulent elements, and even in the great strike, which is the latest of her troubles, there is a note of contempt for law and order that is apt to appear when the people feel that the hand of government is weak and wavering. The administration will seek relief in a foreign war, is the thought in some quarters, and it is pointed out that the Anglo-French disputes in Africa offer a tempting excuse. This is more the remedy of a desperate dynasty than of a constitutional minister or President. The tenure of office of either is not so extended at best as to justify so terrible an aid to its prolongation. There is no conflict so unlikely at this moment as an Anglo-French conflict. Something remarkable would have to happen to precipitate so dreadful a catastrophe. Lord Roseberry's speech, far from making war more likely, is, on the contrary, a distinct contribution to peace, as showing unmistakeably where the two countries stand.



TSAI-TIEN-HWANG-TI, EMPEROR OF CHINA.

China still holds the centre of the stage. For many days it was believed that the Emperor had been "removed," but it is now thought that practical dethronement is the extent of his punishment. The dowager Empress is in the saddle, in the character of a high priestess of reaction. Everyone suspected of having a leaning towards reform or the ways of the "foreign devils" is

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being evicted from office and persecuted. An outbreak of mob-violence was contemperaneous with this attempt to push back the hands, which gave excuse for bringing a detachment of Cossacks to Pekin to protect the Russian embassy, the other powers hastening to follow suit, even Japan suddenly appearing in Pekin to her astonished neighbour as one of the great forces of the earth. If the nation were capable of reflection or of the familiar process of putting two and two together this avatar of Japan would cause much cogitation. The policy of the Empress appears to outsiders, at least, extremely wrong-headed. She may well suspect that the interest of the occidental nations in China is one and all thoroughly selfish, but the selfishness of the British is certainly not inconsistent with the autonomy and continuance of the Chinese Empire. Lord Salisbury is quite willing, nay anxious, to keep his hands off if other powers do not make his interference necessary for the protection of British interests. Russian interests, however, necessarily threaten the integrity of Chinese territory, and yet the Empress and her advisers are being led willing captives at the tail of the northern despot's car. There is not even the excuse of helplessness, for if Russia made aggressive inroads on the Empire it would be merely necessary for China to appeal to the forum of the nations. Their jealousies might be dependent on to support her as against each other. The British policy is to leave China alone, and, as that accords with honesty and justice, the powers that favor a game of grab would at least have to support their bad morals with argument. In courting the Russian alliance, the Empress is contributing to the ruin of the country.

Lord Salisbury is being severely criticised because of his lack of firmness in the Chinese matter. It is shown that his failure to support Kang-Yu-Wei, the pro-British Cantonese reformer encourages the belief among the Celestials that friends of Britain may be persecuted with impunity, while the friends of Russia sit in the high places. Whether this is the position of affairs is impossible to tell with the limited means we have of knowing what is really occurring in China. We may be sure, however, that Sir Claude Macdonald, the British minister at Pekin, and Lord Salisbury know more about the reformer and his following than their critics do—and so much depends on that. This aspect of the case was amusingly illustrated in a *Punch* cartoon recently where two Hodges were depicted as discussing these high foreign politics, when at length one of them closes the subject by the reflection that possibly Lord Salisbury possessed "hinformation" that they did not have. If Lord Salisbury is trying to find a way out of these complications which shall neither sacrifice British interests nor precipitate a war. Surely he is to be praised rather than blamed. The highest British interest is peace, consistent with honour and self-respect.



FROM NEW YORK "HERALD."

THE BATTLE OF DIPLOMACY.
Will the Pen Prove Mightier Than the Sword for Spain?

Spain finds the terms of peace a bitter draught. Whether the United States determines to hold the Phillipines or not, they are insistent on getting control of them; to give them away

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if they feel so disposed. Once possessed of them it is not at all likely that they will make gifts of them. The Spanish commissioners concentrate their efforts on being allowed to retain a ghost of their former empire. Whether this is a sincere desire or whether it is a mere pawn in the game, to be used for escaping all financial responsibility is not easily decided. Whether the retention of the Phillipines after the loss of Cuba and Porto Rico would be good policy, may well be doubted. The financial question is the most ominous feature in Spanish politics now. The cutting off of the West Indian Colonies will greatly effect many of her industries and clearly the Government must economise. This could be far better effected by being freed of all colonial debts, as well as the remaining colonies, than otherwise. The struggle for the retention of the Phillipines may, therefore, be a mere mask to disguise the real aim of the commissioners, which is to be freed from the colonial debts.

The Turk appears to have decided to evacuate Crete, although his reputation for guile causes him to be suspected of having a card up his sleeve, which he will play at the proper moment. There are indications that he has already tried the old game of appealing privately to such of his fellow-monarchs as might be again deceived by that plan. It has evidently failed this time, even his Imperial friend, who goes with his distinguished passport to the Holy Land, not being able to do anything for him. From the political point of view it is unfortunate that Britain is so frequently in conflict with Islamism in one or other of its strongholds. No sooner is the Khalifa disposed of than she appears in the fore-front as the coercer of the Sultan, the political leader, if not the spiritual leader, of the Mohammedan world. We may be sure that busy pens are keeping England's Mohammedan subjects in India and Egypt well informed of the persecution



SIR CLAUDE M. MACDONALD.
The British Diplomatic Representative at Pekin.

of the faithful by the chief of the Giaour nations.

We did not need to wait for Dr. Busch's book to ascertain that Bismarck was prepared to lie both at home and abroad for the good of his country. That had been already sufficiently well revealed. The unification of Germany was the grand drama which the spectators applauded. Dr. Busch admits us behind the scenes where we see the frowsy green-room, the ill-made traps, and the cob-webbed machinery by which the grand spectacle was presented. The "puissant monarchs" and their faithful servitor are discovered in their shabby street costumes, deprived of the tinsel and lights that seemed to raise them above humanity. The merit of the Brandenburg squire is that he bears such an examination without losing in stature. The pitiful falsehoods and frauds to which he was a party do not disguise from us the fact that one of the greatest figures in history has lived in our time. Their highnesses do not fare so well.

John A. Ewan.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

THIS issue is notable in many ways. It is the opening issue of the twelfth volume, and it is fitting that the first article in it should be from the pen of its founder and first editor. It contains the first instalment of a new story by Joanna E. Wood, the brilliant young Canadian who has recently won fame by her excellent literary work. The first instalment of a reliable account of the Red River Expedition by an officer of Lord Wolseley's force is also worthy of special mention. Mr. McGillicuddy's article on the late Hon. M. C. Cameron was written for the CANADIAN MAGAZINE at the request of the editor. The Hallowe'en story is written by a sister of Charles G. D. Roberts, who has, like her brothers, the literary talent. Mr. John A. Ewan, the war correspondent of the Toronto *Globe*, was recently tendered a complimentary banquet by the directors and staff of the paper. Mr. Ewan has won much reputation by his clever series of letters from the front, and we are sure that the constant readers of his "Current Events Abroad" in this publication will not deny that he possesses talent, ability and a graceful style.

If there is one feature more than any other which is to be condemned in Canadian newspapers, it is their ceaseless quotation from United States periodicals. A certain daily in British Columbia has five or six columns a day of material which looks as if it were clipped without charge from United States dailies. In fact, in reading some of the headings and opening paragraphs one gets confused as to whether the paper is published in Canada or the United States. A weekly published in Summerside, P.E.I., came to hand last week with nearly four columns of its front page filled with quotations from New York magazines; one extract was headed: "Our Military Mismanagement and Its Cause," and yet it dealt with the Santiago campaign. These are but two of the many examples which our newspaperdom offers.

Numbers of papers throughout the country use half-printed papers technically known as ready-prints, or plate-matter prepared in Toronto. The factories which produce these do not pay for their contributed articles, stories and general matter. All this class of reading is cut from the United States periodicals—practically stolen. The weekly newspaper that uses such material cannot be highly commended, and yet hundreds of weeklies do use it in every issue.

As citizens, we often lament the slow growth of patriotism and of Canadian literature. And is this slowness of growth surprising when our newspapers make no difference between what is foreign and what is Canadian; when journalists do not think it improper to call the United States military problems "our problems"; when United States school books are designated "our school books" by these intelligent wielders of the scissors; when Canadian short-story writers are ignored, and United States litterateurs boomed and advertised; when Canadian poets and writers are snubbed and foreigners exalted to the seats of fame?

And the journalists of the country are no more careless than the people, or this state of circumstances would not exist. If Canadians demanded Canadian literature they would get it. But they buy United States books, United States magazines, United States periodicals at higher prices than are asked for good native material; and even admitting for the sake of argu-

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ment that this United States material is better than corresponding Canadian reading, there is little excuse for such conduct. Canadian journalists and Canadian readers owe a duty to themselves and to their country, the sense of which should be strong enough to insist that Canadian literature should have first place on their reading tables and on their bookshelves.

Then there comes up the question of British newspapers and books. We seldom see a quotation from a British newspaper in a Canadian daily, unless it is in the cable despatches, and ninety-five per cent. of these cables come through New York. Canadian journalists do not read British newspapers to any extent. Nor do the people. There are ten United States monthlies and weeklies sold in Canada to one British periodical. And yet we pride ourselves on our British connection; we revere the Union Jack and all it represents; and we bow down and worship the god-like Mother, who is a pattern of goodness and virtue to all her people.

How anxious we all are for success, and how impatient we become when the progress is slow! And yet Sir Herbert Kitchener once waited twelve years for one step of promotion. In 1871 he joined the Royal Engineers, and did not become a captain until 1883. What a long wait for a man of so much energy! But the reward came. In 1884, in 1885 and in 1888 he was again promoted until he then held the rank of Colonel. In 1896 he became Major-General. In 1898 he became—everything—a British hero, a peer of the realm, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

Canada possesses one regiment of regular infantry, no more, no less. To that one regiment the politicians send such of their sons as may be possessed of military ambitions. These latter estimable qualities are so great that promotions must be rapid. To-day lieutenant, to-morrow captain, a week from to-day major; or, perhaps, as in the case of one bright young Frenchman, to-day lieutenant, to-morrow lieutenant-colonel.

Are Canadians lacking in patience; or was Major-General Hutton warning us when he said, addressing a gathering of officers in Toronto, that we are approaching a crisis in military affairs? Is is possible that somebody, who is greater than Canadian public opinion, will force the Canadian Government to divorce the militia and politics? Has Downing Street ordered that there shall be no more political appointments to the permanent force? If our citizens who desire to be majors and lieutenant-colonels cannot become so in a few months, how disappointing it will be! But, perhaps, it will teach our soldiers patience when they must needs wait several years for each step of their promotion. Perhaps, too, private citizens without any military college training will not be so anxious to be appointed to the permanent force.

For years the United States people have allowed the politicians to control their army, regular and volunteer. The consequence was that when it was called upon to do serious work, it broke down ignominiously, and the lives of hundreds of bright young men were sacrificed.

The new commander of the Canadian forces seems to be making a very good impression. He is possessed of plenty of dignity, is well set-up, in the prime of life, a man whom other men may admire and imitate. Without being to the slightest extent ostentatious, he is earnest, vigourous, penetrating and observant. His eye is bright and sparkling; his voice is pleasant and commanding; while his speech is easy, earnest, thoughtful. His services in the army at home and abroad, in Africa and Australia, have been such as to fit him for his present position.

He must be a man of great courage. I can imagine a man rushing a zareba, scaling the enemy's wall, riding down hostile artillerymen, but my imagination fails me when I try to imagine a British officer willingly leaving the

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army to come to Canada in order to serve under a minister of militia who usually knows more of everything else in the world than of milita matters, to fill a position which no man has ever attempted with success. Yet Major-General Hutton is here, and his face bears no trace of fear. I believe, however, that in his heart of hearts there is a trembling which he may not always be able to hide. He has been ordered to Canada; being a British soldier he came. Even if our politics prevent his adding to his reputation, he will know that he has done what England expects of every man—his duty.

He is taking a great interest in his work. The Adjutant of a Toronto battalion remarked to me, after the General's inspection, that General Hutton already knew more of his battalion and of its interior economy than any previous General did when his term of office was completed. Another senior officer jokingly pointed out the General's characteristic by singing out to a group of officers in the Military Institute: "Colonel, will have your men march past again. There are a few men in the rear rank who did not hold their breath."

At present Canada is in the position of a man who has been given a large increase in his salary, and is doing his best to spend it. The revenue is going up very fast; so is the expenditure. And a cabinet minister has the audacity to say that it is a delight to the Government of the day to be able to spend so much money. Instead of seeking to retrench and pay off the country's debt, the Government goes on planning fresh ways of spending the increase of the fat years upon which Canada seems to have entered.

Our liabilities were contracted by a government which was of a different political stripe from that now in office, and it may be rather galling for the present party in power to have to pay these debts. Nevertheless, according to our system, each party is an instrument of the people, and therefore these debts are the people's debts. As such they should be paid.

The present ministers seem to have the same ideas regarding expenditure as their predecessors, viz.: that the people are pleased to see the money spent. The idea is wrong. The mean, clinging, cringing gangs of machine politicians who are to be found in almost every Canadian constituency may be pleased, but these are not the people. They make the most noise, but they do not cast the greatest number of ballots. Their palms are so black, so greasy, so filthy that they can applaud at great length without feeling physical pain—and moral pain is unknown to them. But the great mass of the voters in this country, the men who read and think, are not in favour of extravagance. They desire economy in government, because they are practising it in private life. They turned out the late Conservative Government because it was too free with its estimates; and just as surely will they wreck the present Liberal Government if it does not retrench in its yearly expenditure,—and in making such an assertion I am not prophecying.

On September 29th, Canada made a fresh mark in the history of social reform by taking a national plebiscite on the question of the total prohibition of intoxicating liquors. Full official reports are not yet to hand, but the secretary of the temperance organization gives the following summary: Out of 8 political sub-divisions (7 provinces and 1 group of territories), the antis carried 1, the pros 7; out of 206 constituencies, with 213 representatives, the antis carried 80 constituencies and 84 representatives, the pros 126 constituencies and 129 representatives; total majority for pros, 7 provinces, 46 constituencies, 45 representatives and 10,000 voters.

Though personally opposed to prohibition, I must confess that the temperance people have achieved something of which they may be proud. Everything was against them. There was no other issue before the people, and little interest was taken by a very large number of people who, if they had voted, would have voted "Yes." The

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organization of temperance voters was extremely difficult, because what is everybody's business is nobody's business. On the other hand, the liquor men were few in number, had a large financial stake in the contest, and as a consequence possessed a better organization. The result is plainly seen in the towns and cities; there the liquor men worked hard, voted plenty of absentees, and at the end of the day had a majority of the votes cast. Under these circumstances, I repeat, the temperance people did very well.

Of course, the whole thing was a farce. The Liberal Government was not anxious to grant prohibition, because it involved the alienation of the liquor vote, and the re-adjustment of several millions of dollars revenue. There is a majority in favour of prohibition in this country, but our rulers are perfectly aware that this majority is not either large enough or sufficiently in earnest to repay a government what it would lose by enacting prohibitory laws. The granting of a plebiscite was a sop to people who have not a great deal of influence in politics.

What I stated last month I still maintain. Prohibitionists are revolutionists, not evolutionists. If they would agitate for the closing of saloons or for the doing away with the treating system, they would pave a solid road over which prohibition might travel after a few years. Make it an offence, punishable with a $100 fine, to buy a friend a drink in a public drinking house and three-quarters of the evils of which temperance people justly complain would be eradicated.

In the meantime the temperance people must accept the inevitable, for their majority was not large enough to justify any government in prohibiting the manufacture and sale of exhilarating beverages.

The United States citizens who are seeking to obtain permission to erect at Quebec a monument to General Montgomery, who fell there in 1775, are certainly lacking in both good taste and judgment. Our historical and loyalist societies are aroused, and are petitioning the Canadian government to refuse or permit the erection of any memorial. The following is the text of a resolution passed at a recent meeting of the Women's Canadian Historical Society:

"That the said Gen. Richard Montgomery, having served under Major-General Wolfe at the taking of Quebec on Sept. 13, 1759, did later use the knowledge then obtained while serving under the British flag to lead an invading army into Canada, and fell assaulting Quebec, therefore, to permit the erection of an international monument, or one of any character to do honour to the invader, would be at once an insult to the memory of the men who defended it and to the feelings of their loyal descendants, and would also in the future confuse the minds of the children as to the duty they owe their country. Also, it is without precedent that a people, or a city or a Government should permit the erection of a monument within its borders to glorify an invader. And your petitioners would further suggest that if it be desired to honour the heroes of that period of our history the city of Quebec should be enriched with a monument to Sir Guy Carleton, who defended her, or to the gallant Beaujeu, who raised a force to drive out the invading army, and whose loyalty and devotion remain unrecognized.

"We, therefore, pray your Government to take this matter into your earnest consideration in order that the necessary steps may be taken to prevent what would be an outrage on the patriotic feelings of the people."

The great United States papers are devoting columns to the "Ministering Angels," the nurses, who have heroically cared for the sick and the wounded soldier. This work will be all over in a few months. What are the aforesaid ministering angels going to do then? They will go back to spend all the money they can procure in dress, and all their spare time in gossip—most of them, at least. There will be a few who will devote the spare moments of their lives to helping father and brother, and a few of these few will go farther and help to rescue and restore the weak, the poor, the illiterate, and the fallen.

John A. Cooper.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

THE LATEST FICTION.

SOME novelists seem to have no serious intent in their novels. Grant Allen has said that novel writing is entirely frivolous. Walter Besant, however, is in earnest on some pages if not all. On page 145 of his new novel, "The Romance of a Midshipman,"* this paragraph is found:

"It is certain the French hate us. They are taught to hate us when they are boys, and they continue to hate us when they are men. They are a treacherous people, as dangerous in this age as ever they were in the days of Bonaparte, and I never see our press kowtowing to them, and then read the French papers' abuse of Albion, without wishing that our editors, instead of directing journals, commanded men-of-war."

This is a remark which is very interesting in the light of the political developments of the past two months. But that is not the reason it is quoted. It shows that Sir Walter believes that a novel may teach serious lessons. The hero of this book is a young English boy, who was educated in France where his father lived. On p. 92 he preaches a brief sermon to boys.

". . . My solemn and most earnest injunction to any boy whose eyes should chance to light upon this page is—tell the truth, be fearless, reflect, and speak the truth. For the truth is the basis of all the virtues, and a boy who loves the truth, and will not stoop to a falsehood, is armed with a power which will enable him to resist temptation, for he knows that if he sins he will own it if asked, and the obligation of confession will preserve him from sinning. . . ."

These examples show that Sir Walter differs greatly from Weyman, Hope, Davis and the other brilliant novelists of the day whose one aim is to amuse. With Besant may be classed such writers as George Moore, Robert Hardy, Mrs. Ward and a few others. And I doubt if, when the literary history of the nineteenth century comes to be written by the wise men of the twentieth century, the names of Weyman, Hope and Davis and all others of that ilk will be even mentioned; while I am quite certain that Walter Besant will be a name to head a chapter.

Of a very different character is "John Splendid,"† by Neil Munro. The author never obtrudes an opinion of his own, nor does he endeavour to add to his story any side-show attraction. His work is a prose tragedy, a tale of the Highlands and the Wars of the Montrose. John Splendid is a man who is never very successful at anything, yet he represents some of the ideals of mankind, and as such may be admired. If he lies, he does it for the benefit of others. If he makes a foolish sacrifice, it is for the benefit of a friend. If he is weak, his weakness is not due to lack of moral fibre, but rather to an unselfishness which is not always necessary. He comes upon the stage which Mr. Munro has erected and passes out at the other end regretfully but pleasantly leaving the heroine in the arms of another. The author gives no introduction, offers no comment, and pronounces no panegyric. He simply paints the man of his imagination as he is, and leaves him.

And who is Neil Munro? I do not know. He is a newcomer, who has found his way into *Blackwoods* and *The Bookman* with a serial story which now appears in book form. He tells a delightful tale, using a setting which Scott, and Crockett, and Maclaren, and other followers of these, have used before him The tale is delightful, not because of its setting, but because of its telling. There is a picturesqueness of style, a freshness in simile and metaphor, a sim-

* Unwin's Colonial Library.

† Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

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plicity of sentiment which make this novel a work of art. Munro may not make a sensation in the literary world, but he is certainly making an unusually good impression.



NEIL MUNRO.

It has been occasionally asserted that Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, author of "Hugh Wynne," is a Canadian by birth. This is not true. He was born in Philadelphia and educated in that city. He may have resided for a time in Montreal; but it was not for any great length of time, for he has had a wide medical experience in the United States. His earliest writings were connected with this medical work.

His new novel, "The Adventures of Francois,"* will no doubt find many readers. As it traces the career of a "foundling, thief, juggler and fencing-master" during the French Revolution, it is crowded full of adventure, and gives a story of life during one of the most thrilling and complicated series of events of modern times. The illustrations by Castaigne are magnificent and add much to the value of the book.

Louis Becke is, if I mistake not, an Australasian. He has written "Wild Life in Southern Seas," "The Ebbing of the Tide," "By Reef and Palm and Other Stories," and his latest volume, "Rodman the Boat Steerer."‡ This last is a volume of short stories, all savouring of the Indian Ocean, of south sea trading brigs, sperm whalers, pearling schooners, grizzled and ungrizzled traders, Peruvian slavers,—stories of love and adventure, the ever old and the ever new. Canadians who are narrow minded enough to love Canadian stories may be here reminded that there are other narrow peoples who are pleased to read *their* stories; and further, that these stranger stories might possibly be found amusing and entertaining if the reader's mind is in a ready and receptive state. In any case Louis Becke, it must be acknowledged, is a story writer of much merit who can enter those heart chambers in which are tears and laughter.

To my way of thinking, there is but one word which gives Kipling's chief characteristic, and that is "strength." He tells of a civil engineer's assistant, whose right arm was broken by a falling T-plate when something went wrong with the bridge crane; "and he buttoned it up in his coat and swooned, and came to and directed for four hours till Peroo, from the top of the crane, reported 'All's well,' and the plate swung home." Only a young assistant to an engineer who is building a bridge across the Ganges, but he has "strength"—the quality Kipling loves, the quality Kipling most displays.

Or take "William the Conqueror," another story in this new volume, "The Day's Work."† Was there ever a woman who dared more than she? To live with her brother in a whitewashed bungalow in the hot Indian season because he was too poor to send her to the cool mountains; to go with him on his sudden mission to the famine district, six days and seven nights on a train with the thermometer above the hundred mark; to toil in that famine district to help a dozen white people save millions of illiterate, superstitious, unwashed natives; to milk goats and feed mother-deserted babies,—"loathsome, black children,

* Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

† Toronto: George N. Morang. Cloth, 431 pp. Illustrated.

‡ London: T. Fisher Unwin.

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scores of them, wastrels picked up by the wayside, their bones almost breaking their skin, terrible and covered with sores," to cheer on men drooping from overwork and trembling with the ague of fever, until she herself is "white as ashes, thin and worn, with no lustre in her hair." Where will one find a counterpart for Miss William Martyn, "William the Conqueror," William the strong?

As one reads Kipling, that expression of Gilbert Parker's in "The Trespasser" involuntarily comes to one's mind. When Belward is forced to go to the dying mother, and to tell her how, away on the ice-bound coast of Labrador in a fit of solitude-induced frenzy, he had shot her son; Gilbert Parker says of him: "He did not know how dramatically he told it—how he etched it without a waste word." And so with nervous energy, without numerous and complicated phrases, without any waste of force, Kipling etches his pictures. Here a strong line; there a bit of bright colour, not gaudy, but a strong shade; there a curve which may not be pretty but which is strikingly handsome; and so the picture grows. It may be in prose, it may be in verse, it is always steeped in a great man's strength.

For four years Kipling has been preparing this new volume of cameo scenes of Indian life, the engineers, the overseers, the shipmasters, "the day's work" of the various cogs in the British machinery which rules a country containing 220,000,000 natives who are, as Carlyle said of their rulers, "mostly fools." The stories are all wonderful. Whether they are Kipling's best work must be left for the great critics to decide.

The historical romance is yet with us. The latest volume of this character sent out to make an appeal to human hearts is "The Grenadier,"* by James E. Farmer. When I first picked up the book I asked, "Who is Mr. Farmer?" And the title page answered "Author of Essays on French History." After that I was watchful, and discovered the expected. It is the work of an historian, not of a dramatist. The story is told, but much beside, and the tale jolts like the pioneer's waggon on a corduroy road. It is the life story of a member of the Emperor's Old Guard, mixed up with facts and figures about Napoleon, his clothes, his food, his secretaries, his generals—and his battles. And of Wellington's crowning victory this novelist-historian says:

"Waterloo! Who thinks of it as a victory? It has become a synonym for defeat, because the vanquished was greater than the victor."

And I looked once more upon the gaudy red cover, but I read no more of the printed pages. The man who slanders my heroes, who depreciates my nation's victories—why should I love him even long enough to review his book sympathetically?

NOTES.

The Copp, Clark Co. have just issued "The Trespasser," by Gilbert Parker. It is not a new book, but it is now published here for the first time. As it deals with a delicate subject, it has not, and will not be pushed in this market. Nevertheless, it is just as stirring a piece of work as this famous Canadian has ever produced. The dialogue is bright, terse and clever. The plot is good, and the binding artistic.

George N. Morang has issued a new edition of "The Book of Games." This is a very handy volume for people who entertain; and who doesn't? It contains directions for 115 games, all of them simple and practicable.

T. C. Allen & Co., of Halifax, N.S., have issued three small text-books of considerable value: Macaulay's Essay on Milton, with Introduction and Notes by David Soloan, B.A.; Milton's Short Poems, with Introduction and Notes by

* Toronto: George N. Morang. Paper.

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A. Cameron ; and the Sir Roger De Coverley Papers, similarly treated. The editors are all Nova Scotian educationists.

The Art Calendar, designed and hitherto published by the Toronto Art League, is to be issued this year by Mr. George N. Morang ; the members of the Art League confining their efforts to the production of the drawings by which the attractive book is illustrated. The work is this year to consist of twenty-eight pages of pictures, with a most artistic cover in red and black designed by Weir Crouch, formerly of Toronto, but now one of the first decorative artists in New York.

"Stories of the Maple Land" is the title of a 25-cent book by Miss Katherine A. Young, of Hamilton. The style of both writing and printing makes it very suitable for children's reading. (The Copp, Clark Co.)

"Grace O'Malley, Princess and Pirate" is a story issued in Cassell's Colonial Library. The author is Robert Machray, who has contributed to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and who is the son of one of the leading Episcopal divines of this country. This novel contains some very interesting incidents and some very fair writing.

"Fifty Years a Priest" is the title of a biographical sketch of Monsignor Thomas Connolly, Vicar-General of the Diocese of St. John. It is printed by Barnes & Co., of St. John, and apparently is from the pen of the Rev. W. C. Gaynor, a writer not unknown to readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. (Paper, 64 pages.)

"Meadowhurst Children, and Other Tales," by Eleanor LeSueur MacNaughton, is a very pretty little collection of tales for children. It is issued by The Editor Publishing Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Several good Christmas Numbers may be expected this year. The *Globe*, and the *Saturday Night*, of Toronto, and the *Herald*, of Montreal, will each issue a special number of this character. Preference should be given to the one containing the most and the best Canadian literature.

The Copp, Clark Co. are now preparing Canadian editions of two new books by Weyman and Crockett. Weyman's is entitled : "The Castle Inn," an English romance of the time of George III. Crockett's, "The Red Axe," is a very strong story of adventure in Pomerania, three centuries ago. The lawless doings of the German Robber-Barons, the close relation of the story to history, and Crockett's reputation, are three features which should make this book "a success," in the ordinary sense of that expression.

Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison (Seranus), the well-known poetess of this city, has written a novel which is to be published shortly by Edward Arnold, of London, Eng. Mr. Morang has arranged to bring out a simultaneous Canadian edition. The title of the book is "The Forest of Berry Marie," and it deals with French-Canadian life, Mrs. Harrison's acquaintance with which is extensive and peculiar. Mrs. Harrison has of late written several short stories of merit for the English magazines.

Robert Barr's new novel, "Tekla," will increase his fame and popularity. It will also be an evidence that he is capable of industrious research. In order to write of the Middle Ages as he has in this novel, not only European travel was necessary, but a careful examination of old documents and legends. In a word, the author, like Weyman, Gilbert Parker, Anthony Hope and others, has followed in the steps of Sir Walter Scott and endeavoured to make the past live and breathe again. The moderns who attempt this must, of necessity, fall occasionally into anachronisms and the mistake of making their characters speak with

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Nineteenth Century voices. Their work must be judged of as a whole, and regarded in the broad like some modern paintings which are best on the wall of a wide gallery so that the beholder can get far enough away from them to gain the general effect. It will be found, however, that Mr. Barr has been doggedly careful and canny, and that the element of interest and romance is strong in Tekla. Tekla, by the way, is a lovely countess—"the most beautiful vision that ever floated before the eyes of man," murmurs the Emperor, on the seventh page. Her trials and conquests form the subject-matter of a story that will redound to the credit of Mr. Barr's literary skill and versatility.

William Briggs' autumn list of publications is a more than usually large one, containing a number of works of real importance. There are in all eighteen different books, and of these all but three, we understand, are printed from type set up in this House—making them thus distinctively Canadian. A Canadian publisher giving employment to Canadian workmen, and issuing the work of Canadian authors is doing something substantial for his country—and, let us hope, for himself also.

Miss Margaret Auglin is so well-known in Canadian circles, and her stage success has been a sincere gratification to so many of her friends, that the issuing of a dainty edition of "Cyrano de Bergerac," the play in which she does so much with the part of Roxane, will be regarded as timely. It is hinted that the portrait of the gifted and amiable young actress will gracefully form the frontispiece.

Among the early issues from the press of William Briggs is a well-written biography of "John Black, the Apostle of the Red River," from the pen of Rev. Dr. Bryce, of Winnipeg. Into the volume—which he intends as the first of a series of sketches of eminent Presbyterian worthies—Dr. Bryce has gathered a great deal of valuable historical data not previously published.

Deputy-Minister-of-Agriculture-for-Ontario, C. C. James,—(the title is a long one)—has written a school text book on Agriculture which has been most cordially received by competent judges in this country and the adjoining republic. It deals in the simplest and most charming manner with the rudiments and principles of the science of agriculture. It is a work that should be made compulsory in our schools where it is of prime necessity that the basic industry of the country should be thoroughly understood.

James Croil's "Steam Navigation"—a handsome compact volume of 381 pages, with a large number of interesting and attractive engravings—reaches our table too late to review in this number. We notice a number of chapters are devoted to the great waterways of Canada and the United States, and the enormous commerce that is carried along these to and from the sea. The book appears to be a carefully prepared and really valuable work. It is published by William Briggs.

Rev. Dr. King, President of the Manitoba College, Winnipeg, has written a commentary on "In Memoriam," which is likely to take a high place among the books that have already been written on this fruitful subject. Last winter Dr. King delivered a series of lectures on "In Memoriam" at Winnipeg, and the discourses were so cordially received that he was encouraged to revise them and to gather their substance into a book. The work, which is to be published shortly, is said by those who have seen advance sheets to be interesting and instructive.

Ready November 15th: "Hypnotism? or The Experiment of Sir Hugh Galbraith," a Romance by Julian Durham.

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INSURANCE UP-TO-DATE.

"A man called on me the other day with the idea of insuring my life. Now, I detest life insurance agents; they always argue that I shall someday die; which is not so. I have been insured a great many times, for about a month at a time, but have had no luck with it at all.

So I made up my mind that I would outwit this man at his own game. I let him talk straight ahead and encouraged him all I could, until he finally left me with a sheet of questions which I was to answer as an applicant. Now this was what I was waiting for. I had decided that, if that company wanted information about me, they should have it, and have the very best quality I could supply. So I spread the sheet of questions before me, and drew up a set of answers for them, which, I hoped, would settle for ever, all doubt as to my eligibility for insurance.

Question.—What is your age?
Answer.—I can't think.
Q.—What is your chest measurement?
A.—Nineteen inches.
Q.—What is your chest expansion?
A.—Half-an-inch.
Q.—What is your height?
A.—Six feet, five, if erect, but less when I walk on all fours.
Q.—Is your grandfather dead?
A.—Practically.
Q.—Cause of death, if dead?
A.—Dipsomania, if dead.
Q.—Is your father dead?
A.—To the world.
Q.—Cause of death?
A.—Hydrophobia.
Q.—Place of father's residence?
A.—Kentucky.
Q.—What illnesses have you had?
A.—As a child, consumption, leprosy and water on the knee. As a man, whooping cough, stomach ache, and water on the brain.
Q.—Have you any brothers?
A.—Nearly thirteen; all dead.
Q.—Any sisters?
A.—Thirteen; all nearly dead.
Q.—Are you aware of any habits or tendencies which might be expected to shorten your life?
A.—I am aware. I drink. I smoke. I take morphine and vaseline. I swallow grape seeds and I hate exercise.

I thought when I had come to the end of that list that I had made a dead sure thing of it, and I posted the paper with a cheque for three months payment, feeling pretty confident of having the cheque sent back to me. I was a good deal surprised a few days later to receive the following letter from the company:

DEAR SIR,—We beg to acknowledge your letter of application and cheque for fifteen dollars. After a careful comparison of your case with the average modern standard, we are pleased to accept you as a first-class risk.

Stephen Leacock.

HOTEL LIFE.

(*By a Victim.*)

As a rule, the first person you strike when you enter a hotel—if he doesn't strike you first—is the clerk. After you get used to the clerk, you begin to wonder what he's for. As a matter of fact, you generally keep on wondering till the day you die. Even the flash of his diamond sheds no light on the subject.

The next thing to occupy your attention in a hotel is getting a room that isn't entirely out of sight in both price and altitude. As regards the latter difficulty you sometimes, I believe, succeed. As regards the former, you never do.

One advantage about hotel life is that you simply have to ring for anything you want. One disadvantage is that you can simply go on ringing all night without getting it. Still, you can always, of course, get out of the difficulty by not ringing in the first place. Another way is to ring your bell, say, for an hour or an hour and a half, and then suddenly burst downstairs and mistake somebody's neck for the aforementioned bell. But this is both exhaustive and expensive. Should, moreover, you get another guest (also on the quest) instead of your bell-boy or the clerk aforementioned, the whole thing is apt to become awkward in the extreme—especially for the guest. As I said before, the best plan is not to want anything if you can possibly avoid it; and if you can't avoid it, not on any account to ring for it—just go on wanting it till you strike something that you want so much more that it will enable you to forget all about the first thing you wanted. Under such circumstances you will find that hotel

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life will become comparatively bearable. Under any other circumstances you might just as well try to live in a frying-pan—with a sharp fork to stir you up—and attempt to enjoy it.

In a hotel you simply pay so much a day for the whole thing while you stay, and so much more for extras when you leave. You can leave any time you like. Sometimes your trunks can do the same thing. Sometimes they can't. They generally can't. Before you get there, is as good a time as any to leave a hotel.

Meals at a hotel are very important. If you're laboring under the impression that nothing could be worse in point of cooking than the stuff you get, just give one of the waitresses a hundred dollars and ask her to drop a hint to the head cook to that effect. The result will surprise you. It will also procure you a collection of victuals that will give you quite a new idea as to what bad cooking really means.

But, after all, hotel life never becomes thoroughly interesting till there's a fire. It is then that the point of being up some six or seven storeys becomes what may not unjustly be termed a burning question. Of course, you'd be burned to death on the ground floor just the same as in the attic—people in a hotel always are, you know—but, oh, the difference between perishing snugly in your bed not a dozen feet from mother earth, and coming to a frantic and untimely end some two or three hundred feet further up, with your head sticking out of the window and the flames inside running up your nightgown like wild horses! Ugh! be warned in time!—get on the ground floor if it costs you a thousand dollars a day and you have to turn half-a-dozen kings and queens out on to the street to do it.

H. C. Boultbee.

A DISQUIETING INTERROGATION.

Whenever old Bob Walnut left his cabin in the mountains at the head of Sheep Creek for Rapid, he arrived with a frontier appetite for whisky which he spared no expense in attempting to drown. By way of interlude, his custom on these occasions was to buy corn at the general store and eat it with his sheath knife cold from the can. He had reached Rapid on one of his periodical jaunts, with his appetite, his dog and a wad, and had also reached the corn stage, and, seated on the counter with old Jeff at his feet, was attending to it. A young man, fresh from the Green Isle, looked on.

Bob drew his knife, opened the can, took a mouthful of corn on the point of the blade and swallowed it. The next mouthful went to Jeff. This was repeated several times. The picturesque personality of Mr. Walnut, with its effects in buckskin, fringe, long hair and deadly weapons, had attracted the attention of the Irishman from the first. But when the corn began, his eyes and cheeks bellied out and his back stiffened to the packing case against which he leant with a bristling absorption. There were other idlers in the store. To them Bob was no novelty; the Irishman was. They watched him.

Presently old Bob stopped the knife halfway from the can to his mouth, and looking over at the Irishman said abruptly:

"Stranger, what countryman are you?"

"Oi'm from Oireland, sorr," replied the late-arrived.

"H—m," mused old Bob. "Funny. Just a year ago to-day I killed an Irishman."

Then he went on with his original style of feeding. He was no further annoyed by the too curious regard of a stranger. The Irishman had faded.

Bleasdell Cameron.

A CLEVER MAN.

"Remember Ez Simkins?" said my Uncle Redbarn as we sat on the stoop the other evening.

"Can't say I do."

"Now there was a man that was clever. He kep' that cigar store on what's the name street. He saw that store was to be rented, and he went down and sot on the steps of it for three days, from seven o'clock in the morning to seven o'clock at night. Counted the number of men as went by as he thought was smokers or chewers. Reckoned 'em out for three days he did. Then he calculated it up and took the store. It worked out to a charm. So many out of every hundred as went by came into his store and bought somf n.

"But you needn't suppose he had any great variety when he started business. Just ten cent cigars and sold 'em for five. Not a thing else in the store. Why bless your heart, by the third week he was doing a roarin' trade. Sold ten cent cigars straight along for five, and six for a quarter. At the end o' the three weeks he could sell five cent cigars for ten and ten centers for fifteen. As for his fives straight the public took 'em like lambs. Just the same when he took to selling plug terbacker. Got ten boxes of some with an outlandish name from somewheres down East, and just opened one of 'em. Fellers 'ud come in and ask for a plug, and he'd tell 'em it warn't for sale—it was special.

"Special eh?" they'd say, "and most of 'em 'ud take up a plug and smell it, and Ez 'ud say he was sorry he couldn't sell it 'em. Well that terbacker got to be the talk of the hull district. You bet when he began to sell it, which was in about a month, he sold a lot. That there terbacker's fortune was made. It warn't so extry good either. But if there was any falling off in the sale, he'd just stop selling a day or two, and you should have seen his customers beg for it. Mankind likes what they can't get. That's more nor quality to 'em."

Hiram Gates.

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A Logical Conclusion

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CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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VOL. XII

CHRISTMAS
NUMBER

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII. DECEMBER, 1898. No. 2.

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A MATERIAL AGE.

BY THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

IF I were to prefer an indictment against the age in which we live, it would be that it is essentially and conspicuously materialistic. And this, too, while most persons are living in serene assurance that it is quite the reverse. I propose to demonstrate this in as succinct and effective manner as possible, but, as it is a question upon which wide differences of opinion exist, my object will be to avoid extreme statement and to steer clear of anything that savours of fanaticism.

First, let us have a little definition. By materialism is meant the tendency of the great masses of mankind to be absorbed in matters which pertain simply and solely to this world—the comfort of the body, the acquisition of and interest in things which can be seen and felt and handled. In a word, the expression "materialism" is used to designate an absorbing regard for matters of a purely finite character, as against those things which pertain to the spiritual or immortal part of man.

It will not be necessary to deal with this important aspect of human life from a world-wide point of view, though, no doubt, the indictment would hold good against the inhabitants of all countries and of all climes. It is sufficient to confine whatever data is offered to the Christian world, the civilized world, or, to be more explicit, to this particular country in which we live.

If it were the general belief of mankind that this life ends all, a regard for the affairs of this world and a determination to extract everything possible from the brief span of human existence would be natural, perhaps inevitable. But, as a matter of fact, it is the almost universal belief of the whole world that the soul is immortal, and that a future state exists, and the Christian world takes an especially high ground, inspired by the teaching of the founder of the Christian religion, that things which pertain to the soul are the only things worthy of the supreme interest of mortals, and in characterizing the age as materialistic it is done in the light of the teachings of the Christian religion and all that it involves in regard to the comparatively paltry character of purely temporal concerns.

What then are the tokens that the age is materialistic, as much so, if not more so, than it was centuries ago? It must be understood that in dealing with this subject individual cases are not considered. Exceptions, of course, exist now, as they always did, whose whole energies are expended in respect of spiritual matters. We propose to deal with aggregates, with the general tendencies of the race.

The indications of what interests masses of people are numerous and are not difficult to determine. Take the literature of the world. The daily papers, to the proprietors of which can certainly

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be attributed a keen instinct in endeavouring to cater to the public taste, are filled, the world over, with records of events which are, in the overwhelming majority of cases, essentially pertaining to worldly concerns. The telegraphic news of the world almost exclusively relates to movements of armies and navies, the utterances of monarchs and statesmen in regard to national affairs, parliamentary discussions on political topics, records of yacht races, prize fights and foot-ball matches, building of railways, discoveries in electricity, development in rapid transit, inventions of new machinery and more destructive methods of warfare, new and more refined types of architecture, new dishes in cookery, new styles of hats, new processes of weaving fabrics, reports of murder trials, judicial decisions involving large sums of money, details of divorce suits and actions for breach of promise, the discovery of mines, particulars of legislation touching health, tariffs and currency, the death of distinguished men, the size of their funerals, the height of their monuments, the resignation of a minister, and the results of a political election. This category makes no attempt at completeness. It merely selects a sample of the things which engage, to an absorbing extent, the interests of all classes of people.

Turn to the higher walks of literature —the magazines, and the class of subjects dealt with are almost invariably on the same materialistic lines. To illustrate, at random, I take from the index of the "Review of Reviews" a statement of the leading articles for the month which come under monthly review, and this is but a sample of what characterizes the leading magazine articles of every month :—

The Rationale of the Boycott.
The A. R. U.
The Labour War in the United States.
Co-operative Working-class Settlements.
The Padrone Question.
Value of Law and Order Leagues.
An Australian's Impressions of America.
How to Nationalize the Railways.
Intra-Costal Canals.
Hints from Birmingham.
Future of the Tramcar in London.
London a Modern City.
Berlin's Great Milkman.
The Paris Municipal Laboratory.
The Subways of a Great City.
Our National Postal Service.
The Attack on the Senate.
The Upper Chambers of the World.
What is Income?
The "Gresham" Law.
Wanted—A British Imperial Dollar.
Repudiation in the Southern States.
The A. P. A.
Religious Persecution in India.
The United Anglo-Saxon Will.
Athletic Sports as a Factor in European Life.
Lord Rosebery and the Turf.
Germany's Success in Alsace-Lorraine.
Some National Songs.
Cromwell, Creator of the first Cavalry Soldier.
The Building of a Battle Ship.
Clear Aims in Education.
Nikola Tesla and his Works.

In how many of these contributions to the knowledge and wisdom of the world is there found any token that human beings have a soul, that the spiritual part is the supremely important factor in human destiny and that love and self-sacrifice and heroism are the greatest attributes which pertain to human character.

Of course, there is another side—poets still issue volumes of verse, preachers still proclaim the supremacy of religious truth from ten thousand pulpits, and newspapers exist whose chief aim is to gather news of religious progress and to proclaim the immeasurable importance of religious truth. Is it just or possible to say that these things engage more than a fractional part of the interests of civilized Christendom? To say truly, the appreciation of poetry has not grown at the same ratio as invention and material progress, and the poetry of to-day cannot justly be put in comparison with the poetry of three hundred years ago.

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Let us with a spirit of frankness and reverence come to the churches themselves which exist in city, town and country. The majority of the Christian population gather together in suitable places of worship to indulge in religious exercises. Let us not charge these people with intentional hypocrisy or with conscious disregard of the essence of religious duty. But who, looking down upon an average congregation of worshippers, can fail to recognize that while most of them are sincerely giving vent on this first day of the week to their religious aspirations, viewed in the aggregate they really constitute a collection of worldlings whose thoughts and interests are linked inexorably to the world and all that pertains thereto.

This sounds like a sweeping and pessimistic accusation, although uttered in no carping spirit; but who doubts that most of the men who sit reverently in this place of worship are absorbed either in obtaining wealth, in striving for public position, in working out new problems of science, in watching the fluctuations of a stock market, in seeking profitable employment, in cherishing expectations of testamentary favours? Who doubts that to the good women who reverently bow their heads in prayer, questions of social position, of dress, of the circle of friends by whom they may be surrounded, of invitations to social events, ambitious marriages for daughters, yearning anxieties for the material advancement of sons, and other incidents pertaining purely to the world and the things of this world occupy a predominent place in their thoughts even on Sunday itself, and even, perchance, during the hours of worship?

The founder of the Christian religion, when a certain wealthy young man approached him and proclaimed in tones of humble pride that he had kept all the moral laws from his youth upward, commanded him to sell all that he had and give it to the poor. A similar command addressed to an average congregation of worshippers would probably disperse them in a condition as exceeding sorrowful as that which characterized the virtuous young man.

But the apologist for modern tendencies will indicate that interest in the world's affairs is a part of man's duty; that, while recognizing that heaven is God's throne, the earth also is His footstool, and that it is essential to the existence of human society that, while connection should be had with the upper sphere, one foot at least should be solidly planted upon this firm earth. It must be recognized that if the whole of humanity became by some magical process completely imbued with spiritual aims human institutions would collapse. This is true, but the teaching of the Christian religion, which is the acknowledged guide to the inhabitants of the Christian world, embodies principles and maxims which seem seriously in conflict with the theories of material progress. "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" "blessed are the meek;" "lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal;" "if any man shall sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also;" "take no thought, saying, what shall we eat? or, what shall we drink? or, wherewithal shall we be clothed?" "love thy God with all thy might, with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and thy neighbour as thyself."

These are some of the burning watchwords of the Christian religion, and Christian teachers for nineteen hundred years have been endeavouring to din them into the ears of the world. And if their efforts had been successful no one pretends that we should have a world to-day whose thoughts were overshadowingly absorbed in railroads, telegraphs, steamships, electric lights, houses, yachts, dinners, banks and material comforts.

To illustrate the tendencies of the age, what magazine would accept a well-written article on spiritual life as against one equally well written containing latest information from the Klondyke? How many men from choice would prefer a prayer meeting

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to an important political gathering, who would attend a Vesper service in preference to the reading of a will at which many thousands of dollars were to be obtained by bequest? How many men, I mean Christian men, would attend a little gathering of people met to discuss spiritual topics in preference to a great celebration in honour of a statesman, or to celebrate a military victory? What would be the fate of a daily paper which confined its telegraphic news to matters solely concerning the religious world and the purely spiritual side of that, not the erection of cathedrals, the salaries which various divines were receiving or the polemics indulged in over isms or the belligerant utterances of opposing sects. These constitute essentially worldly news because they appeal to the warlike instincts of earth-bound mortals. It is necessary to enlarge the overwhelming tokens which beset us in every direction that this modern world, and especially modern Christendom, is to-day enormously materialistic, and gives few evidences of any immediate probability of a deeper and wider appreciation of spiritual things.

One of the boasts of the most enlightened parts of Christendom is that civilization has enormously developed, and one hears grave claims put forth by the apostles of the Christian religion that Christianity is the forerunner of civilization, and that to Christianity the world is indebted for the triumphs of civilization. A strange boast! Civilization, as it is understood, implies for the most part larger houses, a better system of drainage, steam and its varied agencies, electricity and its various functions, highly delevoped manufactures, perfections of commercial intercourse, rapid and comfortable travel, labour saving appliances, dainty delicacies in cookery, tickling of the ear by melodious sounds and the enravishment of the eye by the spectacular. These are the regnant and essential features of civilization. Of course it includes the daily newspaper, not at all spiritual and not always intellectual in its character, the magazine, art, fiction and poetry; but most of these preceded the higher advances of civilization. The Greeks equalled the achievements of the nineteenth century in both art and poetry. Civilization, as the world understands it, is not only not a legitimate product of Christianity, but is its antithesis. Christianity, if it means anything, means self-sacrifice, spiritual life and a regard for immortal things. Civilization means the worship of comfort, wealth, invention and the survival of the fittest. Of course there is another side to this. Devout materialists will tell us that everything which exists in nature is immortal, that matter itself is indestructable and is part of the great scheme of the founder of the universe, that spirit lurks in matter, sits enthroned in the rock, the mountain, the engine and the iron-ribbed monster that plows the seas.

This is poetic and is comforting, but it is not the Sermon on the Mount. It does not prefigure a supreme finality when this firmament shall be rolled up as a scroll.

Differences of opinion may, and of course will, exist as to the conclusions to be drawn from the essentially materialistic character of this age, but the fact no one surely can dispute. The only overshadowing question is what is to be the ultimate destiny of the human race? What is to be the final complexion of humanity?

Several alternatives are presented by different classes of thinkers. A small, but perhaps respectable, number say that they see no grounds for what Tennyson would call the "larger hope," and, driven to believe that this life ends all, look forward to a world with higher ideals and better processes of living, but with no essential change in the aims and essential characteristics of the race. Another, a much larger class, believing in the total depravity of man, in the fall and in regeneration, are inclined to regard this world as a gloomy place of trial where the virtuous have a chance to inherit eternal glory and happiness, and the

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remainder are doomed to a fate too awful to contemplate. To these people no great expectation exists that this world will ever be very much better than it is, or anything else than the abode of sin and suffering.

There still remains the optimistic remainder, how large their number cannot be precisely estimated, who cherish the conviction that not only does this life not end all, but that the influence of love, which constitutes the vital essence of the Christian religion, slowly but surely working in the hearts of men, will gradually lead humanity up through the cycles to a due recognition and appreciation of spiritual things; that as this divine leaven works its way, regard for purely material things will diminish and a regard for spiritual things expand, and when the work is achieved we shall have a beautiful spiritual world where love, self-sacrifice, altruism, or whatever name that which is highest and best may be called, shall have full sway over the hearts of men and supersede entirely the influence of sordid aims and the ignoble principle of the survival of the fittest.

To those who hold this elevated view of human destiny the world needs a different class of reformers from those it now worships. Our present objects of worship are the inventor of the telephone, the discoverer of anæsthetics, the Foreign Minister who can add hundreds of thousands of square miles to the territory of his nation by diplomacy, or the military chieftain who can achieve the same thing by bullets and blood. It would be unjust to the spirit of the age if no passing mention were made to the sprinter and the prize-fighter.

The hero the world really needs at this particular stage is a man, not content to be the perfunctory pastor of a fashionable church, with a comfortable salary, proclaiming conventional truths in a scrupulously orthodox manner, but a man who, ignoring everything but a sense of the spiritual needs of the hour, proclaims trumpet-tongued from the house-tops the claims of spiritual life and the essential paltriness of the aims which now absorb the overwhelming portion of human energy.

J. W. Longley.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

THE snows return, and the great stars burn
O'er a world struck dumb with frost;
Auroral lights scale empurpled heights,
And in rosy depths are lost.

Old dreams come back their golden track,
A shining company;
But you, my Dear, through the waning year,
Return no more to me.

And musing here, I wonder, Dear,
If now in Heaven you know
The perfect bliss of that first kiss,
Under the mistletoe.

Bradford K. Daniels.

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THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

Second Paper.

BY CAPT. J. J. BELL, AN OFFICER IN LORD WOLSELEY'S EXPEDITION.

HAVING determined on an expedition to suppress the Red River rebellion (the causes of which were traced in my first article), an arrangement was arrived at between the Imperial and Canadian Governments by which the force was to consist partly of Regulars and partly of Canadian Militia. The expense was to be borne in the proportion of one-fourth by Great Britain and three-fourths by Canada.

As finally constituted the force numbered 1,213 of all ranks. It was composed of a detachment, 350 strong, of the 60th Royal Rifles, then on service in Canada, under Lt.-Col. Feilden; 20 men from the Royal Artillery, with four 7-pounder, brass, mountain guns, under Lieut. Alleyn; 20 men from the Royal Engineers, under Lieut. Henneage; 12 non-commissioned officers and men of the Army Service corps; 8 non-commissioned officers and men of the Army Hospital corps. There were also two battalions of Canadian volunteers, of 28 officers and 355 men each. The latter were designated respectively the First or Ontario Rifles, and the Second or Quebec Rifles. They were commanded by Lt.-Col. Jarvis, D.A.G., of Military District No. 3, and Lt.-Col. Casault, D.A.G., of Military District No. 7. The entire expedition was under the command of Col. (now Field Marshal Lord) Wolseley, who was then Deputy Quarter-Master General in Canada. The appointment of Col. Wolseley met with hearty approval on all sides, and the excellent work which he performed amply justified the selection.

The following is the General Order issued by the Militia Department authorizing the formation of the expedition:

MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

Headquarters, Ottawa, 12th May, 1870.
General Orders (17).
No. 1.

ACTIVE MILITIA.

The formation, to date from 1st instant, of two Battalions of Riflemen from existing corps of Active Militia for service in the "North-West" is hereby authorized to be styled, respectively, the First (or Ontario) Battalion of Riflemen, and the Second (or Quebec) Battalion of Riflemen, and the appointments thereto are as follows, viz:

1ST (OR ONTARIO) BATTALION OF RIFLEMEN.

To be Lieutenant-Colonel:
Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Peters Jarvis.

To be Major:
Major Griffiths Wainwright.

To be Captains:
Major Thomas Scott,
Major Thomas Macklem,
Major William Macaulay Herchmer,
Captain William Smith,
Captain Alexander R. Macdonald,
Captain and Adjutant Henry Cooke,
Captain Daniel Hunter McMillan.

To be Lieutenants:
Captain and Adjutant Donald A. Macdonald,
Captain David M. Walker,
Captain and Adjutant William N. Kennedy,
Captain Andrew McBride,
Captain and Adjutant William J. McMurtry,
Captain Samuel Bruce Harman,
Lieutenant James Benson.

To be Ensigns:
Captain and Adjutant A. J. L. Peebles,
Lieutenant Stewart Mulvey
Lieutenant Josiah Jones Bell,
Lieutenant Samuel Hamilton,
Lieutenant John Biggar,
Lieutenant William Hill Nash,
Ensign Hugh John Macdonald.

To be Paymaster:
Captain J. F. B. Morrice,

To be Adjutant with the rank of Captain:
Captain William James Baker Parsons.

To be Quartermaster:
Quartermaster Edward Armstrong.

To be Surgeon:
Surgeon Alfred Codd, M.D.

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2ND (OR QUEBEC) BATTALION OF RIFLEMEN.

To be Lieutenant-Colonel:
Lieutenant-Colonel Louis Adolphe Casault.

To be Major:
Major Acheson G. Irvine.

To be Captains:
Lieutenant-Colonel L. C. A. L. de Bellefeuille,
Major Allan Macdonald,
Major Jacques Labranche,
Captain Samuel Macdonald,
Captain Jean Baptiste Amyot,
Captain John Fraser,
Captain William John Barrett.

To be Lieutenants:
Captain Josephus W. Vaughan,
Captain John Price Fletcher,
Captain Edward T. H. F. Patterson,
Captain Maurice E. B. Duchesnay,
Captain Henri Boutillier,
Captain Leonidas de Salaberry,
Lieutenant Oscar Prevost.

To be Ensigns:
Captain Ed. S. Bernard,
Captain John Allan,
Lieutenant George Simard,
Lieutenant Gabriel Louis Des George,
Ensign Alphonse de Montenach Henri D'Eschambault,
Ensign William Wilmount Ross,
Ensign Alphonse Tetu.

To be Paymaster:
Lieutenant C. Auguste Larue.

To be Adjutant with the rank of Captain:
Major F. D. Gagnier.

To be Quartermaster:
Riding Master F. Villiers.

To be Surgeon:
F. L. A. Neilson, Esq.

STAFF.

The following staff-appointments in connection with the Militia Corps for service in the North-West are hereby made, viz:—

To be Assistant Brigade Major:
Major James F. McLeod.

To be Assistant Control Officer:
Captain A. Peebles.

To be Orderly Officer to the Officer in command of Expeditionary Force:
Lieutenant Frederick Charles Denison.

In a Subsequent Gazette:—

Chaplain Ontario Battalion,
Reverend R. Stewart Patterson (Stratford)
Chaplain Quebec Battalion,
Rev. Father Marie Joseph Royer (Ottawa)
Paymaster, Quebec Battalion,
Lieutenant Thomas Howard, vice Larue appointment not confirmed.

The general staff consisted of the following:—

Col. Wolseley, commanding.
Capt. Huyshe, Rifle Brigade,
Lieut. F. C. Denison, Governor General's Body Guard, } A.D.C's.
Lieut.-Col. Bolton, R.A., Deputy Assistant Adjutant General.
Lieut.-Col. McNeill, V.C., attached to staff.
Surgeon-Major Young, 60th Rifles, Principal Medical Officer.
Staff-Assistant Surgeons Shaw, Robertson and Chatterton.
Major Jas. F. McLeod, Brigade Major of Militia.
Control Department: Assistant Controller Irvine.
Commissaries: Pennell and Mellish.
Deputy Commissaries: Marston, Meyer and Beamish; and from the Militia, Capt. Peebles.
Assistant Commissary, Jolly.
Transport Department: Capt. Nagle, Capt. Money and Lieut. Smythe, late R.C.R. Rifles.

The organization of the force was intrusted to Lieut.-General Hon. James Lindsay, who was sent from England for that purpose. He had previously commanded one of the military districts in Canada and was familiar with the country.

The distribution of the force was as follows:—The 60th Rifles, the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers were to proceed to Fort Garry, and return without delay; the Ontario battalion was to proceed to Fort Garry, leaving one company encamped at Fort Francis until 1st September, when it was to proceed to Fort Garry by the North-West angle of the Lake of the Woods; the Quebec battalion was to proceed to Lower Fort Garry, with the exception of one company, which was to remain at Prince Arthur's Landing till the return of the regulars, when it was to return to Montreal.

The force was ordered to rendezvous at Toronto, which it did, early in May. The Crystal Palace, which had been occupied by the 13th Hussars when in Canada, was utilized as barracks. There the militia were fitted out, drilled and prepared for the severe labours they were to undergo. The medical examination, both at the recruiting points and in Toronto, as well as subsequently at Thunder Bay, was of the severest character, and numbers were rejected as physically unfit for the ser-

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vice. There was, however, no difficulty in securing the requisite number. So great was the anxiety of the young men of Ontario to go that many officers in the militia who could not obtain commissions entered the ranks rather than remain behind. The Quebec battalion was not so fortunate. The French Canadians did not feel disposed to fight against their fellow-countryman Riel, and though many of the officers were of that nationality, few French Canadians were found in the ranks. Nominally a French battalion, it did not contain more than about fifty French, and was filled up to the required strength largely by recruits from Ontario.

The route usually travelled from Canada to the Red River settlement lay through the United States, but as it was out of the question to send troops through a foreign country, another way had to be found. With some few changes, the old Hudson Bay canoe route from Lake Superior was adopted. This was not wholly unknown as a military highway, a company of the Royal Canadian Rifles having been sent over it in 1857. They were conveyed as far as Fort Francis in canoes, and the rest of the way in Hudson Bay boats. They travelled light, having to take little with them in the way of supplies or stores. The report of their journey was, however, of some service in determining the outfit and route of the Red River expedition.

The route adopted was as follows :— Toronto by rail to Collingwood, 94 miles ; through Lakes Huron and Superior by steamer to Thunder Bay, 534 miles ; land transport over the Dawson road to Lake Shebandowan, 48 miles ; boats to Fort Garry, 550 miles ; in round numbers 1,200 miles n all. Of this the 600 miles from Lake Superior to Fort Garry presented the greatest difficulties. The route lay through a wilderness of lakes and rivers, traversed only by the Indian in his bark canoe, or the Hudson's Bay Co.'s voyageur. A portion of it had been surveyed by Mr. S. J. Dawson, C.E., of the Public Works Department, who was engaged in the construction of a waggon road from Thunder Bay to Lake Shebandowan, and in the improvement of the lakes and portages thence to Fort Garry, with the idea of making it a highway for immigration to Red River. It had been promised that the forty-eight miles of road would be completed by the end of May, so that the boats, stores and men might be conveyed over it to the point of embarkation without delay. The promise was not fulfilled, and this item of land transport proved to be a source of vexatious delay, threatening at one time the success of the whole expedition. Only the indomitable energy and determination of Col. Wolseley, seconded by the willingness of those under his command, overcame obstacles which would have disheartened men less enthusiastic and determined.

Mr. Dawson had been instructed to organize a Boat Transport Service, and under his direction 150 boats were built at various points in Canada. The boats were of two kinds—clinker and carvel-built, and experience showed each to have its advantages. They averaged about thirty feet long, with a beam of six or seven feet, and were constructed to carry a weight of four tons and a crew of fourteen men. Each was propelled by six oars, and fitted with two masts and sails, which proved to be of little service, as the prevailing winds were contrary. The westerly winds, however, brought fine weather, though there had been an unusual quantity of rain early in the season. A gig and three bark canoes were provided for the staff.

About 400 men who were supposd to be familiar with the handling of boats were engaged as voyageurs, but most of them proved to be utterly incompetent. Many of them were men who simply wished to obtain a free trip to the Red River settlement, of which they had heard so much. Almost the only exceptions were a hundred Iroquois, who were splendid boatmen. A few of the militiamen were also familiar with this work, having been engaged in lumbering. One hundred and

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fifty horses and waggons were provided for conveying the boats and stores from Thunder Bay to Lake Shebandowan, but, as the event proved, they were of limited use. The roads were bad, the drivers, like the boatmen, incompetent, and many of the horses fell sick.

Numerous delays were encountered at the outset. These arose partly from a divided responsibility such as Mr. Kinglake describes in connection with the Crimean war. General Lindsay, the commandant of Her Majesty's forces in Canada, was not allowed a free hand by the Government at Ottawa in making his arrangements. Contracts sometimes depended on the political complexion of those who were concerned rather than ability to carry them out promptly and efficiently. Indeed, it was freely hinted at the time, and was current among the soldiers, that obstacles were placed in the way in order that the expedition might be delayed or withdrawn. Indomitable energy finally overcame all difficulties, as history teaches us has always been the case with British soldiers.

From Collingwood to Thunder Bay is 534 miles, through Lakes Huron and Superior. The only passage between these lakes, around the St. Mary's rapids, was through the United States Sault canal. On the first hint of difficulties the United States authorities not only refused to allow stores intended for the expedition to pass through, but stopped the *Chicora*, though she had no military supplies on board. Fortunately the steamer *Algoma* was on the Lake Superior side, and the only course was to bring the supplies to the foot of the rapid, unload them on the Canada side, convey them across a three-mile portage to Lake Superior, and re-load them on the *Algoma*. Other steamers on Lake Superior, among them some United States boats, were chartered to expedite the work; but the unfriendly action of the United States was the cause of much annoyance and delay, though the restrictions were afterwards modified. The embargo was doubtless the result of sympathy felt by a section of the people of the United States for Riel, and the hope that his action might lead to the annexation of the Red River territory to their country.

In consequence of the difficulty at the Sault, two companies of the Ontario Battalion were sent up as soon as possible after organization, to form a garrison, under command of Lt.-Col. Bolton, D.A.G. to the force. They assisted in making the road and in conveying the stores across the portage. Their departure from Toronto, on the 14th of May, was hailed with delight by the people of Ontario, who were anxious to see this, the first military expedition ever undertaken by Canada, a success, and who were thirsting for revenge on the murderers of Scott.

Just at this time the Fenian organization again began to manifest activity. It threatened to make an attack at Sault Ste. Marie, and two more companies of the Ontario Rifles were hurried off to strengthen that garrison. The troops in Toronto were under orders to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to the Niagara frontier, where an attack was threatened. The only hostilities which actually occurred were on the southern boundary of the Province of Quebec, where the invaders were soon repulsed. Had it not been for the vigilance of Col. Wolseley it is probable an attempt would have been made to destroy the stores at the Sault, or Thunder Bay, which would have delayed the expedition and possibly caused its postponement for a year.

Meantime the force and stores were being assembled at Thunder Bay, the beginning of the Dawson route. It well deserved the name, for the thunderstorms which prevail are appalling in their character. It rained fifteen days in June, and eight out of the first sixteen days in July, while the expedition was there. The point of debarkation was named, by Col. Wolseley, Prince Arthur's Landing, in honour of H.R.H., then in Canada. It has since been changed to the more euphonious Port Arthur. There was plenty of work to be done—clearing away the

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woods and stumps to make a camping-ground, unloading and forwarding stores, building a small redoubt for the ammunition and as a protection against possible Fenian attack, working on the road, and the usual drill. Working on the road was one of the most laborious and uncongenial tasks. In the words of the Expedition Song :—

'Twas only as a volunteer that I left my abode,
I never thought of coming here to work upon the road.

But while working with the spade, which General Lindsay told the men was, as much as a rifle, the weapon of a soldier, they were cheered by the thought,

We'll keep our spirits up, my boys, and not look sad or sober,
Nor grumble at our hardships on our way to Manitoba.

But the roadwork was an absolute necessity. A fire, which had swept over the country shortly before, leaving everything in a most desolate condition, had burned a number of the bridges and culverts, and these had to be rebuilt. The unusual rainfall had rendered much of the road as already constructed well-nigh impassible. But apart from this there was much to be done. For miles, instead of the road being made, it had merely been chopped out, and in some places even that had not yet been done. Only some thirty miles were at all fit for travel. After an inspection of the entire force by General Lindsay and Captain Gascoigne, detachments were scattered along the road, according as supplies could be forwarded, to assist in making it passable ; but even then it is doubtful whether the force could have got through, had not an alternative route for most of the boats and some of the stores been found.

The Kaministiquia River was the old canoe route from Lake Superior. It empties about four miles west of Prince Arthur's Landing. Fort William, an important Hudson Bay post, was about a mile above the mouth. Small tugs could go up the river ten miles, beyond which it became very rapid. As the height of land between the waters flowing into Lake Superior and Hudson Bay is only about forty miles from the former, and is 830 feet above the lake, it follows that the descent of the river is very rapid. The Kakabeka Falls are 120 feet in perpendicular height, necessitating a very laborious portage. Colonel Wolseley however, resolved to test the river as a route for the boats, and, having found it practicable, forwarded most of them, with a proportion of the stores, that way. The Matawan, a tributary of the Kaministiquia, flows out of Lake Shebandowan, and it, too, was utilized. By means of such sections of the road as were fit for travel, and stretches of the two rivers referred to, the boats and stores were gradually pushed through to Lake Shebandowan. The labour involved was enormous ; the waggons had to be loaded and unloaded many times, while the boats suffered much damage before they reached the place of embarkation. To give an idea of the character of the river, it may be observed that on one stretch it took thirteen hours of hard work with oar, pole and tracking-line, to ascend, while the empty boats ran down for another load in one hour. Too much stress cannot be laid on the difficulties which beset this part of the route, or on the willingness and determination of officers and men to grapple with and overcome them.

At length, on the 16th of July, the first detachment, consisting of two companies of the 60th, the artillery, the engineers, and two of the mountain guns, started from McNeill's Bay, a cove with sandy beach at the east end of Lake Shebandowan, which was named after Col. McNeill, V.C., who was there in charge. Thereafter a brigade was despatched almost every day, until the whole twenty-one brigades were afloat, the last leaving on the 2nd of August. Communication was kept up by means of a weekly mail from Fort William, carried by Indians in a canoe.

A brigade consisted of six boats, which carried one company of soldiers—

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fifty men. An officer and two voyageurs were in each boat, and, when procurable, there was one guide for the brigade. As reliable men who knew the route were few, Col. Wolseley had the course "blazed" by making an axe mark on the trees where the channel was intricate. Sufficient provisions were taken to last every man for thirty days, besides one ton of surplus stores to each brigade. In addition there was a tool chest containing materials for repairs, tents, blankets, cooking utensils, arms, ammunition, spare oars and other material, and personal baggage. The latter in the case of officers was limited to ninety lbs., including bedding and cooking utensils, and in the case of the men to what was contained in their knapsacks. The officers instead of swords carried short rifles and sixty rounds of ammunition, the same as the men.

The daily ration per man was as follows: 1 lb. biscuit, or 1½ lbs. bread or flour, 1 lb. salt pork, or 1½ lbs. fresh meat, 2 oz. sugar, 1 oz. tea, ⅓ pint beans, or ¼ lb. preserved potatoes, salt and pepper. After leaving Thunder Bay fresh meat was rarely seen. Most of the biscuit had been spoiled by the rain, and as there were no ovens, bake kettles or baking powder, the only way to prepare the flour was by mixing it with water into a batter and making pancakes in the frying pans. Such fare was not very suitable for men engaged in hard work, and many suffered from diarrhœa. The liberal ration of tea was most acceptable, as the water in many of the lakes was not good. It was expected that enough fish might be caught for an occasional meal, and a net was supplied for each brigade, but there was no time for fishing, nor did fish appear to be at all plentiful. Occasionally a sturgeon might be had from the Indians in exchange for pork. A supply of blueberries, procured in the same way, formed an agreeable change of diet.

No spirit ration was issued, probably the first expedition undertaken by British troops in which intoxicating liquor was not served out daily. It was an experiment based upon the experience of lumbermen in Canada, who are never allowed spirits, but have an unlimited quantity of tea. It was asserted by some of the older officers that it would be a failure, but it was not. Absence of liquor was marked by absence of crime, as well as by the wonderful good health and spirits of the men. Had a spirit ration been issued the result would have been different. Even the liquor in the medical stores was seldom called for. The testimony of everyone on the expedition was that spirits are not necessary, and that men can do harder and better work without them.

A feeling of relief was experienced when the little army found itself in the boats, with the Kaministiquia, the Matawan and the 48 miles of road left behind, but the hard work was by no means ended. Rowing the boats was no light task, and much had to be done in roadmaking on the portages before the boats and stores could be coveyed across. The boats carried about two tons each of supplies and ammunition, and this, except as it was diminished by use, with the baggage and the boats, had to be conveyed across 42 portages, varying in length from 40 to 1,800 yards. No wonder the men slept well, even under the open canopy of heaven. Tents were seldom pitched, for it was always true that a hard day's work

"Had earned a night's repose,"

The portaging was done by means of portage straps, a load being, according to Hudson's Bay usage, 100 lbs., though some of their men carry two or even three "pieces" of that weight. Rope slings, which with two poles formed a handbarrow, were also served out, but after a little experience the men preferred to use the portage straps. The boats were dragged across on poles laid on the ground. Great care had to be exercised to preserve them from injury, and frequent repairs were necessary. The expedition was passing through a country totally uninhabited except by a few roving In-

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dians, and had to depend entirely upon what it carried with it. Nothing that was lacking could be procured, and neither boats nor stores could be replaced.

Before leaving Thunder Bay Col. Wolesley received a visit from a deputation of Indians from Fort Francis, headed by Chief Blackstone. A powwow was held and a great deal of talking indulged in. The Indians wished to know the intention of the expedition and why it was about to proceed through their country without first obtaining permission. They were assured that there was no intention to take any of their lands, that the expedition simply asked for right of way, and that the government would subsequently treat with them respecting a transfer of their rights to the soil. A few presents to their head men, and a few good meals, had a wonderfully soothing effect, and after vigorous protestations of loyalty to the Great Mother they promised that the force might have all the wood and water it required for the journey. The expedition therefore met with no obstruction so far as the Indians were concerned.

The daily routine was as follows :— At or before daylight reveille was sounded and every man was quickly astir. A snatch of the Expedition Song, the shout "On to Fort Garry," or the cry, "Arms, Men and Canoes," a free translation of Virgil's opening line in the Iliad, "Arma virumque cano," might be heard. After some hot tea all were on board and pulling hard at the oar. A halt was made for breakfast at 8 a.m., another for dinner at 1 p.m., not more than an hour being allowed, camp for the night about 6 or 7 p.m. No guard was mounted unless there were Indians in the neighbourhood. It was remarkable to see the rapidity with which the men learned to cook and to perform their various duties. All were anxious to push on and to reach their destination as soon as possible.

(To be Concluded.)

THE FOREGROUND.

WE all can paint, in a sort of a way,
With a daub of blue or a streak of gray,
The distant hills—like an A. R. A.—
And miles more round ;
But that which puzzles the tyro brave,
And makes him shrink like the meanest slave,
And bids him long for Oblivion's wave,
Is the Foreground !

There are tricks of the trade we can work with ease,
On our masterly sky, or our far-off trees ;
You fancy you could, in our stretching seas,
Swing an oar round ;
But our rocks, our grass, our roads, and our rails,
That we put in front—or our boats and their sails—
Why the strongest and kindliest fancy fails
At our Foreground !

'Tis something like that in the Picture of Life ;
We can rub in the Past with a broad palette-knife ;
But the Present is bitter, with labour and strife,
As is horehound ;
We sweat at it, strain at it, grunt at our toil ;
The future is easy ; our colours and oil
Go sweetly on that ; but heavens ! what moil
Is our Foreground !

Bernard McEvoy.

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WHAT WE EAT.

CHRISTMAS DRIED FRUITS AND THEIR ORIGIN.

IT is always well to think while we read ; and I do not know but that it is well for us, at least sometimes, to think while we eat. I have not in mind at the moment the advisability of thinking of the nutritive properties of the food we eat, or of its peculiar fitness or otherwise for our digestive capabilities. I merely have in mind the contemplation of what we eat, how or where it is produced or grown.

Just now grocers throughout the Dominion are receiving their supplies of foreign dried fruits, such as currants, raisins, figs and dates, the chief raw materials from which our mothers, wives or cooks will in a few weeks hence produce those fearfully and wonderfully made cakes, plum puddings and mince pies which delight children and torture dyspeptics.

Of all the foreign dried fruits consumed in this country, raisins stand first as to quantity. Included in this classification of raisins are the Valencia, Malaga and Sultana descriptions. The importation into Canada last year was 9,005,939 pounds, nearly two pounds per capita of population. While this is in quantity larger than twenty years ago, yet in value the advantage is the other way. In 1877 the quantity was 8,055,421 pounds, and the value $401,807. In 1897 the value was $327,509. The quantity has already been stated.

Each variety of raisin is of some variety of grape, and in course of preparation the clusters are cut and laid in trays, where, exposed to the sun, they are dried.

VALENCIA RAISINS.

The home of the Valencia raisin is in Spain. Poor Spain ; but good raisin. What would our plum pudding do without it?

The Valencia raisin may be termed the old standby among dried fruits, for not only is a larger quantity of it used in Canada, but it is one of the chief ingredients in the plum pudding of the poor man as well as in that of the rich man.

Valencia raisins come upon the Canadian market in four grades, viz., offstalk, fine offstalk, selected, and layers, the first named being the lowest, and the last named the highest-priced. Each grade is packed in 28-pound boxes.

CALIFORNIA RAISINS.

California raisins have during the past few years been a competitor of the Spanish description on the Canadian market, but the extent of their competition varies according to the market value of the respective growths. Most of the California raisins brought into this country have been for table use, although quite a few in one-pound cartoon boxes for cooking purposes have been imported. With both quality and price right they may in time prove popular with the house wife. But like begets like, and this season an enterprising Canadian is seeding Spanish raisins and putting them up in one-pound boxes a la the California article.

MALAGA RAISINS.

Malaga raisins, like Valencia raisins, come from Spain, and are packed in paper boxes of an attractive appearance. "London Layers," "Extra Dessert Clusters," "Connoisseur Clusters," "Blue Baskets," "Black Baskets," are the grades under which they commonly come upon the market. It is the Malaga raisin which has so far most keenly felt the competition of the California raisin. The peculiar subtle flavour of the Malaga raisin is due to the fact that its source of supply is the muscatel grape.

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SULTANA RAISINS.

The Sultana raisin, the delicate-skinned and the delicate-flavoured raisin, to which most of us are partial, whether it be in or out of the cake, comes nearly altogether from Smyrna in Turkey, although other countries bordering on the Mediterranean produce a few. As a factor on the Canadian market the Sultana raisin antedates the Valencia raisin, although the latter has been a staple commodity on this continent for half a century or more.

CURRANTS.

The land that gave to the world a Homer, a Socrates, a Plato, an Aristotle, an Euripides and other worthies celebrated in literature and philosophy, also gives to us the currant.

Currants, unlike wheat and whiskey, cannot be produced in every clime or in every country. They are essentially a product of Greece. True, California essays to produce currants, but whether the soil, aided by a high protective tariff, will ever be able to bring forth a worthy competitor of the Grecian product remains to be seen. But whatever may be in the "lap of futurity," or in the possibilities of California, Greece has so far had a monopoly of the currant industry, although monopoly and all as it has, the industry is in some seasons anything but a profitable one for the growers. Indeed for a couple of years preceding the last, the returns scarcely yielded them sufficient to pay their harvesting expenses let alone the cost of cultivation. But we in Canada, as well as the people in other consuming countries, were in the meantime getting currants cheaper than we ever got them before. Few, if any of us, then, probably realized that while we were feastins on "curranty cake" ruin and starvation were staring the Grecian farmers in the face, and inducing them to consider whether it would not pay them better to stop growing currants and try raising wheat, notwithstanding the low price of the latter commodity at the time.

What was in ancient times called the Peloponnesus, now Morea, is the part of Greece where currants are chiefly cultivated, although this fruit is also produced in such of the Ionian Islands as Zante, Cehphalona and Ithaca. Cultivation is confined to fringes of territory along the coasts of the Corinth and Patras gulfs and the Ionian and Mediterranean seas. The choicest currants are produced in the Vostizza, Gulf and Patras districts lying along the shores of the two gulfs mentioned. The medium qualities are from the districts skirting the Ionian sea, while the poorest are produced in the districts dipping into the Mediterranean sea.

Currant production in Greece has gradually expanded during the century, though the political status of the country has of late years contracted. Two years ago the production was 177,000 tons, the largest on record. Last year it was somewhat less. In 1816, the earliest year in the present century for which I have been able to get figures, the production was 8,542 tons, although since then, in times of political disturbances, the yield has at times been slightly less.

Currants now chiefly come to us in cases and half-cases, although barrels and half-barrels are also a good deal in evidence. It was not always, however, that currants came forward in the handy packages they now do. It is within the memory of a few of the old-time grocers remaining to-day when they were brought to our shores in half-ton packages, known as caroteels. And not only were the packages big in those days, but the prices were as well, the cost to the wholesaler sometimes running up to twenty-five cents per pound.

The importation of currants into Canada does not show much variation from year to year. In 1897 the quantity brought in was 5,739,031 pounds, and seven years before it was 5,671,334 pounds. Twenty years ago the aggregate importation was a little over 4¼ millions pounds.

Currants, like Sultana raisins, come from a seedless variety of the grape.

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The vines are planted four feet apart, and the fruit, when ripe, is placed in layers on drying ground for curing.

FIGS.

The figs consumed in Canada, and all other countries for that matter, are chiefly the product of Turkey and Portugal. The Eleme or layer figs, used largely as table fruit, are from Turkey. From the domain of the Sultan we also get the natural figs which are turned to good account by the cook. Portugal supplies the Comadra tapnet figs, which also furnish the cook with raw material for various table delicacies. The trade returns show that a few figs are imported from Spain and Greece.

This year the crop of Eleme figs is almost a total failure, being only about 7,000 tons, or not more than about one-fifth of an average one, while the price, about 100 per cent. above the figures of 1897, means that only the affluent, except at the risk of being termed extravagant, are likely to have them upon their table. Comadra figs, while not relatively as high as the Eleme description, are also much dearer than usual.

The importation of figs into Canada last year aggregated 1,254,289 pounds, valued at $51,005. Of this quantity 691,976 pounds came from Turkey, 303,206 pounds from Portugal, 95,771 pounds from Spain, and 14,849 pounds from Italy. The balance, Elemes and Comadras, all told, came via Great Britain and the United States. Twenty years ago Canada's imports of figs aggregated less than half a million pounds.

California cultivates figs to some extent, but while an occasional sample is to be seen in Canada, it is seldom if ever that a shipment has come forward. It is quite possible these figs may be on the Canadian market before the present season closes, owing to the high price of the Turkish and Portugese growths, offers having lately been submitted to importing houses in this country.

It may perhaps not be generally known that attempts to cultivate figs in Canada have not proved altogether abortive, a gentleman at Niagara-on-the-Lake having for about twenty-five years successfully grown them in his garden. He has several trees and they stand about twelve feet in height. His aspirations are not commercial; he is merely giving vent to a hobby. But hobby or no hobby, it is proof that figs can be cultivated in at least one part of Canada.

DATES.

Dates, the fruit of the towering palm tree, are chiefly the product of Arabia, although they are indigenous to Africa, the Canary Islands and to India.

Canada's imports of dates last year were 669,544 pounds, valued at $23,-379. Seven years ago the quantity was 1,134,660 pounds, and twenty years ago it was 220,983 pounds.

PRUNES.

The supply of prunes for the Canadian market comes chiefly from Austria, France and the United States. Forty years ago prunes were seldom seen in this country, but now we import over 1½ million pounds. At least we did last year, although in 1890 the quantity was over three million pounds. Twenty years ago it was only 671,398 pounds.

Within a comparatively few years prunes came to hand in ponderous hogsheads, but now in convenient boxes which a man can carry under his arm, while the very finest are in tins and bottles.

Until last year Austrian and French prunes monopolised the Canadian market, but then the high prices prevailing for them and the low figures ruling for the United States product, led to this market being nearly altogether supplied by our neighbours. This year the Austrian and the French prune is getting back some of its old-time trade owing to the smaller crop and higher prices in California, but the product of the Pacific States is still a very formidable competitor.

In France are produced both dried plums and prunes, and it is curious to

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note that while certain descriptions in England are called prunes, in the United States they are termed plums. In Canada we follow the English practice.

It may perhaps be worth noting, in conclusion, that whereas a decade or two ago Canada imported its foreign dried fruits largely via Great Britain and the United States, the practice to-day is the reverse: the great bulk is imported direct, and the minimum via the Mother Country and ports of the neighbouring Republic.

W. L. Edmonds.

A SONG.

(Written in Florida.)

WHERE you watch the sponge-boats
Home across the blue,
Do you feel my distant heart
Beat to you?

Where you watch the sea-spent
Pelicans flap back,
With the wind from Mexico
On their track;

Do you feel my brown hand
On your hand, Doreen?
And forget the weary miles
Spread between?

Love, I know the look of all—
Sea, and sky, and air!
How the tropic soul of it
Warms your hair.

When the sponging boats draw up
Black, across the blue,
You will feel my spirit kiss
Come to you.

We, who must be dreamers,
Know what dreams are worth!
How their magical soft wings
Span the earth.

Theodore Roberts.

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THE CITY OF VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

VANCOUVER.

A TWELVE YEAR OLD CITY.

JUST where the sunny hills of the coast-range, which are a more or less broken continuation of the Cordilleras, slope down to meet the sweep of the Pacific waters, there lies on a promontory of British Columbian soil what Mr. Douglas Sladen has so appropriately termed "the Liverpool of the West."

Were the history of this remarkably progressive sea-port to be written down in detail, the volumes would form a small library, for during the twelve years of its existence, fire and flood, land booms and mining booms, railway schemes and marine enterprises, have followed so quickly upon one another's heels, that, within the short space of a decade, there has sprung up upon the shores of Burrard Inlet a city of some thirty thousand inhabitants, one of immense commercial and maritime importance, and last, but not least, as things go nowa-days, a city that is the chief outfitting, and the only necessary transshipping point between Eastern Canada and the Klondyke gold fields.

In the year 1885 there was no Vancouver—nought save an impenetrable forest of pine trees reigned in all the calm majesty of undisturbed possession where now stone buildings and human beings are thicker than the brambles of olden days, and man's dogged determination, aided by steam and electricity, has evolved out of the primeval forest the greatest Canadian business centre west of the Rocky Mountains.

It frequently occurs that Nature, in her all-wisdom, having designed some particular spot as a suitable site for a prosperous city, and bestowed upon it unrivalled advantages as a sea-port, man, in his abysmal blindness, will pass by the desirable locality, and pitch upon a place of inferior qualifications whereon to expend his labours; but for once Nature proposed, and man accepted, the offer of as beautiful and convenient a site for the terminal city of the Canadian Pacific Railway as could be found in all British Columbia, and in consequence Vancouver has grown and prospered far beyond the most sanguine hopes of those who first called her into existence.

The passenger on board the west-bound express catches his first glimpse

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of the city immediately after leaving the little settlement of Hastings, and, as the train winds round the bluffs, and, hugging the shores of the harbour, runs at slackened speed into the city limits, past wharves and warehouses, crossing busy streets, now crowded with the extra traffic entailed by the rush to Klondyke, and skirting docks where steamers, tugs, sailing vessels and ocean liners lie at anchor, draws up close beside the the magnificent new terminal buildings of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company the thought uppermost in his mind is: "What a regular business town!"

Far different is the impression created in the mind of him who approaches the town for the first time from the seaward; for the beautiful harbour entrance, the wild grandeur of the Narrows through which all ocean-going vessels must pass in order to reach the shelter of the port, and the mountain ranges with their snowy caps lying to the North of Burrard Inlet, are sufficient to inspire everyone with unlimited admiration for these glorious works of Nature; and deep in my heart there will be through the years to come a lasting remembrance of that summer day when I first crossed the Gulf of Georgia.

A preliminary view of the town is obtained as the vessel steams past English Bay, the fashionable suburban beach and picnicing grounds of young Vancouver; whither all summer long, from May until October, children and nurses, mothers and babies, flock in hundreds to enjoy the fresh salt breezes and excellent sea-bathing.

As the steamer "Islander" rounded the western points of Stanley Park, and we forged swiftly across the tide-rip that guards the mouth of the Narrows, the glorious July sun bathing earth and water in a flood of opalescent light, the picture that lay stretched out before us called for the brush of a Turner, or the pen of a Ruskin, to do it justice. Each little sandy bay, where the waves broke merrily over as they chased one another up the yellow incline, looked a very haven of rest, and the rising banks of scrub and thicket, flanked by red cedar (Thuga gigantea), and Douglas Fir (Pseudo-Tsuga Douglassii) trees hid from view the road which, with many tortuous windings, now skirting the shore, now turning inland, encircles the Reserve, and forms a charming drive of some eight or nine miles through this wonderful natural park.



MR. MARPOLE.

General Superintendent Pacific Division of the C. P. Railway.

How the sunlight danced and sparkled upon the crest of the waves, and sliding thence fell into the embrace of the deep, green water-troughs! How it gleamed and shimmered as the foam sprang up to meet it in the air! The wind came ruffling across the wavetops, finally burying itself amidst the swaying crowns of the pines, and gently shaking with its parting breath a soft shower of

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needles from the evergreen branches.

On past Siwash Rock we glided, curving in arched course towards the entrance of the Inlet, where to the right the juts of rock piled high up above each other against the blue sky, and to the left the land swept away northwards to the foot of Mount Crown. A swish—a swirl—and we were steaming into Vancouver Harbour on the bosom of a full tide, borne through the Narrows as in a triumphal progress by the mighty rush of waters; on past the Park and the Brockton Point Athletic Grounds, past the mouth of the Capilano River whose pure mountain waters supply the city's needs, until, with another turn, we rounded the lighthouse, and there before us lay, sun-steeped and placid, the far-famed Harbour of Vancouver.

Truly a magnificent panorama! A stretch of deep blue sea, varying from half-a-mile to three miles in width, the great maritime waters of Burrard Inlet, Canada's far-western port. Away to the east, beyond the city limits, the sea runs for twenty-four miles up inland, though the portion practically used as a harbour is approximately only two miles wide and three miles long, a goodly anchorage for ships of all tonnage. Here and there a sloop-rigged yacht flew over the glancing waves, and skiffs in plenty were passing hither and thither, rowed by those on pleasure bent, or sailed by fishermen bound on a whiting-catch or salmon-troll.

As I stood and gazed beyond all these, upon the city resting so peacefully beneath the summer sky, the undulating hills whereon it is situated, crowned with buildings an older town might well have envied, there sounded in my ears some shrill notes of a siren-whistle, quickly followed by that booming tone which denotes the departure of a large steamer; and presently there floated slowly away from her moorings at the dock the *Empress of India*, one of the Canadian Pacific liners which run between Vancouver, China and Japan. The huge white hull of the vessel, freshly painted, looked well in keeping with the joyous noon-tide, and, as she rapidly approached our smaller craft, a full view could be obtained of her decks crowded with westward-bound passengers; and the magnificent sweep of her lines, together with a marked beauty of shape and proportion was presently noticeable.



VANCOUVER—STANLEY PARK IN AUTUMN.

Soon after reaching Vancouver I had an opportunity of going over one of the Trans-Pacific "Empresses," and was thus enabled to further note how excellent are all the equipments of these ships. Comfort has been thoroughly studied in every detail, and it were difficult to imagine anything more pleasant than to speed away across the ocean at the rate of eighteen knots an hour aboard the *Empress* of either *India*, *China*, or *Japan*. An immense saloon, a charming library fitted up with cosy-corners and writing-tables, splendid bath-rooms, light, airy cabins, and a first-rate table—what more can the heart of man (or woman either) desire upon a sea voyage?

In the waters of the harbour lie also the vessels of the Canadian-Australian Line, and steamers connecting Vancou-

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VANCOUVER—CORDOVA STREET.



VANCOUVER—BOATS LOADING FOR THE KLONDYKE.



PHOTOGRAPH BY H. M. HENDERSON FROM ARCHITECT'S DRAWING.

THE NEW C.P.R. STATION—NOW BUILDING.

ver with the Puget Sound ports, Portland and San Francisco; also boats bound for Skagway, Dyea and other northern points. The local steamship traffic, too, is very considerable, and daily communication has been established by boat with Victoria, Nanaimo and the Fraser River ports, whilst week by week there come and go through the lion-guarded gateway of the Narrows numberless trading vessels from all parts of the world.

It is indeed a motley collection of crafts that greet the eye as one glances across the Inlet from an elevated vantage point, and descries to right and left sugar ships from Java, lumber ships bound for South Africa, France or Belgium, and general cargo vessels from Great Britain; some at anchor awaiting orders, others floating away in a stately manner, drawn out to sea by the ever-irrepressible tug; and one realizes fully, when looking out over this vista of trading and passenger ships, that within her harbour lies the greatest commercial strength of Vancouver.

Now to turn for a few minutes from the sea to the other aspects of the twelve-year-old city. Most passing strange it is to easterners to find in this mushroom town electric light and gas from one end to the other, ten miles of electric street cars, cement side walks and asphalt-paved streets, fine cut-stone "blocks," and seven chartered banks occupying premises that would do honor to an old established com-

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munity. The private residences of citizens are also admirably built, standing for the most part in well-kept gardens, where flowers bloom from February until November, and vegetation flourishes with all the luxuriance of semi-tropical growth

The Hotel Vancouver is an excellent abiding place, and surpasses anything west of Toronto in point of structure, fittings and *table d'hote*. Needless to remark, like many other admirable local institutions, it is under the management of the C. P. R., and Vancouver being the terminus both of the Company's railway and steamship lines, nothing has been spared to insure the comfort of travellers.

The Opera House, too, belongs to the Railroad Company. It has a seating capacity of twelve hundred, and quite the finest drop-curtain in Canada, the latter having been painted by Seavey a first-rate New York artist, from a view near Canmore, in the Rocky Mountains, showing the peaks of The Three Sisters.

Manufacturies and industries abound in the neighbourhood. Saw mills, iron works, factories, breweries, a sugar refinery, shipyards, — have all sprung up around a solid phalanx of warehouses, shops, offices, and wholesale business establishments, where, at the present time, a steadily increasing trade is being done; whilst churches, hospitals, a new City Hall, Court House and Post Office all betoken the transformation of the City by the



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARDS BROS.
VANCOUVER—ENGLISH BAY.



SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARDS BROS.
VANCOUVER—C.P.R. HOTEL.



VANCOUVER—STANLEY PARK.

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Sea from a collection of wooden shacks to a civilized centre of commerce.

Never has the tide of local prosperity run higher than it does to-day. Property stands at a fair value, the mining industry is advancing with rapid strides, new firms are opening up in the city, new buildings and residences in the course of construction meet the eye at every turn; and added to this, increased wharf accommodation and a new railway station have practically been necessitated by the magnitude of the Klondyke trade, and the steady stream of regular travel.



VANCOUVER—LIEUT.-COL. WORSNOP.

Vancouver has yet another thing of which she is justly proud, namely, her militia forces, and a finer body of men than the Second Battalion of the Fifth Regiment of Canadian Artillery, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Worsnop, it would be difficult to find throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion. The Pacific Coast district is in all respects equal in importance to that of Halifax; both form the maritime boundaries of Canada, and the fact that Vancouver is situated three thousand miles distant from the Ontario and Quebec centres does not lessen its value as the western military outpost of the Dominion.

It is perchance, in a measure, due to the conglomeration of nationalities represented in her harbour that Vancouver has become such a thoroughly cosmopolitan city, for every clime under heaven appears to have contributed its mite towards the stream of humanity that incessantly ebbs and flows along the streets and on the wharves.

White men and yellow Chinese, Negroes and swarthy Italians, Spaniards, Coreans and Japanese ever intermingling with the new *genus homo*, the "Klondyker," jostle one another as they pass by, and any day you may hear the Irish brogue, or the canny speech of the Scot, combined with American wit, German expletives, or French idioms, as you take your constitutional stroll down the length of Cordova street. All these diverse types vastly interest and amuse a stranger, and invariably cause him to wonder how on earth such an admixture of temperaments, creeds, and prejudices, to say nothing of languages and customs, has ever succeeded in building up so fine a commercial city. Truly, it is a confederation of opposing forces, bent primarily on promoting trade, and who, with the "Almighty Dollar" as their goal, have evidently found sufficient unity of purpose to bind them together in the interests of prosperity and advancement.

Julian Durham.

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PHOEBUS AND AURORA—GUIDO'S MASTERPIECE.

This Painting is in the Casino of the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome. Phœbus is in her car, surrounded by the circling hours. Aurora sails on the golden clouds, shedding roses on the earth and light and gladness all around. "Nothing is more admirable in this composition than the motion given to the whole."

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SOME ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

INCLUDING SEVERAL CANADIANS WHO ARE WINNING FAME.

First Paper.

MARGARET ANGLIN.

THE most prominent Canadian now on the American stage, who is not a star, is beyond peradventure Miss Margaret Anglin, the young actress who, as leading lady with Mr. Richard Mansfield, is appearing as Roxane in Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Miss Anglin is the daughter of the late Hon. Timothy Anglin for some time speaker of the House of Commons, and she enjoys the distinction of having been born in the House of Parliament at Ottawa, April 3rd, 1876. At the age of twenty-two she has done much and climbed many rounds on the ladder of fame. Miss Anglin lived most of her babyhood in St. John, N. B., and Halifax, N.S.; then at the age of seven came with her parents to Toronto where she was educated at Loretto Abbey, and subsequently at the convent of the Sacred Heart in Montreal.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.

MARGARET ANGLIN.

The Canadian Actress who has been winning fame in the United States.

In August, 1894, Miss Anglin made her professional debut at the Academy of Music in New York, in "Shenandoah." She then spent a season as leading lady with Mr. James O'Neill, our greatest living romantic actor, with whom she won approval everywhere, especially as Mercedes in "Monte Cristo" and Ophelia in "Hamlet," as well as Virginia in "Virginius." Last season she appeared with Mr. E. H. Sothern in "Lord Chumley" and "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." This season all America knows of her splendid performance in the play of the year. She is pronounced as surpassing Ada Rehan and is undoubtedly a coming artiste who has already arrived. With her equipment of beauty, culture and intellect the future lies open and bright before another daughter of Canada.

MISS ETHEL KNIGHT MOLLISON.

During the last two years a number of the bright stars have disappeared from the theatric firmament. Their places must be filled by the most talented of the younger generation. One

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of these, who is rising to an enviable place, is the gifted young New Brunswickian, Miss Ethel Knight Mollison. She made her debut with Miss Olga Nethersole four years ago, playing Nichette in "Camille," Constance in "The Transgressor," Pauline in "Frou-Frou." The end of that season she joined Mr. Augustin Daly's Company, and appeared as Ferta in "Love on Crutches," Daisy in "Nancy & Co.," Zamora in "The Honeymoon"—an impersonation which the New York press compared with that of Miss Ada Rehan in "Twelfth Night." The following summer Miss Mollison determined to try her wings in her own country and went to St. John with the Harkins Stock Company, where she did Eliza in Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe's play that seems to resemble Tennyson's brook, Dora, Miss Maud Adam's original part in "Men and Women." In the following September this indefatigable Canadian began a season with the Girard Avenue Theatre Stock Company, of Philadelphia, where she played thirty-one parts in as many weeks, and succeeded in establishing a reputation for remarkable versatility and artistic excellence, playing everything from Bob the bootblack in "The Streets of New York," to Lady Anne in "Richard III.," and making especial hits as Lady Tommy in "The Amazons," and Chouchou in "The Pearl of Savoy."

After appearing in Bulwer Lytton's "Money" with Mrs. John Drew, she created the part of Rada, the Eurasian girl, in "The Cherry Pickers," and toured the principal cities with that attraction. The next summer she did a series of curtain raisers in Kansas City, scoring well in Rosina Vokes' role in "My Lord in Livery." In August she appeared in the trial production at the Columbia Theatre, Washington, D.C., of "The Marquis of Michigan," in which Sam Bernard afterwards starred. Then came Miss Mollison's engagement with Miss Julia Arthur, with whom she played Lady Betty Tantillion in "A Lady of Quality." Last summer she played eight parts in the Maritime Provinces with the Harkins Stock Company, scoring big hits as Ernestine Echo in "The Crust of Society," and Cissy in "What happened to Jones." This season she is again with Miss Arthur. Four years on the stage—fifty-four parts—and never a failure. Surely that is a record to be proud of? Those astronomers who are looking for brilliant luminaries in the dramatic firmament should turn their telescopes in the direction of Miss Ethel Knight Mollison.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.

MARGARET ANGLIN.

As Roxane in Cyrano de Bergerac.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

The full names of the popular young

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actor who has restored the fallen fortunes of the St. James' Theatre and made for himself a conspicuous place among the limited number of London managers of the very first-class are George Alexander Gibb Samson. But the patronymic was dropped at the outset of his professional career in deference to the opinion of the agent who procured him his first engagement, and who considered that so biblical a name as Samson would be disadvantageous to an actor.

George Samson's father was an Ayrshire manufacturer, who married an English wife, and was living in Reading at the time of his son's birth in 1858. The boy's earlier years were passed in Bath and Clifton. On the return of his father to Scotland he finished his preparatory education at the High School in Stirling. Even in those early days young George Samson acted a small part in a classical burlesque called "Jupiter Aeger" in private entertainment. The lad's threatical bent and talent were not hereditary.

"My mother had never been in a theatre in her life," Mr. Alexander told me. "My father had, but hated the stage intensely. He was a Scotch manufacturer, and ardently desired that I should succeed him in his mills. I hated the idea, and always hankered after the boards."



PHOTOGRAPH BY CLIMO, ST. JOHN, N.B.

ETHEL KNIGHT MOLLISON.

By way of compromise between the young man's inclination to an artistic profession and the father's wish that he should adopt a business life, George was permitted to try the study of medicine at Edinburgh. But this, after a couple of terms, proved no more alluring. So another change was made. The young man was sent to London to be apprenticed to his father's friend, Mr. Leaf, of the then famous silk house of Leaf & Co.

Mr. Samson could hardly have discovered a surer way to frustrate his own plans than the course which he adopted to ensure their success. Once established in London young George Samson became an enthusiastic playgoer. Joining the Thames Rowing Club, he became a prominent member of its company of amateurs, and distinguished himself as Jack Wyatt in "Two Roses," and Charles Courtley in "London Assurance." For a couple of years this life went on. In 1879 a successful appearance in a performance of the "Critic" crystallised the aspirations of the young Thespian into a decision to make a bold plunge, and to adopt the stage in earnest. "I was not exactly a runaway from home," he says, "but the determination was hailed with anything but satisfaction by my family."

At Nottingham George Alexander made his first public appearance in Sep-

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tember, 1879, amid circumstances not very encouraging. He had to play in the opening farce, "Cool as a Cucumber," but his brain was so heated with stage fright that the words of his part entirely forsook him, and it was with difficulty that the performance was got through at all. The ice being once broken, however, things went better, and his performance of the young lover in Mr. Sydney Grundy's "Snowball" satisfied the managers of the company, Miss Ada Swanborough and Mr. W. H. Vernon, of the value of their young recruit. This favourable impression was amply confirmed during the rest of the tour, and, at its conclusion, George Alexander had no difficulty in obtaining an engagement in "Caste," in the company organized by Mr. T. W. Robertson to play his father's comedies, or in retaining his place with the same management on a second tour.



ETHEL KNIGHT MOLLISON.

Mr. Alexander's next position was one of which any man must have been justly proud, for it was with Mr. Henry Irving at the Lyceum. As Caleb Deecie in "Two Roses" Mr. Alexander made his first appearance at the Lyceum Theatre in 1881. The first of a very long series of legitimate parts under Mr. Irving's management followed, and Mr. Alexander's gallant and chivalrous performance of the County Paris in "Romeo and Juliet" was pronounced one of the features of the production.

After the conclusion of the run of this romantic tragedy Mr. Alexander was for a short time under the Hare and Kendal management at the St. James's Threatre, and still further strengthened his claims on the recognition of London playgoers by his performance of Victor de Riel in "Impulse" and Octave in "The Ironmaster." A tour with the latter play followed. Then came a short provincial season with Miss Wallis, during which Mr. Alexander acquired valuable experience in leading Shakespearean parts such as Bendick and Orlando, this in turn being followed by an engagement to play in Mr. G. W. Godfrey's "The Parvenu" at the Court Theatre.

After playing with Miss Mary Anderson in "Tragedy and Comedy," he again became a member of Mr. Irving's company, opening as De Mauprat in the revival of "Richelieu," and accompanied his famous manager on his second visit to America in 1884, where he won cordial recognition for his performance of the various rôles belonging to the juvenile lead in all Mr. Irving's productions.

On these visits to America Mr. Alexander had the advantage of numerous letters of introduction to distinguished people, being notably helped by John Ruskin and James Russell Lowell, and had the pleasure of making many acquaintances and not a few friendships which he hopes to revive this season or next on again visiting the United States and Canada.

On the return of Mr. Irving to the Lyceum, Mr. Alexander appeared, in December, 1885, as Valentine in the first production of "Faust," but after a few weeks succeeded Mr. H. B. Conway in the title rôle, and for three seasons after this occupied the leading place in the Lyceum Theatre, after the manager himself.

"I have nothing to accord," says Mr. Alexander, "but the most unbounded praise and admiration for Mr. Irving in his capacity as manager, artist and friend."

In 1888, during the run of "Macbeth," Mr. Alexander made his trial

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trip on the troubled waters of management, and reproduced at Terry's Theatre an adaptation of Richepin's "Le Filibustier," under the title of "The Grandsire," achieving success sufficient to encourage him to further efforts in the same direction. As a consequence the Avenue Theatre was opened on the 1st of February, 1890, under the management of Mr. George Alexander. An absurdity by Mr. Hamilton Aidé called "Dr. Bill" was the opening venture, and proved a conspicuous success.

Mr. Alexander was not long in making acquaintance with the other side of the managerial shield for "A Struggle for Life," produced in September, 1890, failed to attract the public, and was succeeded on the 1st of November by Mr. R. C. Carton's "Sunlight and Shadow."

The time for which Mr. Alexander had taken the Avenue Theatre having now expired, he decided upon a lease of the St. James', a theatre which had fallen upon evil days, and had become so associated with failure that some people went so far as to say that even the cabmen did not know exactly where it was or how to find it. But Mr. Alexander had taken the measure of the situation. "Sunlight and Shadow," after a successful run at the Avenue filled the St. James' for about three weeks, and, on the 26th of February, 1891, was succeeded by Mr. Haddon Chambers' play "The Idler," which attracted excellent audiences until the following November. "Lord Annerley" was the next production, then Mr. Comyn Carr's "Forgiveness," which was followed by Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan." This brilliant comedy, produced on the 20th of February, 1892, proved the first of a series of four remarkable successes which have placed Mr. Alexander's management securely among the four most important in London, and made for the St. James' such a place among the theatres of the greatest metropolis as it has never been able to boast before



GEORGE ALEXANDER.

Mr. Alexander was married in 1882 to Miss Florence Theleur, a young lady of French descent and unconnected with the theatrical profession. It is an open secret that the artistic and effective mounting for which the St. James' productions are now so renowned owes a great deal to the excellent good taste which Mrs. Alexander brings to the assistance of her husband, whose ambition and energy in conjunction with the splended gifts of physique and intellect with which he has been so amply endowed, have placed his name in both critical and popular esteem with those of Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Sir Henry Irving —indeed it is considered by many that he will succeed to the crown now worn by the Knight of the Lyceum.

MISS VIOLA ALLEN.

Wanted: Something new! That is the legend that in New York every man wears in his opera hat, and every woman has engraved on

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PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ENG.

GEORGE ALEXANDER AT HOME.

her lorgnettes. The artist who furnishes this summum bonum wins both gold and glory—for in the city that never sleeps, and where a thrill has a commercial value, they are always willing to pay liberally for a pleasure or a sensation, provided it be new. The Liebler Company, who are shrewd, and Hall Caine, who is shrewder, knew this—and Miss Viola Allen had the same feeling as Cæsar. When Croesus, Minerva and Thespis unite forces and form a trinity you may expect something startling. Consequently the latest sensation in Gotham is this newest star in "The Christian."

Two or three years ago, in Greiba Castle on the Isle of Man, I had much conversation with Mr. Hall Caine, as we sat in his drawing room and strolled over his terraced grounds, in regard to "The Christian," and for some months awaited its publication impatiently. Since reading it I have been looking forward to seeing it placed upon the stage. All this gifted Englishman writes is so essentially adaptable to the theatre.

But I find that the play is not in the ordinary sense a dramatic version of the novel. The author has taken the two principal characters of the novel, as well as the motive of their relation to each other, and made an independent drama of new incidents and fresh surroundings—just as he might have taken two characters from history and constructed thereon a play which could otherwise have no claim to historical truth.

The two principal characters of this drama represent, the author thinks, types which have been brought into existence by the latter half of the nineteenth century—the educated girl who has to fight the battle of life in professions which are usually controlled by men ; and the young clergyman who makes an effort to realize in a liberal sense the precepts of the Sermon on the

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Mount, and to reproduce in himself the life of the Nazarene. The social and religious problems which surround the steps of these characters in the novel are not dwelt upon in the play, which is simply a love story.

Miss Viola Allen, the actress selected to create the rôle of Glory Quayle, is a striking example of the union, now so rare, of patience and energy and talent. For years she has been one of the most photographed, magazined and eulogized; she long ago was amply entitled to stellar honors, but preferred to gain more experience, and to work on perfecting herself in her art.

She made her debut in the Boston Theatre stock company when about 15 years of age. Three years later she was leading woman for the great tragedian, John McCullough. Then followed an engagement with the elder Salvini, in whose support she played Desdemona, Parthenia, Rosalie and Cordelia. She next supported Joseph Jefferson and William J. Florence in their revivals of old comedies, making a genuine hit as Lydia Languish in "The Rivals" and as Cicely Homespun in "The Heir at Law." As Fanny Haddon in "Capt. Letterblair" she also greatly added to her reputation.

Eight years ago she joined Charles Frohman's forces and created the part of Gertrude Ellingham in "Shenandoah." Two years later she became the leading lady of the New York Empire Theatre company, and from that time up to the end of last season she created all the important leads in the productions made at that house. She made especial hits as Blanch Chilworth in "Liberty Hall," Nell Armitage in "The Younger Son," Rosamond in "Sowing the Wind," Andrie Lisden in "Michael and His Lost Angel," Nina in "A Woman's Reason," Lady Beltor in "Marriage," Dulcie Lerondie in "The Masqueraders," Kate Clonce in "John A'Dreams," Eleanor in "A Man



RECEPTION TO GLORY QUAYLE (MISS ALLEN), THE DEBUTANTE.

Act I—The Christian.—Saloon of the Colosseum Music Hall, London, England.

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and His Wife," Renée de Cochferet in "Under the Red Robe," and Yvonne de Grandpré in the "The Conquerors."

Miss Viola Allen is noted for her versatility. Rarely is an artiste equipped so completely as she for the portrayal of the entire gamut of dramatic expression from light comedy to strong heroics. The part of Glory Quayle is the most exacting Miss Allen has ever attempted, for it not only requires especial ability in sparkling comedy,



VIOLA ALLEN.
As Glory Quayle in "The Christian."



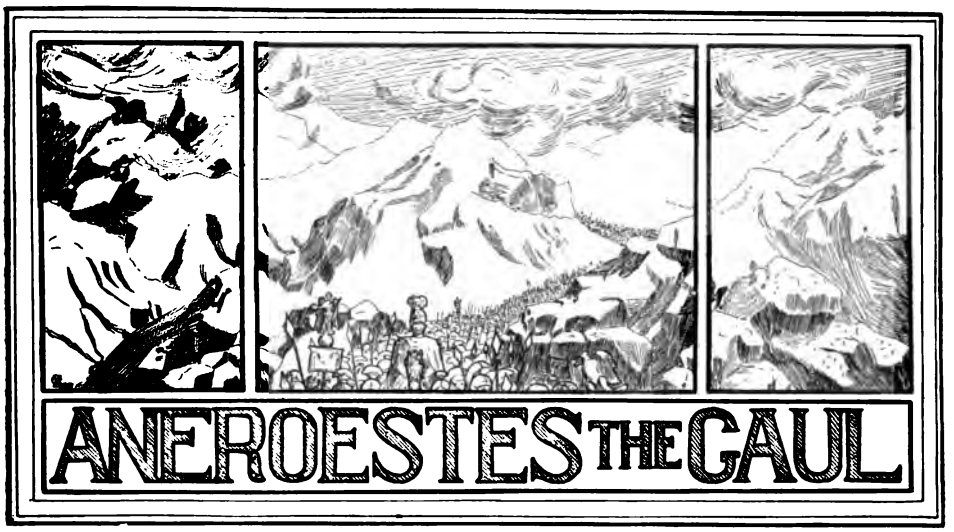
VIOLA ALLEN.

but also great dramatic strength in the very strong situations she has with John Storm in the third and fourth acts.

Nature has been very good to Viola Allen in endowing her with so much beauty and magnetism. Fortune has been very kind to her in furnishing so admirable a vehicle as Hall Caine's play, "The Christian." New Yorkers and all others will be better and kinder than ever to her if she provides for them every season something new.

W. J. Thorold.

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A Fragment of the Second Punic War.

BY EDGAR MAURICE SMITH.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The story opens in the year B.C. 218, a day or two after Hannibal had crossed the Alps into Gallia Cisalpina (Northern Italy). To arouse his worn and weary soldiers, Hannibal chose two captured Gauls to engage in gladiatorial combat, the prize being freedom, a warhorse and the full equipment of a cavalryman. The winner is one Aneroestes, who, his home having been destroyed by Hannibal's troops, enlists in the Carthaginian cavalry for service in the war against Rome. The Army sets out on the march to Rome, but stops to lay seige to Taurasia. Hannibal sends Aneroestes into the city as a spy, with instructions that he is to open a rear gate when the front wall has been broken down. He pretends to be a deserter and obtains admittance, has a chat with Agates, the chief of the inhabitants, and falls in love with his daughter, Princess Ducaria. The next day, Hannibal commences the assault, using two rams to batter down the walls. On the second day an opening is made, and Aneroestes starts to open the rear gate for Himilco, Hannibal's lieutenant. As he is doing so, Ducaria appears on the scene. Himilco fancies her and orders Aneroestes to take her to his tent.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOWNFALL OF TAURASIA.

MEANWHILE the contest at the breach had been carried on without abatement, and neither side could claim any distinct advantage. Many fell, both of the besieged and the besiegers. Under the careful direction of Agates a worthy defence was made, and the fiercest onslaughts were repeatedly repulsed. Those who had at first regarded the falling of the wall as the end of the storming now became filled with surprise and admiration, while the more fearful among the Taurini gathered confidence with the progress of events.

But as yet Hannibal had not sent his own tried soldiers to the fore, and with the exception of the slingers, who occupied a position of comparative safety, he relied solely on the Insubres. These allies bravely bore the force of the tremendous resistance offered, and by their great numbers gave no ground; but the General soon saw that they gained nothing, and he awaited the more eagerly the arrival of Himilco.

Presently it was seen that the Insubres were being forced back through the breach, and strive as they might it was impossible for them to maintain their position. At this the shouts of the Taurini redoubled, and headed by Concolitanus the whole available force was hurled against the receding invader.

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It was an overwhelming charge, born of patriotism and desperation, and could scarcely be withstood.

Amazed at a strength that was quite unlooked for at this stage of the battle, the Insubres paused—and the pause was succeeded by a wavering throughout the compact mass.

White, glistening bodies, flecked with blood and foam, retreated, stumbling and in disorder, while after them pressed others equally naked, begrimed with dust and perspiration, striking the more fiercely through being freed from immediate attack.

For a moment it looked like a victory for the Taurini, but as the broken lines of the Gauls disappeared before the precipitous onslaught, the choicest infantry of the Carthaginian army lined up in place. The linen cuirasses, bare shoulders and purple bordered tunics of the Iberian troops distinguished them from the more dusky Africans, who were protected by leather jackets studded with metal plates, and carried shields somewhat smaller than the large semi-circular ones favoured by their companions-in-arms.

The savage joy with which an engagement with this body was received rapidly underwent a transformation, for sounds from within the city proclaimed to the panting, wild-eyed warriors that the enemy was advancing on them from the rear as well as from the front. In desperate confusion some turned to meet the unexpected attack, while others attempted to maintain order.

Amid all these diverse purposes the Carthaginians charged. The warriors in the van were armed with long spears, and were thus able to reach their opponents while yet out of range of the swords pitted against them. A detachment of slingers at the same time moved forward, and the Taurini were subjected to the showers of well-aimed stones. But in the face of these odds the majority fought with unabated vigour, though defeat could not be far distant. Each warrior looked only to his nearest foe, now dodging a spear thrust, anon parrying a sword cut, though at times only to fall by one of the countless missiles whizzing through the air.

But the fight closed in on the gallant band. Himilco's force, while not numerous, was well chosen, and when he charged the rear with heavy armed cavalry and vigorous foot soldiers, the formation of the defenders became demoralized.

Concolitanus had kept his place in front since the opening of the attack, and he was the mark for many angered opponents. He had discarded all weapons except a club of ponderous size, studded with spikes. This he wielded with the ease of a light sword, and with far more deadly effect. He was wounded in the head, and the blood streaking his fair hair had matted it in places, while a tiny steam that trickled from the right side of the smooth white chest, so beautiful in its nudity, showed that his skill had not saved him altogether. None seemed able to check his devastating advance, though many tried.

But at last an organized attempt was made against him under the orders of an Iberian captain, who exhorted his men to finish the troublesome warrior. The order was quickly put into practice. Intercepted, attacked on all sides, and separated from his companions, Concolitanus found it impossible to retreat in any direction. His quick eye detected the confusion in the rear, and Himilco's victorious cavalry. Escape was impossible even had he wished it. He knew his time to die was at hand, and he did not shrink from his fate. But not for a moment did he cease his exertions, though he was sorely wounded. His breathing had become laboured. The gleam of swords dazzled him and a ridge of steel bore down upon his head. It was then he swung his massive club for the last time. But instead of striking with it he hurled it at the officer some feet distant who was urging the men to the task. There was a swift, buzzing sound, followed by a dull thud, for the weapon had hit its mark. Concolitanus had killed his last victim

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He only laughed as sharp spears entered his body, and the smile had not faded from the full lips when the eyes glazed in death.

All organized resistance was now at an end. Earlier in the day, almost immediately after the arrival of Himilco, the noble Agates had fallen, and Britomar, who then assumed command, had not long survived him.

Many continued to fight from necessity, for, surrounded on all sides, escape was beyond their reach. Those more fortunately situated fled precipitately. As the gate entered by Himilco and his troops was well guarded, the fugitives made their exit by the northern entrance that faced the Duria.

The battle was at an end, but the slaughter had only begun. The feast was prepared, and the Carthaginians made ready to gorge themselves.

Finding all hope gone, the more desperate of the Taurini raised their swords, and, rushing at the victors, prepared to end their lives in a manner befitting warriors. Some were felled by darts and stones before they could engage, while the others, unmindful of being surrounded on all sides, were struck down from quarters least expected.

A miserable remnant at last threw down their arms and besought mercy. Writhing and gesticulating they grovelled on the corpse-covered ground, while their shrieks mingled horribly with the other noises of the struggle. But the Carthaginians only took the more careful aim before dealing the death stroke. Few of the oppressed were able to pierce a way through the wall of antagonistic humanity. Some were taken prisoners, but they were not always saved from the wrath of the more savage.

Plunder followed in the wake of victory. Each body was quickly stripped of all ornaments, and many of these Ligurians wore gold in profusion. In their greed the victors jerked the rings from the ears with a haste that brought with it pieces of clammy flesh. Some even severed the hands with their knives to more readily possess the massive bracelets that encircled wrists and arms.

At the opening of the campaign Hannibal had promised all the spoils to the soldiers, inclusive of female captives. Consequently there was a general move in the direction of the gates.

Taurasia was several stades distant from the Duria, and the intervening territory, comprising an almost treeless plain, became dotted with fugitives. All hastened towards the river, ignorant of whether any means of escape there awaited them. Through the promptitude of several warriors, a rough raft had been got into place, but it was much too small to accomodate the fleeing multitude. Many plunged into the stream without thought of its width, and but a meagre proportion reached the opposite bank. Desperate swimmers attempted to cling to the raft midway in its course, but it was already over laden, and those propelling it smote the retaining hands with the poles.

In the city a wild disorder reigned. The Baleares had been among the first to crowd through the unguarded breach, and with lustful eyes they eagerly sought the women—those tall, fair-haired creatures whom for the past three days they had looked forward to possessing. The gold and other precious belongings amassed by the tribe had little attraction for them. Like so many animals they hunted for their prey in all the huts, shouting with demoniacal glee when an unusually fine prize was captured, and wantonly slaying all males that came within their reach.

A small party of these Islanders espied a young mother stealing away with a boy and girl. Uttering wild yells they gave chase. The terrified woman looked back fearfully and quickened her steps though there was no refuge nearby. Loathsome hands soon stayed her, while others more murderous seized her children. They were too young to realise their danger, but child-like they cried. One ill-favoured

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giant drew his dagger across the throat of the boy, and the warm blood gushed out upon the hands of the supplicating mother as she vainly tried to ward off the stroke. The small, white form sank to the ground. It quivered convulsively for a few moments ere it settled in its last repose. And while the girl screamed in infantile fright, she, too, was seized by the assailants. The blow, aimed at her small, tender neck, cut through, and the baby head rolled to the earth, the face still wet with tears.

Crazed by this double affliction the woman took no further heed of her surroundings, though the men quarrelled among themselves as to proprietorship. Her hands were smeared with the blood of her dear ones, and the long, light hair that hung about her was flecked with the fatal crimson. Her lips, too, were unnaturally stained and wet from kissing the lifeless faces that would never again respond to a mother's caress.

Corpses strewed the city and, though no opposition was offered, the killing went on. All manner of cruelties were perpetrated. Numberless aged persons of both sexes, too feeble to even attempt an escape, had remained in their homes awaiting death with resignation. The fortunate were those spared torture and mutilation.

The Insubres, who were particularly angered at the repulse they had sustained, surpassed all others in barbarity. In accordance with the custom among Gallic tribes, they slew all women with child lest they should bring forth males. The other warriors disapproved of such wanton slaughter, and onumerus quarrels ensued.

It was now some hours past noon, but the sun poured warm, mellow rays upon the scene, gilding triumph and misery alike. In the increased heat the warriors from Iberia and Africa threw aside all upper clothing and bent more eagerly to the task of extermination. The battle ground had been cleared and the survivors were being hunted down on all sides by eager horsemen.

CHAPTER X.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

Hannibal returned to the camp during the afternoon, as the rout was then at an end. The male population of the city, with the exception of those fortunate enough to have escaped, had been completely annihilated or taken prisoners, though the latter numbered but few. That evening a feast was to be served the leaders in the main tent to celebrate the auspicious opening of the campaign. The soldiery were also to make merry, though, naturally, to a less sumptuous degree. Some had suggested the firing of the city as a significant illumination, but this the General forbade. He had placed a strong guard over the granaries, and had no mind to lose the contents.

The approach of evening threw long shadows across the fallen city, and a blood-red patch in the western sky marked where the sun had disappeared shortly before. Quiet reigned, and even nature seemed to mourn over the surroundings.

By this time the victors had returned to the camp. Assembling about the fires they exhibited their trophies while awaiting the preparation of the feast. It was noticed that some youths were held prisoners by languorous Iberians, who wished to luxuriate in the services of attendants. This elicited jeers.

Everything of value had been seized upon. Those who had acquired the most gold were regarded with envy, but the possessors of women attracted even greater attention. Large sums were readily offered for the fairest, and even the least young found numerous bidders.

After considerable difficulty Aneroestes had succeeded in conducting Ducaria to the camp, but it was with no little anxiety that they sat within shelter of the tent awaiting the departure of daylight.

The mountaineer was greeted with some show of pleasure by the eldest of the Gauls who occupied the same quarters with him. In return he explained how he had captured this youth.

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"And," he added, "he will render me service during the campaign when the others have tired of their women."

The warrior nodded approval, for he feared to do otherwise, and Aneroestes proferred him some gold.

"Take this," he said, "in exchange for a service I would have you render me."

It represented a considerable sum, and the Gaul seemed surprised.

"It is necessary for me to absent myself for several hours," explained Aneroestes. "The soldiers are incensed against the Taurini, and I would have you guard the youth until my retnrn."

"It will be as you say."

"Fail me not as you value your life."

"I shall not leave the tent. Your prisoner shall be safe until your return."

With this assurance Aneroestes left Ducaria, and when darkness fell he hastened in the direction of the city. Entering by the gate from which he had escaped he almost stumbled over the body of the dead Cincibil. He pushed it aside with his foot, for it was he who had threatened the liberty of Ducaria.

Aneroestes held his sword in readiness, but no one approached him, and as he strode forward the shadowy forms seemed to fade into nothingness. Satisfied that none watched his actions, he directed his attention to the fallen. Thick among them were old men and children, the end and the beginning of a nation. Some women, too, had met a similar fate, though few were aught but grey haired. Nevertheless, every one of these was turned over and carefully examined by the searcher, who at times dropped on his hands and knees to procure a nearer view.

As the evening advanced the place assumed a more gruesome aspect in the white light of an incomplete moon that slowly clambered towards the centre of the heavens. This aided Aneroestes, who bent the more eagerly to his task. He kept on untiringly, but it seemed impossible for him to discover what he sought. He was no prowling robber, for he left untouched the bracelets on the stiffened arms and any other valuables that came before his notice. In fact, he scarcely did more than examine the faces of the women, though at times this necessitated the removal of other bodies.

His mission was a strange one. Once he started back in horror from a heap of dead on which was perched a vulture. He even cried out. For a moment the bird ceased its hideous meal and turned two yellow eyes upon the intruder. Shreds of flesh hung from its bloody beak. The man hurried away, but to little purpose. The presence of the dead had attracted many such loathsome creatures, who, with talons deeply imbedded in the yielding flesh, hoarsely summoned their companions to the orgy. The heavy flap of wings foretold the arrival of newcomers. It was indeed a night of feasting for more than the Carthaginians. And as the time progressed the human jackals tried to anticipate these gluttonous carrions which, when once installed, were dangerous to disturb.

At last Aneroestes stopped before a woman who in life must have possessed much unusual beauty. Death had resulted from a severe sword cut in the neck, evidently self-inflicted, as her hand still clasped the weapon. Nearby lay a Balearian, frightfully contorted in both face and body. A Numidia narrow had pierced his chest, and the sharp point protruded behind his arms. The whole betokened a tragedy—a struggle for the possession of a woman who had seized the occasion to free herself.

The mountaineer seemed but partially satisfied with his find, and gazed long at the waving hair which in death modestly shrouded the well-moulded bosom.

He muttered to himself, "The colour differs from Ducaria's. It is darker." As indeed it was by many shades.

Presently the expression of doubt vanished and was succeeded by one of new-found hope. His eyes glistened

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and his lips moved in the formation of words that were scarcely audible. Some strange idea had suddenly possessed him and he acted under its influence.

It was full two hours since he had left the camp, and there was much to be done ere he could return to his tent where Ducaria awaited him. His fingers closed more firmly about the heavy sword he carried and, without further hesitation, he knelt beside the corpse. No sign of weakness was visible on his rough face, but he shuddered slightly as he raised the shining blade and inserted the edge into the cruel wound that marred the beauty of the neck. Then he pressed strongly downward. No blood spurted as when the fresh young life was stilled. The head, thus severed, rolled forward, and the soft cheeks became wet from the dew that sparkled, tear-like, on the blades of grass.

Then Aneroestes shouldered the trunk and returned in the direction of the camp. Many furtive eyes peered after him ere he emerged from the scene of the day's tragedy, but none made their presence known.

Shouts of intoxicated joy were borne to the mountaineer, but he varied not his course and was soon amid the tents. The heterogeneous mass composing the army lay about the fires in easy postures, gorging themselves and indulging in all kinds of excesses. The more reckless called out jeeringly to the newcomer as he strode past with his gruesome burden, but the dangerous expression in his eyes soon checked their levity. Silence spread along the road he took, and faces heretofore ablaze with animal cravings became bloodless and strained. It was as though a spectre had suddenly appeared at the feast.

"What manner of man is this?" was asked in hoarse whispers, but none could answer.

Others muttered: "Why visits he the field of the dead by night to carry away a headless corpse?"

Curiosity was heightened when he halted at the entrance of the main tent.

"Direct me to Himilco," he called in a loud voice, and when the guards protested he added: "I am here at his bidding and must enter with my burden."

In the great tent where the officers were assembled the sound of rejoicing, if less boisterous than that without, was none the less hearty. The pine torches threw a ruddy, cheerful glare upon the distinguished warriors as they celebrated the day's victory. The rings that adorned the fingers of the more renowned signified the number of campaigns each one had served,—and they were many.

All had thrown aside mail and armour, and in semi-warlike garb seemed to feel a relaxation that was encouraged by the surroundings.

Joints of meat with cakes of wheat and barley constituted the chief food, and though mean in comparison with the elaborate feasts the Carthaginians were wont to indulge in when in their native city, it was none the less relished. The wine was harsh and tasted somewhat of pitch, but after great hardships men's palates become toughened, and many goblets had been drained with evident pleasure.

Several Insubrian chiefs were present, attired in woolen mantles of no mean texture. Gold bracelets encircled their arms, and massive chains were suspended about their necks. In some cases the pyramids of fair hair were bound with bands of the yellow metal that seemed the more dazzling in the torch light.

Hannibal reclined on a couch at the head of the board, and his face, usually so stern, was now animated and softened with smiles. He had lost but few, and the capture of the city was sufficient to elate the spirits of the whole army. During the evening he repeatedly congratulated the Gallic chiefs on the behaviour of their men, and expressed the hope that their gallant example would be followed by their kinsmen to the south and east. "For," said he, "this would make us the better fitted to overcome Rome."

The Insubres looked pleased at the

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General's attentions and assured him of their devotion to his cause.

"We can have but little trouble with the other tribes," remarked Mago enthusiastically. "Those inclined towards us will hold back no longer, and the unfriendly will be terrified at the fate of the Taurini."

But Gisco retorted: "You are yet young, and calculate not the dangers that beset our every move. The destruction of Taurasia may serve to rouse the ire of the Gauls and Ligurians."

Unrestrained laughter from all sides greeted this unfavourable prediction so characteristic of the man.

"Surely, Gisco," cried Hannibal, "your disappointment will be great if we triumph too easily over the legions of Rome."

The burly Carthaginian joined in the merriment without any show of anger.

"At least," said he, "I am well prepared for misfortune, and disappointment caused by success is such as I can survive."

"Well spoken," replied Hannibal. "I know full well that victory too easily won is oft times more fatal than defeat. It gives a false confidence to the soldiers that is only overcome by calamity. But this cannot be said of to-day's conflict. At the breach the fighting was severe and was carried on with much spirit on both sides."

Himilco smiled cynically.

"The attack," said he, "was none too mild in my quarter. We were late in being admitted by the mountaineer, who seemed strangely excited, and numbers of the enemy were hastening to the gate in the hope of escaping. Some struggled desperately, but we left none to sorrow over defeat," and the speaker looked round to see the effect of his words.

There was a complete absence of enthusiasm, and only Carthalo spoke.

"Beware, O Himilco!" said he, with mock gravity, "that thy sympathies get not the better of thee, for it is thy great weakness."

The eloquent Carthaginian feared not the anger of any man, so impregnable was his buckler of wit, though few others would have cared to so refer to the notorious cruelty of Himilco.

The latter frowned slightly, and answered with some spirit:

"It is sufficient to conquer an enemy once. A second time he may be triumphant."

"That," said Hannibal, "depends upon the enemy."

"An enemy is an enemy. I make no difference between them."

"But I do," remarked the General, dryly. "Rome is the natural enemy of Carthage, and my mercy will never extend to her soldiers. But the Ligurians and Gauls love her not, and if some tribes oppose us we should not always exterminate them. An ally is certainly better than a dead foe."

A buzz of approval greeted these words, though Himilco sat obstinately by, still unshaken in his opinion.

"Some allies," he muttered, "are more to be feared than open enemies."

"When will it be positively known if we will engage with these savage tribes?" asked Mago.

"Perhaps to-morrow," answered his brother, "though more likely we shall have to wait several days."

"And meanwhile," interposed Gisco, "The Consul Scipio is advancing."

"This time we shall not avoid him."

"The Numidians may perchance do otherwise since their last meeting with the Romans proved so disastrous."

As Himilco uttered the words he looked jeeringly at the commander of the cavalry.

Maharbal rose to his feet in undisguised rage, but Hannibal's thundering voice checked any further move. A heated altercation was about to follow when a disturbance outside the tent attracted everyone's attention.

Such a proceeding was most unusual. Presently one of the servants rushed in and announced that a warrior carrying a corpse insisted on seeing Himilco.

"Let him enter," shouted Hannibal, for he was still aroused by the recent proceedings.

The noise ceased, and Aneroestes ap-

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peared at the doorway bearing his burden. The unsteady light gave an additional gruesomeness to the scene, and deepened the drops of dark blood that bespattered the man's face. His long hair was disarranged to so great a degree that the face was half hidden by the matted braids, and seemed unnaturally savage. The skin of some animal was thrown across his shoulders, but it was torn and soiled as if from a hard day's struggle. An undressed wound on his left arm apparently caused him no inconvenience, though to judge from its depth it must have pained. He grasped a sword in his right hand, but he carried no other weapon.

"What means this intrusion?" asked Hannibal sternly.

Then his expression of anger turned to one of surprise, and he added in the Gallic tongue:

"I recognize you, Aneroestes, and have not forgotten our agreement. You performed the trust I imposed in you, and on the morrow you may free your countrymen with your own hands. But why come you here in this fashion, the bearer of a corpse?"

"I come on a strange mission," answered the mountaineer, "and one far different from what you suppose. Your captain, Himilco, ordered me to take this woman to his tent, but I have brought her here to him. I have obeyed his orders."

As soon as Himilco gathered the meaning of what the mountaineer had said his face darkened in terrible anger, and jumping to his feet he seized a sword. Then he caught the authoritative gaze of Hannibal bent upon him and halted.

"The man makes sport of me," he hissed, "and defies my orders. Surely the General of the forces will not compel one of his soldiers to submit to such insult."

"Restrain yourselt," rejoined Hannibal. "I have yet to hear the meaning of so strange an occurrence."

"I repeat that the man makes sport of me," exclaimed Himilco vehemently.

"He, the mountaineer, so recently a slave!"

"He became a slave in no dishonourable way," interposed Maharbal.

"And," added Mago, "he regained his freedom in a manner equally praiseworthy."

"A barbarian," sneered Himilco.

"A brave man," retorted Maharbal, "who opened the way for you to-day. Otherwise you might have failed."

"Silence!" commanded Hannibal. "This is neither time nor place for the airing of petty jealousies. I have yet to hear Himilco's explanation of this Gaul's strange proceedings."

"There is little of import to explain. This man was to deliver a woman at my tent, and to insult me he brings a corpse."

"The cause for his behaviour can easily be ascertained," replied Hannibal, and he put the necessary questions to the mountaineer.

"I captured a maiden," explained Aneroestes, "but when bearing her away I was met by your officer Himilco, who ordered me to take her to his tent. I said she was mine, but he threatened me with death if I refused to obey him."

At this announcement those of the officers who understood the speaker looked significantly at each other, and so enraged was Himilco that he interrupted with violent expostulations.

"The man lies," he shouted. "I told him to take the girl to my tent and he would be rewarded handsomely."

But Aneroestes persisted in the truth of his declaration.

"It is so," he said, "that he promised me money, but not until I had been first threatened. Still, I performed my part. I was attacked by Baleares before proceeding far, and in the struggle the woman was killed."

"And Cincibil, the Insubrian, I sent with you?" asked Himilco. "Where is he to verify your story?"

Aneroestes grinned at the question.

"Cincibil is dead," he said. "His body lies in the place where it fell. He made a good fight, but they were too

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many for us. Even I am wounded," and he exhibited his lacerated arm.

"It seems strange that you alone should have escaped," remarked Himilco meaningly, "and with but a cut in the arm. How is it, too, that you report the occurrence to me only now, five hours after it happened?"

"It was none of my doing," retorted Aneroestes stubbornly, "and when the fight became too fierce I fled. Of what use was there to stay when the woman was killed?"

"None," replied Hannibal, "and your life, Aneroestes, is too valuable to be sacrificed in such a cause. I have need of your services in the future, and I shall be mindful to reward you for what is past. And thus I publicly thank you. This man," continued the General, addressing his brother officers, "is entitled to our highest regard, for it was through him that the city fell so easily."

"He was slow enough in opening the gate," interposed Himilco savagely. "I waited long for the signal, and when we arrived we were not admitted with the promptitude we had a right to expect. What cause was there for delay save that this fellow was securing a captive woman for his pleasure?"

Himilco spoke in his own language, but when Hannibal translated the words to Aneroestes a blaze of wrath contorted the mountaineer's face, and he answered:

"There was a cause sufficient to detain me, for after I waved the signal I was attacked. The captain might have seen the body of my opponent, for I directed his attention to it. In no other way did I fail to do the things I was commanded."

Hannibal checked the angry reply that rose to Himilco's lips, and once more addressed himself to the mountaineer.

"You will be richly rewarded though you asked only for the freedom of your countrymen. Another time—to-morrow you shall tell me how you fared when in the city. You must have encountered many dangers and I rejoice in your safety. And, now, you may retire. What, would you ask me something further?" as the mountaineer lingered.

"If at another time I take a prisoner—a woman—have I your permission to keep her as my own?"

"You have, indeed; and now remove the corpse."

Aneroestes shouldered his burden and left the tent amid silence.

"Himilco," said the General, "that man asked if his rightful plunder would in future be his own, and I assured him that he need have no fear. Do you understand?" and the speaker fixed his piercing black eyes upon his subordinate.

A sneer still lingered about Himilco's thin lips. He simply bowed and answered:

"I understand the reprimand that is perhaps not altogether deserved. The word of a barbarian should not carry too much weight as evidence against an officer of Carthage."

"Your anger prompts you to say unreasonable things. In the presence of us all you admitted the truth of the man's story."

"You misunderstand me. What the mountaineer said about the woman was true, but I would have paid him well for her. Furthermore, it has not been the custom of men of our rank to ask permission of an inferior to gratify our tastes."

Himilco looked about him as though expecting the others present to support this opinion. But sympathy was nowhere visible, and Hannibal sternly answered:

"It has not been customary, as you say, to do this in Carthage, but I hold differently. The rights of my soldiers shall be respected. Any promises I make them must be fulfilled. There can be no exceptions."

Himilco bit his lip while the others murmured approval.

(To be Concluded.)

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A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A Romance in Twelve Chapters.

BY JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND", "JUDITH MOORE", ETC.

CHAPTER II.

He was to see her daily during the summer, breathe the same air with her, commune with her familiarly, and in a measure share the same experiences. This had been all Sidney Martin's thought, from the time he left Vashti Lansing haloed by the yellow afterglow, until the Monday following, when he entered the avenue leading up to the Lansing house.

This time he and his belongings had been driven over from Brixton. The drive had been long—a good ten miles, over dusty mountain roads, between fields crisped and parched by the pitiless sun; but at every turn of the road Sidney's fanciful imagination had figured forth a radiant form which beckoned him on. How sweet the welcoming sign would be when the farewell gesture had been so gracious! And now he had arrived. When, where would he see her first? Would the glory of the setting sun have left her face? Would she——and then he saw her.

In the wide angle made by the wing of the house there grew a great mass of holly-hocks, perfumeless, passionless flowers, fit for the garden of Proserpine. They were in full bloom. Not the pincushiony, double flowers of the "improved"—save the mark!—hollyhock, but the exquisite, transparent, cup-like single ones. In every shade, from crimson to pink, from salmon to white, from lemon to a rich wine colour, they grew there, stiff, stately, severe, their greyish green foliage softening the brilliancy of their blossoms. Scores of yellowish-white butterflies fluttered about them, sometimes entering boldly to the heart of the flowers, sometimes poising upon the button-like buds which crowned the tapering stems. And in the midst of this pure sweetness stood Vashti.

Sidney sprang from the musty carriage and went towards her, going, as it seemed to him, into a more exalted atmosphere at a step.

And as he saw her then, he saw her ever afterwards;—not, perhaps, wholly as man looks at woman, rather as the enthusiast views perfection, as the devotee adores the faith made visible. He saw her not as an individual woman, but as the glorious typification of her sex.

Ah, mysterious medley of mind and body! Ah, pitiful delusion which suggests a sequence of spirit and shape!

She gave him her hand cordially enough, not a small hand, but one exquisitely proportioned to her stature.

"We are so glad to see you," she said. "Father is in the far-away meadow at the hay; Mabella will be here in a moment."

"Is your hand better?" he asked.

"Yes, oh quite!" she replied, pleased that he had remembered.

Temperance and the driver carried the trunk up-stairs; the driver departed and Temperance came to greet Sidney. It was afternoon, and Temperance was busy at her patchwork. She sewed dexterously while she talked.

"Terrible weather, ain't it?" she began. "My soul! Seems to me the Lord's clean forgot us here. The paint on the shed's fair blistered, and the cat's thin with the heat. The grain's done for, and the hay's no better 'n rakings, and as for the roots—well, there'll be none if it don't rain, and do it quick, too. 'Drink, and praise God' the preacher's got painted on his well by the way, and the well's been dry these five weeks. Look at that sky! It's dry as bass wood. My chickings is going

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about with their mouths open, and there's nothing in the ponds but weeds and frogs. They say frogs grow in water, but I never seen the beat of the frogs this year. They say the Frenchers eats 'em. It's a pity our men couldn't learn, and we'd pay a sight less for butchers' meat. My soul!"—Temperance's lecture upon the drought was brought to an abrupt conclusion. Mabella, not seeing Sidney standing in the shadow, had come stealing up behind Miss Tribbey, and suddenly seizing her round the waist swung her round in a breathless whirl.

"My soul!" said Miss Tribbey again, releasing herself violently, and feeling her head and patting her person mechanically, as if to be certain she was intact. "You ain't bridle-wise yet, M'bella. It's cur'us you don't seem to get sense."

Mabella laughed.

Miss Tribbey continued with an ill-sustained show of bad temper, "You kin laugh, but it's discouragin'."

"It is," agreed Mabella blithely. "I'm like Nathan Peck."

"Go long with you!" said Temperance, tossing her head. "Nathan ain't none too brainy, but I never seen any such carryin's on as them with him!"

Temperance beat a retreat to the kitchen. Mabella laughing turned to Vashti, and for the first time caught sight of Sidney.

"Oh!" she said with a little gasp; then pulling herself together, advanced with outstretched hand. The ready rose dyed her cheek. She looked like some pretty culprit child. Her eyes were blue as a gentian flower—"Lansing blue" the neighbours called them. Her mouth expressed all the sweetness of a pure and loving nature. Her air was full of blithe gayety. She seemed the incarnation of summery youth. There was something in her manner, too, of tremulous excitement—as of one not yet knowing life's secret but in sight of the mystery, eager yet afraid of passing its portal.

Sidney was greatly won by her pretty air of deprecation, which mutely apologized for the small whirlwind she had created by her entrance.

"Come," said Vashti to Sydney. "It's too bad to keep you standing here." So they left the holly-hocks.

"Who is Nathan Peck?" asked Sidney of Mabella.

"Temperance Tribbey's beau," she said with a little laugh. "They've been keeping company for nineteen years."

"Don't they know their own minds yet?"

"Nathan does, but Temperance doesn't believe in being hasty," said Vashti with what, in a less majestic creature, might have been a sneer.

"And to tell the truth she doesn't want to leave us," said Mabella, who invariably found the best motive for other people's actions. "She's the dearest old thing!"

"Father declares," said Vashti, "that you are to do exactly as you like. He's working at the hay. They're working late now and we take them out something to eat at four o'clock. If you would like to come with us—"

"Oh, yes," said Sidney, "I should like it of all things."

"Well, we'll be going in half an hour or so. But wouldn't you like to see your room? It's the east chamber. Go up the stairs and turn to the right; it's the second door."

"Thanks," said Sidney. "I would like to get rid of the dust a bit."

He went up the dusky oak stair. The house was carefully darkened to keep out the heat and to discourage the flies. He found his room easily. His trunk was there. The air was fragrant with the perfume from a nosegay of sweet peas and mignonette which stood in a willow-pattern bowl of old blue. Associating each gracious deed with *her* gracious presence, he said to himself:

"Vashti—Queen Vashti—has been here." Then he murmured to himself, "Vashti!"

> "The first sweet name that led
> Him down love's ways."

When he descended in flannels a little later, he found the two girls wait-

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ing on the porch. Vashti was sitting on the steps. Mabella was leading a long-suffering cat up and down by its forepaws, a mode of progression which evidently did not please the cat, whose tail switched viciously at each step. It was released as Sydney stepped out of the hall, and relieved its feelings by deliberately walking over and scratching the old collie's nose, as he lay sleepily waiting for the signal to start. The collie, rudely awakened from his dream, sneezed and turned an appealing look at Mabella, who caught him by his feathery ears and expressed her sympathy in words somewhat unintelligible to the human intellect, but evidently well understood by Bunker.

"Don't forget them cups," called Temperance after them. "And don't spill all that milk afore you get there. It won't make the crops grow." Then she betook herself indoors, to muse upon the advisability of making hot biscuits for supper, and to commune with herself upon the absurdity of men who wore white flannel trousers.

"My soul!" she said, in recounting the experience to one of her neighbours, "It give me a turn when I saw him in them white things. First off, I says, 'He's forgot to dress himself.' Then I saw they was white trousers. Poor crittur! He needs something to set himself off; he's poor looking alongside of Lanty."

But Miss Tribbey's judgment was not to be trusted in respect to masculine good looks, her one unit of comparison being yellow-haired Lanty Lansing, who, tall, broad-shouldered and straight-limbed, was a man among a thousand. Sidney Martin had his fair share of good looks. Under any circumstances it would have been impossible to take him for anything but a gentleman, a gentleman by breeding, education, and natural taste. He, too, was tall like Lanty, but much more slender. He had grey eyes—the dreamy eyes of Endymion, slender, nervous hands, and graceful gestures. He walked with something of a scholar's stoop, and had the pallor of the student. Above all, his face was irradiate with kindliness towards every living thing. His eyes had the dilating pupils of those who are dreamers of dreams. It might be that the ideal would take him greater lengths than the truth. About his mouth lay always a touch of pity—pity for the world about him, which, to his eyes, was so blind to the true good, so bent upon burdening itself with baleful creeds which disintegrated the universal brotherhood of man.

The three young people escorted by the collie, left the house, and turning away from the road, proceeded along a lane which was really a continuation of the avenue without the grateful shade of the trees. The dusty way was strewn with fragrant hay which had fallen from the waggons on their way to the barns. They passed the two broad, shallow ponds, overgrown, as Miss Tribbey had said, with water-weeds and bulrushes. Only a shallow, unwholesome little pool of water remained in each; thirsty birds fluttered about the margin, and, as the three passed, the frogs plunged into the water from every side. The collie walked sedately into the middle of one of the pools, then came and shook himself beside Mabella, spattering her skirts.

The heat was breathless; the earth, beneath the inquisition of the sun, suffered but was mute. And presently they saw the hay-makers, the two sweating horses in the mower, the man tossing the windrows into coils. A great oak tree stood solitary in one corner, and thither the girls directed their steps; a brown earthen jug of water, covered by the men's coats, stood in its shadow. Mabella took off her sunbonnet and waved it wildly by one string. One of the men sent back an answering shout, and tossed a forkful of hay into the air. The sun glinted from the burnished steel of the fork to the yellow hair of its wielder.

"That's Lanty," said Mabella to Sidney, with a certain shy personal pride in her accent.

"Our cousin, Lansing Lansing," amended Vashti.

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"Does he live with you?" asked Sidney.

"No! Oh no! He has a farm of his own, but his haying is all done, and he has come over to help Dad."

"The farmers help each other here, when they can," said Mabella.

Sidney felt enthusiasm surge within his breast; was not this practical communism?

The men had left their work and were coming toward them.

"That's Nathan Peck," said Mabella, "on the left."

Sidney saw him; a serious, sunburnt man, with mild, light-coloured eyes and straight, straggly hair. He was very thin, and wore a woollen muffler around his neck.

"Do you see that scarf? Temperance gave him that three years ago; he's never been seen without it since." Mabella whispered this hastily to Sidney.

"Warm devotion, isn't it?" inquired Sidney as he rose to go and meet his host.

"Isn't he fun?" asked Mabella of Vashti.

"It all depends on taste," said Vashti, indifferently. Mabella did not hear her. She was gazing at her cousin Lanty as he came towards her some yards in advance of the others. Clad in blue jeans, with his shirt open at the throat and his sleeves rolled up to the elbow, Lanty was a man to win ninety-nine women out of a hundred. The odd woman would see, perhaps, too great a capacity for enjoyment in his face; too little of self restraint, too much generosity, too little cool judgment; but if she were discerning enough, she might pierce yet deeper to that natural nobility of character which, through miry places and sloughs of despond, would yet triumphantly set Lanty Lansing upon the solid rock of men's respect.

"Well—you're a sight for sore eyes," he said, flinging himself at the feet of his cousins. "Its worth working for to get over to the shade—and you."

His first words had seemed to address Mabella; his glance took in both his cousins, and each girl took the meaning of the words home to her heart, and doled out a niggard portion to the other. Mabella's confidence had given place to a shy eagerness to please the man she loved. Her eyes dwelt upon him, eager to catch each glance, and she felt that as often as his eyes lighted upon her an unconscious tenderness deepened his voice.

The situation was perfectly apparent to Sidney when he arrived with old Lansing a moment later. Yet Vashti Lansing's blinded eyes saw nothing of it. Rapt in a superb egotism, she erred much in under-estimating her fellows. A more dangerous thing, perhaps, than to over-estimate ourselves. Some instinct made her aware of the splendour of her form; besides that, the women of her race had all been magieful creatures. She had an unfaltering belief in the potentiality of her own will. Long ago they had burned one of her forbears as a witch-women. They said she caused her spirit to enter into her victims and commit crimes, crimes which were naively calculated to tend to the worldly advantage of the witch. Vashti thought of her martyred ancestress often; she herself sometimes felt a weird sensation as of illimitable will power, as of an intelligence apart from her normal mind, an intelligence which wormed out the secrets of those about her, and made the fixed regard of her large full eyes terrible. The film of vanity dimmed them somewhat, but when some rude hand should rend that veil away, their regard might be blasting.

Lanty's wide hat was cast with apparent carelessness upon the grass between him and Mabella; their fingers were interlaced beneath it, or, rather, Mabella's trembling fingers nestled in Lanty's palm. He held them tighter and tighter. A little tremour from her heart communicated with his heart as the electric spark traverses the cable. At the same instant they looked at each other, and read life's meanings in each other's

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eyes. For the moment—unfaltering, steadfast, penetrating—blue eyes met the blue. There was the pause of a heart-beat. Then Mabella's filmed with sudden self-consciousness, and triumph lighted the man's bolder eyes. Mabella almost wrenched her hand free and raised it involuntarily to where her heart, grown too great with its treasure of love, throbbed heavily. Lanty rose to his feet, bareheaded in the sunshine, blinded by the glory and promise of the love he had seen in those kindred eyes. He stood for a moment looking down at her; she looked back at him. Her lips were tremulous, but there was an appealing trust in their sweetness. Lanty could not trust himself farther.

"I'll be off to my hay," he said in vibrant tones. "I hope to see a great deal of you," he added, turned to Sidney. "You must come over and see me; whenever you want a horse to ride, there's one at your disposal. Good-bye, girls, till supper time. Good-bye, Mabella." She looked at him, and he went off to his work, scarce believing in his own happiness, seeing all golden about him, all fair before him—and all this passed amid a group of people, one at least of whom should have had sharp eyes.

One person indeed had noted all—Nathan Peck's light eyes were eloquent of mute sympathy. He, good soul, loved bustling Temperance Tribbey with all his being. Whilst Lanty and Mabella had rested with their hands clasped beneath the old wide hat, Nathan's gnarled fingers had caressed the ends of his muffler. Temperance was always and invariably right, that went without saying, and yet—nineteen years!—surely she was a little hard on them both? Nathan rose with something like a sigh, and proceeded to his work thoughtfully. Sidney talked to Mr. Lansing and feasted his eyes on the suave grace of his daughter. Mabella, her heart too full for careless speech, rose, and, under pretence of chasing the collie, contrived to start down the lane alone. As she reached the bend which would hide her from Lanty, she turned. He was leaning upon his fork, gazing after her. She waved her hand swiftly to him, then turned abruptly and proceeded upon her way, a demure little figure in her pink sunbonnet.

Life stretched before her in a new aspect; the gate was opened but the way was unfamiliar, and her feet faltered before it. She arrived home very soon, and sought Temperance in the kitchen.

Temperance was watering her geraniums in the window, and thinking a small kitchen of her own would be more cosy than the great kitchen of Lansing house.

"Temperance," said Mabella, catching hold of a corner of Miss Tribbey's apron, "Temperance, you weren't cross this afternoon when I pulled you about?"

Miss Temperance looked at her, and set down the old tea-pot which she used as a watering can.

"Say," insisted Mabella, pleating up the corner of the apron.

"What ails the child?" said Temperance—a sudden memory of Mabella's childhood coming to her, again she saw her a yellow-headed baby with irresistible ways.

"But did you mind?" asked Mabella, her lips beginning to quiver.

"Bless it! No, indeed. My lamb, what kind of a cross old stick do you think I am?"

"Temperance, are you *very* fond of Nathan?"

"My soul!" said Temperance. "What next, Nathan?"

"Because you ought to be if you're not," said Mabella. "Oh you ought to be. When a person cares about one you ought to love them—*love* them with all your soul. It's so little to give in return; so——" and then Mabella was in Miss Tribbey's arms, crying as if her heart would break.

And blustering Miss Tribbey petted her and quieted her, and got her out of the way before Vashti and Sidney entered with the dishes from the field, taking her upstairs and putting her to bed as she had done long before when

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Mabella was a little motherless baby.

"You lay still there," said Temperance, pausing by the door. "You lay still there and I'll fetch up your tea."

"You're a dear," said Mabella with a catch in her voice.

Miss Tribbey departed. Wise in her kind old fashion she asked no questions. Miss Tribbey had been young in years like Mabella once, and her heart was young yet.

"Pore girl!" said Temperance to herself, resuming the watering of her geraniums. "Pore Mabella! She ain't got no mother."

Perhaps all the dew which fell upon the geraniums did not come from the old tea-pot. Miss Tribbey's mother had been alive when lanky Nathan Peck began "keeping company" with Temperance. Upstairs in a certain box there yet were quilts that she had patched in anticipation of the wedding which Miss Tribbey's sense of duty had deferred all these years.

Miss Tribbey sighed, and went and carefully considered her countenance in the little square of greenish glass which served as a mirror in her kitchen. She turned away with something like a sob in her throat. "I'm losin' my looks," she said. Then after a moment's pause she drew herself a little more erect, and going to a drawer put on a huge and fresh white apron. She was meeting the ravages of Time with the defences at her disposal. Brave Temperance!

When some two hours later Nathan Peck entered for his supper with the others, he thought that never, surely in all the world, could there be a more soul-satisfying sight than his Temp'rins.

"She beats all the young'uns yet, by jing, if she don't!" he said to himself as he soused himself with soap and water by the door before he came in.

"Here's the comb, Nat," said Temperance, handing him that useful article. He took it, combed his straggly hair straight down over his eyes, and then looked at Temperance appealingly through the ragged fringe.

Temperance 's heart was very soft to-night. She took the comb and parted his hair. When she had finished, she let the palm of her hand smooth over the top and rest an instant. He caught it, and the two looked at each other. What were years and hard-wrought hands to them? They saw themselves young and beautiful in each other's eyes. That sufficed them.

Meanwhile Lanty had passed through the kitchen to the front porch, and not finding Mabella there had come back to the kitchen.

"Well, Temperance," he said cheerily, "how's the world using you? And Temperance—where's Mabella?"

"She's layin' down," said Temperance; "she had a sort o' spell when she came in and I made her go to bed."

"What kind of a spell?" demanded Lanty, his heart standing still.

"Nerves," said Miss Tribbey briefly, avoiding the anxious blue eyes of her favourite. She did not know how far matters had gone, nor how clear an understanding there was between the young people. Miss Tribbey was too staunch a woman to betray her sex even in a good cause, (and the making of a match between these two Miss Tribbey regarded as a distinctly good cause).

"Is it—is it her head?" asked Lanty miserably.

Miss Temperance eyed him severely—but she had misjudged her own strength.

"It's jist nothin' but nerves," she said—"girls' nerves; they're naterally nervous, girls is, and M'bella ain't one of your coarse-grained sort. She's easily upset and tender-hearted as a chicken. My soul! how all the brute beasts love her and how she sets store by them. I tell you that girl can't pass a hen without sayin' something pleasant to it. She'll be all right to-morrow; but Lanty,"—she quickened her speech as they heard steps coming to the kitchen—"Lanty, she's got no mother."

Lanty caught her hand—"I'll be everything to her, if she'll let me," he said.

Then the others came in. Vashti, her father, and Sidney from the porch,

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and Nathan from the back doorsteps, where he had been hugging his happiness by himself.

"Where's M'bella?" demanded her uncle as they sat down. Vashti looked at Temperance for the answer.

"She's layin' down—got a headache with the heat."

Nathan looked up with such sparkling intelligence that Miss Tribbey was forced to reduce him by a look. So he obliterated all expression from his face and fell to his supper with a gusto.

"Well, I declare," said the old man; "she must be terrible bad if she couldn't stay up for Mr. Martin's first meal with us."

"Oh, you mustn't mind me," said Sidney hastily, "and I do wish you would call me something a little more familiar than 'Mr. Martin.' My father always called me Sid."

"Sid you are, then," said old Lansing heartily; "it's mighty handy, that name. If there's anything I hate it's a name a mile long. Nothing like a short name for a dog or a person, I say. For horses and sich it don't matter much, but when you want t' call a dog there's nothing like a good plain name." The old man ran on garrulously, now and then arresting himself to say the others were quiet. Considering that their quietude was somewhat compulsory, as he talked all the time, it was rather astonishing he found it food for comment.

"Well—M'bella do miss considerable," he said; "she's always got something to say, M'bella has. Sometimes 'taint over-wise, but it's always well-meaning. M'bella ain't one of your bristle-tongued women. I tell you I've known women with rougher tongues than a cat's."

"Men's tongues is a good deal like dogs', I notice," said Miss Temperance scathingly, — "that long they can't keep 'em between their teeth. Mighty loose hung, men's tongues is."

"When is the Special Meeting, father?" asked Vashti. Sidney thought how gratefully her soft voice sounded across the strident tones of her father and Temperance.

"Wednesday night," he answered. "You'll go Sid? And you'll be there, Lansing?" The last words were spoken in a tone which challenged denial. But Lanty was in a mood of quakerish peace. He nodded simply. Old Lansing looked very pleased.

"Special meeting!" said Sidney. "What for? What sort of meeting?"

"To pray for rain," said Vashti. "If we do not have rain, the poor people will be ruined and all of us will suffer. Already the hay is lost; we should have had the meeting earlier."

"Then you think—you believe—you believe the meeting will do good?"

"I believe in the answer to prayer," she said a little coldly; "my father is senior deacon in the church."

This seemed hardly a reason for her personal beliefs, but Sidney did not say so.

He began to see her in a new light—a noble daughter of a tottering faith. And as one admires the devotion of a daughter to an unworthy parent, so he admired Vashti in this guise also. The loyalty which made her blind to the faults of a creed was perhaps more admirable than a clearer vision which would have made her a renegade to the faith of her fathers. So Sidney Martin thought as they sat out on the front porch, watching the fireflies flitting in the darkness, living sparks of light, and listening to the cadence of Lanty's violin as he played snatches of old love songs, putting his heart into them—for a little time before he had heard a window softly raised, and he knew that Mabella, too timorous to meet him face to face yet, was listening to and drinking in the message of his music.

(To be Continued.)

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I.

"I AM glad you are prepared to accept my terms," said the manager; "and now, if you please, what songs will you sing? We want their names at once, as we must get out our announcements and programmes and advertisements immediately. Time presses." He glanced at the sheet of paper he held in his hand. Let me see: how does it read? 'Signor Giovanni Metelli's Great Christmas Eve Concert of Sacred Music. Madame Lydia de Meza, the famous American cantatrice, will sing'—what shall we put down? The 'Amore Divino'?"

The famous American cantatrice drew up to her full height—she was a tall and handsome woman, just past her prime, with traces of Cuban blood and some faint reminiscene both of the negress and the Red Indian. "No," she answered haughtily, for she was an imperious creature. "*Not* the 'Amore Divino.' I do not approve of it. It has no soul in it."

"What then?" the manager asked, leaning forward with marked politeness, a lithe, keen-eyed man, pencil in hand, ready to take down the great singer's words as she uttered them.

"How should I know?" Madame de Meza answered, with a genuine air of inspiration. "It comes—my song. I sing what is forced upon me. I am not like all these commercial singers who get up their little parts pat and can bring forth any one of them with equal ease whenever an *impresario* pays them enough for it. That is not *my* way. I have studied my art—oh! how hard; but I cherish it still as a gift from heaven—cherish it as treasure held in trust for humanity. When I walk upon the platform I never know what I am going to sing. I just cast my eyes round upon my audience and take their measure. Then I murmur a little prayer, and wait for guidance."

"A prayer!" the manager cried, astonished.

"Yes, a prayer," Madame answered solemnly. "In a minute the guidance comes; some inner prompting tells me what piece will then and there be best for that public. If it is a sacred piece, well and good; it may touch some hearts. If it is a secular piece, well, too; it may be blessed in its own kind, for all art is to me, in a high sense, sacred. I shall wait and see. When I stand face to face with your people, signor, I shall cast my eyes about and know what to choose for them."

Signor Metelli gazed at her in blank astonishment. Was this woman mad, or was she only affected? In spite of his Italian name, which he had assumed as a matter of business, he was born plain John Mettle, of Bradford, and he was a hard-headed Yorkshireman who had no sympathy with no comprehension of, this strange wayward American. "But we *must* put down something," he went on, fingering his pencil nervously; "we can't leave it quite blank. You are the star of the list, you know."

"Put it down, 'Madame Lydia de Meza will sing two selected songs,' if you like," the handsome American an-

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swered. Then she smiled at him curiously. "Look here, Signor Metelli," she went on, "or whatever else you call yourself. You don't understand me. You think this is just a singer-woman's freak. But I tell you it isn't. You may call me superstitious if you choose. I dare say I *am* a little bit superstitious. I have Spanish blood in my veins, and black blood, too; a drop of Carib from Cuba, a drop of Seneca Indian from North America; but at heart I am a New Englander, a Puritan woman. I've been singing here in Europe, on the public platform, for thirty years, and, thank heaven, I have my voice still, and I have my husband and my children. I don't look upon my art as a toy, I look upon it as a priesthood. Why did God give me this voice? Was it not that I might use it for the good and the hallowing of my fellow-creatures? I use it for that, and I try to do what better work I can with it. Sometimes I succeed. I set men and women weeping, I set them working, I set them praising God, I set them praying. You call that silly. I don't; it's the way God made me." She paused a moment, and looked up once more, with that strange air of inspiration in her big brown eyes. "When I was first studying music," she said, slowly, "I went to Florence, and there in Florence I saw some of Fra Angelico's pictures, who was the holiest man that ever painted. Those pictures made me think; they made me pray. Then I read in a book that Fra Angelico never took brush in hand without falling on his knees and asking for guidance. I thought to myself: 'That's why he could paint like an angel!' Then it occured to me that I, too, would do the same in my art. You can't fall on your knees on a public platform, but you can pray, and I would pray for guidance. It is all the better for the art itself, for the more you think of the sacredness of your art, the nobler will it be; and it's a thousand times better for your own soul and for the souls of your audiences."

The manager stared at her with a blank stare of surprise. "Well, I suppose I must submit," he said, turning it over slowly. "Though, if you'll excuse me, madame, that may be all very well in its way, but—it isn't business."

Madame's eyes flashed fire. "No, thank God!" she answered fervently, for she was a devout woman in her way. "You have hit the truth there. Thank God, it isn't business!"

II.

It was the day before Christmas. Hilda Lovell was walking in a retired part of Kensington Gardens with Percy Emlyn. She had met him by accident, it is true, so far as she was concerned; but he had been loitering about for an hour waiting for her. He knew she often walked back that way from her art-school at Kensington; and this morning he had intercepted her, and told her his secret. Not much of a secret, either, for she had guessed it, and even anticipated it, weeks ago.

"O Hilda," the young man said, as he stepped by her side, all tremulous, after she had whispered her "Yes" to him, "you don't know how happy, how proud, you have made me. Darling, my own home has always been so miserable that I scarcely dared to ask you. I scarcely dared to think you would ever accept me. You know about my poor mother—it is terrible to see her, so lonely, so heart-broken. And it was not my father's fault entirely, either, though he has a violent temper. It was what no one can help—natural incompatibility. They were not the two people best fitted to get on in life together. Each had great virtues, but even their virtues somehow clashed with one another. That made me feel half afraid to ask you. I wondered whether you might think I was too like my father in temper and disposition. But when I remember how you and I were created for one another, it makes me bolder. And when I look at your family—at the happy life your father and mother lead after so many years of marriage—the way they are still like lovers together——"

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Hilda's heart gave a sudden jump. Something seemed to stab her inwardly. What a false note to touch at such a moment! It broke in upon her dream with a hateful shock of reality. Her father and mother! Like lovers together! Oh, ought she to undeceive him? But no, not now. It would be wrong to herself, it would be unkind to Percy, it would be cruel to her parents; for, whatever their differences, they had, at least, loyally tried, for their children's sakes, to hide them from the world, and had appeared, as Percy said, to outward view like a pair of lovers. She turned the subject off with a nervous little laugh and a suppressed sigh, "After so many years!" she murmured. "Why 'after so many years,' Percy? Surely love is for life, and life is all too short for love. I hope you and I will love one another equally—or more, if that were possible—after years of marriage."

"You and I—oh, yes, darling!—you and I—well, you and I are different. But it must give you great confidence to have lived all your life with a father and mother whose love is never clouded, while it makes me so diffident to feel that everyone may suspect me—I hate to say it, but—of being just like my father."

"No one could think you anything but just and sweet and good, Percy."

"Thank you, darling. How dear of you to say so! Well, I mustn't go any further with you now. You will tell your people, won't you? Shall I see you this afternoon, as you said, at the Stanley's?"

"O, Percy, I'm so sorry, I didn't know you were going there! And mother accepted some tickets to-day for Signor Metelli's concert this afternoon. You know, Madame de Meza is singing there."

"That's all right, darling. Then I'll cut the Stanleys and go to the concert, and meet you casually afterwards."

"But you can't get tickets; every one of them is sold. This is her first appearance since she came from Australia, and everybody says she won't sing much longer. She's growing old, you know, though her voice is lovely still; so all London is flocking to hear this concert."

"Never mind," Percy answered; "where there's a will there's a way. I met the de Meza once, at my uncle Hubert's. I shall go to her boldly and ask her for a ticket."

"She'll have none; they're all gone.'

"Then I'll ask for standing room."

"I do hope you'll get it!"

"If not, I shall loiter about the door outside, and wait till you come out. Then your people will see me, and ask me to walk back with them."

III.

They said good-bye near the clump of rhododendrons. Hilda went home, flushed and happy. But the moment of her arrival was, to say the least, an unfortunate one.

Three minutes before she arrived, Mrs. Lovell had ventured into her husband's study. She did not knock at the door. She entered hastily. Wilfred Lovell was engaged in writing the last paragraphs of his chapter on the Primitive Relations of Etruscan Art to Assyria and Egypt.

"Thus we see," he said aloud, reading over his sentence in a balanced voice, to judge of its rhythm, "that the intelligent craftsmen of Cortona and Clusium did not merely accept these imported ideas in a passive manner, but added to them certain original modifications of their own, which entirely——Shut that door! Who comes in without knocking?"

"Wilfred, it's me. I've come to ask you——"

"Didn't I particularly say I wished to be left alone to myself this morning? Didn't I specially ask you to take care that the children shouldn't be allowed to disturb me? Yet only five minutes ago that boy Charlie spoilt the ring of a sentence by bursting in without warning, 'to look for his top,' he said; and now you spoil another by coming to bother me at the precise wrong moment about some domestic matter. Well, what is it this time? Cook giv-

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DRAWN BY J. S. GORDON.

"I read in a book that Fra Angelico never took brush in hand without falling on his knees and asking for guidance."

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en notice, eh? Maria broken something?——original modifications of their own, which entirely alter, and even destroy, the peculiar spirit of the Assyrian artists."

"No, Wilfred; it's not the cook. This is Christmas Eve, you know——"

"Christmas Eve! Oh, nonsense! Why, it's not one o'clock yet! How can it be eve before the day's half over? A transparent absurdity! Well, what do you want me for?"

"We're just going to boil the puddings, and before we tie them up——"

"Do I manage the pudding department?"

"No; but the children say everybody in the house must come and stir them."

"Come and stir them! Louisa! What a ridiculous superstition!"

The children by this time were peeping timidly round the open door. Mrs. Lovell grew annoyed; they were both hot-tempered. "It's not a superstition!" she answered, warmly. "It's just a good old custom. I wonder a man of letters and an antiquary like you doesn't see the picturesqueness and beauty of our quaint old customs!"

"Quaint old rubbish! It *is* a superstition, I tell you! Don't I know a vast deal more about these matters than you do? I've studied their origin. This stirring's un-Christian. It's a relic of the old cannibal sacrificial feast, where every member of the family had to bear his part in the slaying and eating of the human victim. Disgusting puerile trash! I won't countenance such nonsense, Louisa. You're old enough, I should think, to be ashamed of yourself!"

Mrs. Lovell made a deprecating face, and dropped her voice low. "Before the children, Wilfred!"

Her husband turned to his writing. "Get out of this study!" he cried, petulantly. "I will not have you and your children intruding into my room at all hours of the day! This is intolerable—intolerable—that a man engaged upon a serious life-work should be badgered and bullied by a superstitious woman to stir her plum-puddings, in accordance with a ridiculous and degrading custom of our naked ancestors! Get out at once, I say! I don't want you or your puddings!"

The children stared at one another open-mouthed and terrified. Such open ebullitions were unfamiliar to them. But Mrs. Lovell by this time was angry in turn. "I will go," she said, slowly, with suppressed wrath in her voice, "and—I will not come back again. Wilfred, I can stand your vulgar violence no longer. I have made up my mind; I shall get a separation."

At that precise moment Hilda entered.

"Get a separation, then, by all means," the father answered grimly. "None too soon, I think! I've known for months that was the only way out of it. And now that you've dragged your children in on purpose to hear openly what they must have guessed long ago, there's no reason for delay. 'For the children's sake,' we always said; but it's better, after all, the children should know we had parted by mutual consent than be admitted to see us quarrelling like this. For my part, I'm sick and tired of the whole business. I shall go off to the seaside—and get leisure at last to finish my 'Greek and Etruscan Studies.'"

"Mother dear," Hilda said quietly, taking her mother's arm, "come and let me stir the pudding." For she guessed what had happened. "Father, you'll come too." She seized his arm also.

Wilfred Lovell hesitated for a second. It was too abrupt a surrender. But Hilda's touch on his arm was soft, and he loved his daughter. "Well, if you wish it, my dear child," he said slowly, climbing down with an ill grace—"though of course you are aware it's a degrading superstition."

"Yes, dear, so it is. A relic of barbarism. Come and stir the pudding, and explain to us all you have found out about it."

IV.

Lunch was a silent meal. Wilfred Lovell ate savagely, mused and looked gloomy. His wife pretended to be ex-

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DRAWN BY J. S. GORDON.

STIRRING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

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tremely busy with the children's food. The little ones sat awe-struck. Only Hilda tried to keep up some hollow semblance of cheerfulness. But deep in her own heart she was sadder than any of them. She had a sorrow of her own. What a terrible revelation for that trustful Percy!

After lunch, she took her mother's arm again with a gentle pressure. "Now, dearest," she said soothingly, "you must go up and get ready."

"Get ready—for what?"

"Why, you know, for Signor Metelli's concert."

"Signor Metelli's concert! I'd forgotten all about it. I can't go to-day. My eyes are too red, Hilda; I'm not fit for it. Your father's cruelty——"

"That's how you speak to my daughter about her father!" Wilfred Lovell interposed, looking up from the *Spectator*.

"Now, papa, you musn't! Go to your dressing-room and get ready. You must both of you come with me. Do as I tell you, dear. It's the best thing for all of us."

Wilfred Lovell moved with reluctant steps towards the door. "Very well," he said, gloomily. "It won't be for long, that's one good thing. As soon as this beastly Christmas rubbish is over——"

"We shall all settle down again in our places as usual; yes, dear, I hope so. Now go and put on your nice coat—I won't stir out with you in that horrid old one; and, mother dear, you must wear your grey. It's the right thing for a concert."

With infinite difficulty, she got them both off, and induced them to dress. Then she sent for a four-wheeler, and drove with them to the hall. "A pair of lovers," indeed! Her heart sank when she thought how she should ever break the doleful news to Percy. For this time she felt sure they really meant it.

As they were nearing the door, Wilfred Lovell broke the silence in which they had all ridden. "I do this to please you, Hilda my child," he said, looking across at her; "but I want you clearly to understand that the moment this silly Christmas nonsense is finished and cleared away I intend to take your mother's advice and put an end to such scenes by having a separation."

They entered the hall, Hilda trembling. After they had taken their seats, about the middle row, she glanced around the room, on the look-out for Percy. A man would doubtless have failed to find him in so large an audience; but Hilda's quick eyes soon picked him out; he had managed to get a special seat near the platform, no doubt from Madame de Meza. It comforted the poor girl to reflect that, being a man, he would probably fail to perceive the trouble in her face, and the hard look of anger in her father's and mother's. Men don't read these things like women. But the discovery, after all, was merely deferred. Sooner or later, he must know; and then, what a painful beginning for their engagement!

The singers came forward and sang their various pieces. Hilda hardly heard them. Through a veil of mental mist vague sounds of sacred song came wafted across the air to her unheeding ear. She was too full of trouble to notice them. For months she had worn herself out in trying to smooth things down for those two whom she loved so dearly—for she loved them both alike; now the rupture had come, and there seemed no way out of the difficulty made by it.

At last, after three or four performers had been cheered and retired, a hush fell upon the hall—a great hush of expectation. Somebody rustled on to the stage. Madame de Meza swept forward, tall, queenly, defiant. Hilda raised her eyes, and looked upon the great singer. The woman's handsome face and big eyes somehow arrested her attention even then. She looked so strangely sympathetic. For a moment Madame de Meza paused, as the hall rang with redoubled applause at her appearance. Then she closed the big brown eyes; the rich lips moved silently. She was praying, after her wont—praying with her old-fashioned New England earnestness. When she

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raised her eyelids again, she gazed round the room as if in search of something. She was seeking her inspiration. After a restless groping her glance lighted for a second on a fair young girl, with a very white face—white, though it had usually a bright patch of colour; so much she could gather even then, in spite of its whiteness. Madame gazed at the girl long without opening her lips. The audience grew impatient. Signor Metelli waited and twitched his fingers in mute wonder. The great singer's eye wandered on to either side of the girl, and fell on a man and woman in middle life, whom their daughter seemed to separate. All at once, with a rush, an inspiration came over her. She knew what to sing. She lifted her voice and began to pour forth: "John Anderson, my jo, John."

Signor Metelli's face was a study in horror. Was the creature mad? This was a sacred concert! That wild woman would ruin it.

Madame sang on, unperturbed, like an inspired agent:

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But—"

She paused, and then burst out afresh:

"——blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo!



"Madame sang on, unperturbed, like an inspired agent.

There was nothing much in the simple words she sang to produce the effect; it was the way she sang them. She threw herself into the very spirit of Burns' touching ditty. Suddenly, half way through, as if by an inner impulse, Mrs. Lovell changed places noiselessly with Hilda, and sat next her husband. Wilfred Lovell said nothing, but his eyes glistened. He turned and looked. It was thirty years since; yet how pretty she was still, when she turned like that to him!

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The great singer went on :

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither ;
And many a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo!"

She sang it with wonderful force and pathos and feeling. Her own heart trembled. All the hall held its breath. Madame had surely surpassed herself! When she ended Signor Metelli gave a sigh, and breathed again. Business indeed ! The applause was deafening; time after time it swelled afresh. Hilda let her eyes drop. To her immense surprise, there, unobtrusively under the grey cloak, she saw her mother's hand locked fast in her father's !

The rest of that concert was a whirling blank to her. She spent all her time in repressing her happy tears, and silently thanking Madame de Meza.

When all was over, the audience rose and left. The hall thinned fast. Four people alone kept their seats—the Lovells and Percy Emlyn.

Mrs. Lovell dried her eyes, and turned, half sobbing, to her daughter. "Let us go and tell her," she said, simply.

Wilfred Lovell rose too. "Yes, let us go and tell her, dear. I want to ask your forgiveness ; I want—to thank her."

The great singer smiled when they told her. One impulse moved them. She laid hand in hand.

"I saw your daughter's face," she said, "and it seemed to put it into me. But I prayed, you know, too, and—this is Christmas time."

That night Percy Emlyn supped quietly at the Lovells'. More than ever he felt sure his Hilda's parents were like two lovers together.

IN FAIR CANADIE.

(Written in Scotland.)

O BONNIE bonnie mune in the lift sae hie,
Wham saw ye in the Nor'land awa ayont the sea?
Where stars like diamonds shine an' a fervid sun glows fine
On the grapes that bend the vine in fair Canadie.

Wham saw ye on the prairie where flowers blaw free,
Till a' the land's like sunset on a rainbow rippled sea?
Where Nicht's but gentler Day on river, wood an' bay,
An' wild things daff an' play in fair Canadie.

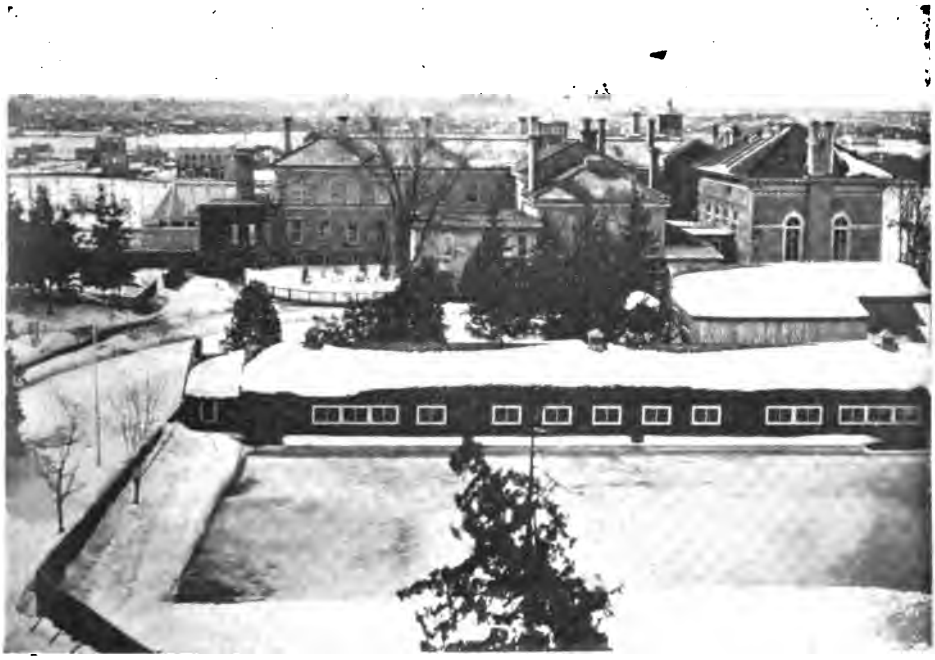
Wham saw ye bonnie mune? an' what said he?
What message sent my ain love to me frae ower the sea?
Said he ne'er a word ava?—will he no come when the snaw
Fa's deep an' covers a' in fair Canadie?

O mune that winna tell, tak this kiss frae me,
An' when his sleep ye smile on ower there ayont the sea,
Loote to my love fu' fain, be kind an' dinna hain,
Till he dreams o' me again in fair Canadie.

Jessie Kerr Lawson.

KEY TO SCOTCH.
To daff is to sport gaily.
Loot means stoop.
Fain means fond.
To hain is to spare, or to save economically.

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RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA, IN WINTER.

In the distance, across the bend of the River, may be seen the Dominion Parliament Buildings.

RIDEAU HALL—PAST AND PRESENT.

THE Earl of Minto is the eighth Governor-General to rule in what has been disrespectfully but truthfully called "a shapeless jumble of buildings." Government House, Ottawa, has also lately received this flattering tribute from the pen of a Chicago journalist: "It is a disgrace—from year to year it has been patched and added to till now it is an ugly and inconvenient old barrack, incumbering an acre or more of the earth's surface, and covering nearly one hundred rooms under its leaky old roof. A destructive fire is needed badly."

That "MacKay's Castle" should have to brook this insult! Ottawa people do not enjoy showing strangers the peculiar beauties of their Government House; but nevertheless few would wish to have a fire sweep away all traces of former occupancy, and all memories of its illustrious inhabitants. It was first of all the house of a man who, by his industry and mother-wit, made a name for himself as a wealthy contractor and member of parliament. The Rideau Hall we know is so different from that



RIDEAU HALL—THE GATE.

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stone building of 1838, that few stop to realize its origin and growth to its present nondescript appearance.

In that year, when Bytown is referred to as "Half a Wood," Thomas MacKay, a canny Scot, bought one thousand acres of good land, and built thereon a mansion—for such it was in those days—of grey stone. The original building was of cut limestone, forty-seven by seventy-three feet, and two storeys high. There were eleven rooms, besides those in the basement and attic. The portico is the same as that now in use, but the original driveway was that bordering on Pine Street. Princess Louise had the second Avenue cut, as well as the "Vista" that goes by her name. The grounds have never been kept in the fine condition in which they were when Mr. MacKay lived. He trimmed the first cedar hedge ever set out in Ottawa, and took a great pride in the beautifying of the grounds. Each tree on the old Avenue, over which the MacKay horses so often stepped, was planted under the direct supervision of Mrs. MacKay, who was very fond of landscape gardening. A round tower and two wings formed the house. Inside it was furnished with all the luxury of that day, which would to us seem cold, stiff and formal. Grecian cornices and mouldings were greatly used as decorations, and were much admired by the visitors to the Castle. The only article that is still in use is a chandelier in one of the rooms. All people of note passing through were entertained at the Hall; Sir Charles Bagot, Lord Metcalfe and Lord Elgin, for whom a large garden party was given, among the number. The Duke of Connaught was also, later on, an honoured guest, and the Prince of Wales was taken over the house and grounds when he visited Ottawa.



RIDEAU COTTAGE.

Mr. MacKay was very fond of music, and the upper room in the tower held violin, piano and harp. His family was a large one and kept the old "Castle" merry. It was taught even then how to echo sounds of gayety. One of the sons distinguished himself in the Mutiny by winning the Victoria Cross, dying, however, in the campaign.

Among the marriages celebrated under the roof of Rideau Hall, were those of Mrs. T. M. Clark and Mrs. T. C. Keefer. "Pretty Mary MacKay," as she was called, the fairest woman some say that ever dwelt there, was married to Mr. Hutchinson, father of Mr. W. C. Hutchinson, in her old home. Lady Dufferin's youngest child was born at the Hall. The building was christened by Mrs. Keefer one day, when some guests were expected. Her father said the place should have a name, and the one immediately suggested by her was at once adopted.

Inside and out, the grey old edifice with its Elizabethan arch and spreading wings, has certainly had much good "siller" lavished upon it since its leasing by the Government, on the 2nd of August, 1865. It was then leased for a term of twelve years at an annual rental of $4,000, with the right of purchase any time within three years; $82,000 was the price eventually paid.

Hon. Mr. Chapais has been blamed for not demolishing the building on its purchase, and having a fit and proper residence for the Governor erected; but we are not all gifted with foresight, and perhaps he did not realize that Bytown had made way for Ottawa, nor that more would be demanded of its Government House than primitive hospital-

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ity. There were no large houses available with as great an extent of grounds surrounding.

When the property was leased the building was immediately enlarged, the designs being drawn up by Mr. Rubidge, the then Architect of the Public Works Department. In July, 1867, the improvements and additions to the grounds and building had cost $80,-819.66, and Rideau Hall was then a building with a front of two hundred and ten feet by fifty-six feet, with a rear wing and basement. It was ornamented with a long verandah, as in the accompanying photograph. The property, which included the "Rideau Hall Domain," the "Bay" and the "Triangle," made a total of eighty-eight acres. In the spring of 1868 Rideau Hall was bought by the Government. Not being of a statistical turn of mind I would have none of the Auditor-General's report, in which is set down with fearful accuracy, and at great length, the expenditure, which this act of folly entailed. But he who will may find out the amazing total, and have his own opinion of the extravagance of the powers that be, and were.



RIDEAU HALL—THE APPROACH.

But the first Governor, Viscount Monck, did not come to a very luxurious establishment; nor did he disburse much of his own wealth for the very good reason that he had little of this world's gear. Very little entertaining was done by him. He had no carriage and pair save when John Tozer, a well-known "citizen of credit and renown," scoured the city for horses and drove a spanking four-in-hand down to the Hall for His Excellency. The latter's usual way of reaching the city was by a boat.

Sir James Young, Lord Lisgar, was, if truth be told, slightly penurious. It is said that on a day when guests were invited till the hour of eight p. m., the gas went out at the fateful stroke, and the forlorn guests, huddled in the dark on the steps, waited impatiently for their carriage to "block the way." In a letter written by a Nova Scotian in 1872, this pen picture of the times is given: "I sha'n't libel Lord Lisgar, and therefore I won't say that the parties are very numerous or very pleasant. 'God Save the Queen' plays you out at ten o'clock. We have here Butcher to the Governor-General, Purveyor and Apothecary."

The Earl of Dufferin was the first to raise Rideau Hall to its proper dignity. He added the ball room, in which the theatricals for which his regime was famed, were given. Here, too, the merry skaters, after skimming over the rink, danced the winter afternoon away. The brass sockets of the standards erected in this room, to set apart and enclose the Vice-regal Court when they danced the quadrille of honour, may still be seen there. But

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RIDEAU HALL—A REAR VERANDAH.

the standards themselves and silken encircling cord have long since gone. When the Princess Louise saw them she was dismayed, and ordered them to be taken away at once.

So it has been with all the fancies of the various residents—"Sic transit gloria gubernatoris." Was Lord Dufferin's soul satisfied when he had green hangings and red furniture, or Lady Dufferin pleased to tint her boudoir in delicate pink? Then came the Princess with her love of dark paper and tapestry, her artistic tastes and liking for peacock blue and peacock feathers. And she in turn made way for other tastes and desires. This lends point to a question asked of a courteous official as to why the Governor's guests must sit in chairs of dubious upholstering covered by a simple chintz.

"Was it not a poor covering for those ancient chairs whose glory had departed?"

"Well," he said, gravely, "it's this way, you see; upholstering comes high, and as each Governor's lady likes different colours, and the Government—especially this one—is most economical, they can get what they want by changing the colour of the chintz." Which, after all, is a most ingenious way of suiting the capricious feminine one.



RIDEAU HALL—THE LAWN.

The Earl of Dufferin's study was full of sketches and portraits, many of them of his wife. During his reign the Racquet Court was added; many theatricals and plays in which children acted were given, together with moonlight parties, the first ever enjoyed in Ottawa. The Log Cabin, lately devoted to Lady Marjorie's use, and called by

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her "Holiday Hut," where she was wont to cook and keep playhouse, was built by the orders of the Princess, who also had a Studio erected for her use. Lady Marjorie used to scrub the floor of this house with her own fair hands, and she is said to have hinted that she did not consider Her Royal Highness any too good a housekeeper.

The toboggan slide near the "Hut" is always well patronized at skating parties.

The following is a list of additions to Rideau Hall since 1867; their cost, together with the house itself, being $300,000. There were added a conservatory, vinery, cottage residence, stabling, coach house, guard house, lodge, iron gates and stone pillars, Rideau Cottage, gardener's cottage and laundry.

The finest Cricket Ground in Canada is the field in front of Rideau Hall, but it is sacred to the use of the Ottawa Cricket Club for ever; and men in flannels disport themselves on the Crease in the hottest days in summer. The late Capt. Urquhart and Lord Lansdowne were enthusiastic cricketers.

The Rideau Hall of the present is a long rambling structure which all too plainly shows that it is patchwork. As will have been seen from the foregoing, it is of no particular period of architecture nor uniformity of design; it is an embodied mistake which all the addition in the world can never rectify, but nevertheless is it worthy of regard. And though it cannot inspire love even in the hearts of those who have dwelt there, and only gains contempt from the passer-by, it has the majesty of any house wherein the angels of birth and death have entered; and, in addition, a dignity all its own. It has grown with Ottawa and is a part of it. Almost every Governor has left something by which it is the richer; and when the time comes, if it ever does, for old and new to crumble in a common ruin, there will be some regret doubtless, mingled with rejoicing, over the end of the "disgrace" that cumbers the ground.

On entering the Avenue leading to Rideau Hall, the Lodge must be passed; an odd looking octagonal structure of yellow brick. Rideau Cottage, the residence of the Governor-General's Private Secretary, is not visible, only its roof peeping through the trees behind the Hall. It is reached in a roundabout way, but it is really nearer than it looks. Crichton Lodge, the residence of Mr. T. M. Clark, picturesque with red roof and gables, was at one time the Secretary's house, and the Cottage suffers by comparison, although it is bright and cheerful within.



RIDEAU HALL—THE MORNING ROOM.

The arm of the Racquet Court—now used for a supper room at dances—reaches in yellow distance in advance of the older portion of the hall, or rather to one side of the portico where

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cabs and coupes now as ever deposit their fair burdens. On entering the Hall two flights of stairs ascend. The one on the left leads to the Ball Room, the beauty of its white and gold mouldings and cornices striking the eye at first glance. It is carpeted in the same rich crimson as the lobby, stairs and corridors. On great occasions there is set up the dais or throne, over which hangs the oil painting of Lord Aberdeen done by Robert Harris. The building is very plainly finished throughout. With the exception of papering and painting, the rooms and the furniture they contain remain unchanged from one generation of Governors to another. In some of the rooms upstairs the carpets look decidedly the worse for wear. The corridors are the most striking feature. The lobby narrows into one long aisle connecting the old part with the new; turning to the left by the conservatory it ends in the Chapel. The deep red carpet, with its suggestion of warmth and luxury gives a very pleasing effect. In Lord Dufferin's time there was a skeleton, not indeed in his cupboard, but in the corner spoken of, and it used to be one of the traps laid for the unwary to come with a sharp turn upon the apparition. It was one used by the Governor to help him in his art studies, and was afterwards given to Sir James Grant, whose children dubbed it "Count Fosko."



RIDEAU HALL—THE ENTRANCE.

From a skeleton to a ghost is not a very far cry, and there is just a faint suspicion of his ghostship about the place, an elusive legend that will not be hunted down, and in fact a hint of such a thing is all that is needed to put the old "castle" on a proper and respectable footing, for all ancient and honourable houses should by rights have a "haunt." Eerie stories were told at the time of its dismantling and altering by the Government, and the whisper that the place was haunted doubtless sent many a servant maid shivering to bed, but the only unrestful spirits ever evoked were the dusky bats which issued in great numbers from their hiding places as, disturbed, they flew distractedly about the tenantless and echoing rooms. For it is useless to try to invest Rideau Hall with romance and mystery; it is not old enough for legends to have become respected and safe from the hand of the antiquarian iconoclast. It is not a ruin, picturesque, and beautiful in decay; rather it is prosaic and humdrum to the last degree.

A subterranean passage was once discovered beneath the house, and excitement ran high over the terrible deeds that might have been done in the bowels of the earth; skeletons were confidently and momently expected, and every one was on the qui vive for startling developments, when the quest ended ignominiously in an abandoned

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ice-house. Mr. Mackay had long before made the experiment of keeping ice under ground and, finding it a failure, had blocked up the passage again.



RIDEAU HALL—THE DRAWING ROOM.

Her Ladyship's boudoir or study, that of His Excellency, and the drawing room form a suite of rooms in which the colour scheme is the same. They are carpeted in the crimson brussels used in the corridors; the paper is of pale green. The drawing room is the largest room in the house, except the ball room, and it overlooks the lawn. Pale green chintz covers the furniture. An object always of much interest is the door painted by H.R.H. Princess Louise; the small panels are gilded, and the whole door covered with boughs of crab-apples, the effect being extremely pretty. Otherwise this reception room is not remarkable in any way for its beauty. Lying on the table amongst the books was noticed a number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE. In Lady Aberdeen's study are several good pictures; there is, too, an illustration of the Irish village at the World's Fair. A grandfather's clock is in the room, and Gladstone's face looks down be-nignly from the wall. The Earl's sanctum is very similar, though smaller. Those who are invited to dinner at Government House dine in a room that can seat thirty. The ceiling and walls are tinted in terra cotta, the mouldings being of black and gold. A stuffed bear stands in one corner, a memento of the Quebec Carnival.

Two bronze busts look from their niches on those who ascend the stairs. The guests' bedrooms are very small for the most part; in those of His Excellency and Her Ladyship the furniture gives the effect of solidity and massiveness. Lady Marjorie's room is in the old part, near that most interesting chamber, the "Oval Room," which reminds one of the days that are gone. The latter is full of old associations and memories. In the Dufferins' time it was a ball-room, and it has been since used as a morning-room, bedroom, study and school-room. During the present regime it was used in the latter capacity, and though, as far as Lady Marjorie Gordon is concerned, "the child is a woman, the book may close over, for all the lessons are said," yet it is full of mementoes of her happy school days and those of her brothers. The wall is decorated with hockey sticks, dumb-bells and tennis racquets, and, of course, the ever-necessary maps. There are rules for the guidance of the little students, and there is one announcement which must be mentioned at the risk of intruding on the family privacy. A huge poster calls attention to the fact that A. and M. Gordon are able and willing to take photographs "unrivalled for delicacy and finish" for such as will pay five cents a sitting. Samples of the work are given, endorsed as "speaking likenesses" taken at rather in-

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RIDEAU HALL—THE LOBBY.

auspicious times for the victims.

The unused table was given over in holiday times to a miscellaneous collection of toys, decrepit dolls and Fuzzy-Wuzzys in dogs, and all the paraphernalia of Childhood's Make-Believe. The carved and decorated ceiling was at one time gilded, but Lady Stanley had it tinted a cream white when she used it for a bedroom.

With the Chapel —the gift of Lord Aberdeen to Canada — this description of Rideau Hall must close. It is of oak, and can seat about one hundred. The building is lighted by electricity, and the diamond-paned windows are faintly coloured in pink and green. "Fortuna sequatur" is the motto of the donor. We will hope that fortune may not only follow him to his new home, but that her fickle regard may linger over Rideau Hall.

Florence Hamilton Randal.

A FOREWORD TO "NORLAND LYRICS."*

(To E. R. MacD., W. C R., and T. R.)

SISTER, and Brothers, not by blood alone
Kinship inalienably dear we own,
Nor hearts close knit in common joys and tears
And memories of dear familiar years
That pledge the deep endurance of our love;

But also by the fellowship of song,—
One art, one aim, one impulse,—we belong
Each to the other! Therefore let this word
Though poor, amid your northland notes be heard
For craft and kin and the loyal warmth thereof.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

* These lines were written as the prologue to a volume of poems entitled "Norland Lyrics," by Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, William Carman Roberts and Theodore Roberts, presently to be issued by Small, Maynard & Company, of Boston.

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HOLY SAINT CLAUS.

BY "KIT."

"AND they do say, Honor, that he travels in a sledge pulled by reindeers that can climb up on the roofs of the houses an' come down the chimly" said the Child.

The old woman knocked the ashes out of her pipe. "They do have horns, them reindeers, I've heerd tell."

"Big horns, Honor."

"Mebbe they'd get cotched in the chimly?"

"Oh, no, Honor," said the Child in her grave voice, "they couldn't. There's nothin' in all the world could keep Saint Claus from comin' down the chimly Chrismas night. He's—he's got to come down."

The little wise head shook till the bright curls danced in the fire light.

"Shure if 'tis a saint he is, he can melt the deer's horns out of the way," said the old woman, "but its a quare way to be comin' into anybody's house. Why couldn't he dhrive up on a horse an' car an' knock on the door like a gentleman?"

"Becos' a saint isn't a gentleman, Honor," said the Child in her gentle little voice, "and besides there wouldn't be any difference 'tween him an' anybody else if he did it that way."

"He'd be a dale comfortabler," said the old woman.

Outside the wind was singing carols; now tapping playfully on the panes of the kitchen window, now stooping to whistle in at the key-hole. The old woman and the Child sat before the dying turf fire, the Child in her little high arm-chair and Honor on the low stool beside her. They were loving friends these two, the old child and the real one; both of the kind that people God's kingdom; both full of the gentle wisdom that He loves, but that the great, grown-up world calls folly.

The old woman began to cut up the last of the knob of tobacco she held in her hand. She pushed it down into her pipe and stooped to the hearth for a live coal.

"An' who was tellin' you them stories, asthore?" she asked, after a brisk pull or two.

"Mamie Fallon," said the Child in her high, clear voice, "she said how that Saint Claus called on Chrismas night down every chimly that had a child in it, an' if the child hung up her stockin' outside her door, he'd pack it with good things, sweets an' nuts an' oranges, an' maybe dollies;"—the little high treble voice broke into a squeak—"Mamie's mammy told her about it out of a book—a holy book—an' she's got her stockin' all ready."

"An' my lamb hasn't got any mammy." The old woman did not say the words, but they filled her heart, and the faded eyes that had rarely filled for her own griefs grew dim with the scant, hard tears of the old; the tears that seldom fall, but scald the eyes with their bitter waters.

She thought of the grand stepmother up in Dublin—the grand London lady the old master had married. High and mighty times she was having, no doubt, thinking little of the child she had left in "that dreadful Irish rookery" to the care of the old nurse. At the Castle she was, maybe, this Christmas night, dancing with the Lord Lieutenant, no less—"in the hall of Saint Patrick for all we know."

"Honor." The sweet, shrill voice broke in on her cogitations. "Honor, do you think if I was to hang up me stockin' Saint Claus would know, an' come an' fill it with something?"

"Sorra wan of him could help himself asthoreen if he was travellin' this a-way—but"—in a sudden hurry—"troth, Miss Doreen, its passin' by the house he'll be it we don't go to bed

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soon, a-lanna. Shure 'tis near nine o'clock it is."

Upstairs in the little lobby-room the Child sat on the side of her bed and talked in her wistful way while old Honor took off her shoes and stockings. "We'll get a clean wan,"—she said in her soft brogue—"out of the press, to hang up for the Saint, Honor, the longest wan you can find, and the fattest."

"God help the child," said the old woman as she hung the limp, black stocking on the nail—"God help the poor childeen. Shure He'll send th' ould Saint on his reindeer. He couldn't refuse the child. I'll just throw me shawl over me head an' step out to the village an' ax Widow Dooley if ever she heerd the like."

But first Honor went to the small room where she slept, a tiny, windowless pocket of a place where little daylight ever entered. Lighting a "bit" of candle she turned back the mattress and drew out the long, gray stocking in which she kept her money.

"Failing the Saint comin'—'tis busy he'll be, the crathur, if he has to go callin' on all the childhre of the world—I'll buy somethin' beyant at the shop for the childeen's stockin'," she said, as she fumbled in the woollen toes. "Begor 'tis little that's in it—on'y elevenpence. Bad scran to me entirely, givin' thirteen shillin's last half gale to the agint on account of Maureen Doherty's land. What right have I to be payin' the rent for me cousin's wife's sister-in-law? An' here I am left without a shilling for me own little child. The sorra a sixpence would I borrow from th' ould housekeeper here if th' eyes was to fall out of me head on the 'count of it. Maybe I could get sixpennorth of something for the child anyway."

Brisk was Widow Dooley on her feet behind the little block of counter that bit deep into her kitchen. Up and down clammered the scales with their ounces of tea and half-pounds of raisins. Busy too, was her tall son, Peter, stooping for herrings out of the barrel, and joking with the *girshas* as he sold them the Christmas candles. A pleasant word for everybody had the mother and son as they bustled about from one to the other.

"Ah, then, God save yourself, and a merry Chrismas to you, Honor," said Widow Dooley in response to the old woman's greetings. "How is it with ye at the Big House to-night with the masther and misthress off in Dublin?"

"Middlin', middlin', Mrs. Dooley, thank you kindly," said Honor, as she edged her way through the people. Leaning over the counter she whispered a word into the good woman's ear:

"Sorra Saint of that name I ever heerd tell of," said Mrs. Dooley with a shake of her cap-borders; "but shure there's many a holy man in the calendher that's past understanding be the name they put on him. An' now you tell me he comes all over the world, down the chimley wherever there's a child! Dear, dear! and its ten of them I rared without bit or sup from him. A couple of herrin's? Certainly, Mrs. Casey, ma'am—an' how's Father Mike gettin' on at Maynooth, now? An' ounce of twist for your father, is it, Jimmy O'Dowd? an' the divil a penny in your fist to pay for it! Don't you know well that 'tisn't any score a shop like this is afther givin'? Run away home out o' that, an' come back with the thruppence." So the good woman rattled on.

Honor withdrew into the background and looked about her carefully. There was no use troubling Widow Dooley with any more talk about Saint Claus. She knew no more about it than Honor herself. Maybe 'twas a new Saint they made a while ago, that "the quality" knew about, but that hadn't reached the country people yet. Certain it is, that these simple country people, filled as they were with song and legend and superstition, had never become acquainted with the quaint German story of Santa Claus.

The shop "window" was merely the four crooked panes of the cabin. They were stuffed with everything. Soap, starch, blue, potash, tape, little cakes, thimbles and bread were jumbled behind the crossed pipes and heavy roll

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of shag that occupied the foreground. A couple of bottles of sticky lemon drops and bull's-eyes fused together, were flanked by crockery, Connemara stockings, yarn and a few packets of corn-flour.

In the midst of these, radiant in a skimp pink calico frock, and white cap with grotesque borders, stood a gutta percha doll. She was extremely ugly, with her crooked slit of a mouth and eyes cut on the bias, but the heart of the old woman swelled with joy as she asked, in an awed voice, the price of this wonderful being.

"The gutty perk doll? A shillin'—not a ha'penny less," said Widow Dooley, pausing in counting some change to answer. "A Galway thraveller, on his way to Athlone, stopped here last night but one, and sold me three of them. They're all gone but this wan, an' she's the purtiest of the lot."

"I'm—I'm a little short to-night, Mrs. Dooley," said Honor, her old face flushing as she fingered the coppers in her hand nervously; "I could make it up to you in a day or so, ma'am. I'd like to have the perk doll, an' a thrifle of sweets, to give—for me—me niece's child, little Katie, for the Chrismas—if you could oblige me—"

"An' if 'twas only a matter of obligin', Honor Walsh, it's the preference you'd have before any woman in the three parishes; but if I was minded to ever so bad, I couldn't let you have the credit, asthore—'deed I could not. I gave me promise on my bended knees to the Blessed Virgin, at the last Station, that the sorra a score I'd let rise in the shop for two long year. An' 'tisn't breakin' me oath to the Mother o' God you'd have me be doin', Mrs. Walsh, ma'am?"

The old woman sighed. She laid her little pile of coppers on the counter, and, turning her back, began to fumble beneath her shawl. Then she set a thin gold ring upon the little heap. Time had bitten into its edges and paled somewhat the golden glory it had once worn, just as he had withered the cheeks and dimmed the eyes of little Honor Walsh.

"I've never had it off me finger since John Walsh put it there five and thirty year ago, indeed I haven't Ma'am" said the old woman as she took the rubber doll and little paper of bulls' eyes and tucked them under her shawl.

"No doubt, Honor, no doubt. I'll take good care of it till you can pledge it back, a-lanna. Now then, Mary Mulcahy—a pound of raisins? In a minnit, woman, in a minnit."

"Sorra blast of a pipe I'll have on Christmas Day," said old Honor Walsh as she trotted home happily with her "perk" doll. "Mebbe Mick Curly'd give me a grain to put me over the holiday."

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Long, long did the child lie in her little bed, awake, listening with a throbbing little heart for the sledge bells of Saint Claus, and the sound of the reindeers' feet pattering over the house-top. Once she flew up in the bed, her eyes big and wide, the blood leaping to her little cheeks. But it was only the wind sweeping the chestnut boughs against the window pane. Towards morning, worn out, the little brown head nestled close against the pillow, and the small bunched figure huddled quietly down under the clothes and lay there lost in the deep sleep of childhood.

Outside the door, down on the floor under the stocking, another child watched. An old, old child with a curiously puckered face and faded eyes. Honor Walsh, with the "gutty perk" doll wrapped in the corner of her apron, waited through the long night for the coming of the Saint.

"Mebbe if I'll be prayin' he'll come quicker," she thought, and began the Litany. One Saint followed another but all came to a halt by Saint Claus.

"Holy Saint Claus, pray for us. Holy Saint Claus, come if you're for comin', asthore." She would give him the doll when he came and ask him to bless it and supplement her gift with an orange, and an apple and, maybe, a little cake. So she sat on the floor

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with her back against the wall, waiting placidly, now praying, now dozing, at last falling into a heavy sleep.

Outside, the wind rose and fell, drifting the chestnut boughs against the pane and crooning softly, in the top branches, a little Christmas song. Slowly waned the night. Slowly the dawn swept across the sky, gray and chill. All at once a door was flung wide and a little figure in white pattered over the floor in bare feet. Limp and motionless against the wall dangled a lean, black stocking, and down on the floor under it lay a little, old woman fast asleep.

The child cast herself, crying loudly, upon this small huddle of humanity.

"Oh, Honor, Honor — he didn't come—he didn't come—after all!"

The thin voice pierced through the very being of the sleeping woman. With a start she scrambled to her feet and looked about her. She saw the poor little figure of the child bent over and trembling under the storm of sobs; she saw the lean stocking dangling on the wall. Then an inspiration from heaven itself filled the loving heart of this little, old woman.

"Don't cry, murneen," she said, "don't cry, a-lanna. Shure the holy Saint came. Glory be to him! An' see what he brought! He tould me—he was in that hurry on his thravels, the crathur!—to put them in the stockin' meself—but shure I forgot a-murneen, I forgot entirely, God forgive me!"

Kathleen Blake Coleman.

THE MASTER MIND OF "HOLLYDENE."

IT was about a year ago, and on this particular evening—I can never forget it—I was anxiously walking up and down my library. My senses were bewildered. I would stop every now and then, pass my hand quickly over my heated forehead and distractedly say, "what *can* I do?" and then I would continue my impatient walking, all the while endeavouring to find some answer to that momentous question. I could, however, think of nothing I had omitted that could possibly help me in my search, and finally concluded that the best thing that I could do was to ease my anxious mind by going to the "Club," and drowning my sorrows in the wild joviality of a merry crowd of club-mates.

I was, however, prevented from carrying out my intention by a rather unexpected occurrence. There was a knock at my door, and my valet entered and presented me with a card, which read, "Mr. Andrew W. Jackson, *Hollydene*." "Why on earth should Andrew Jackson call on me?" I thought; I could never remember having met him, although his appearance at the "Olympia" was not unfrequent. However, I told my servant to show him in.

Yes, it was Mr. Jackson who appeared at the door, but notably changed. His tall, splendidly-formed body seemed a little stooped, and his head to have lost that aristocratic poise that was in keeping with his position. His usually dark face was very pale, and contrasted greatly with his jet-black moustache and dark piercing eyes; while instead of his accustomed pleasant expression, his face wore a haggard and worried look, that betokened either great care or severe illness.

He smiled pleasantly, and advancing, we shook hands; while offering him a chair, I remarked that though I had seen him often at the "Club," I had never the pleasure of meeting him.

"Your face is quite familiar, Mr. James, but I don't remember ever having met you either," he said, and abruptly changing the subject; "But the reason of this visit—perhaps you can surmise?"

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"What else can it be?" I thought; and almost instinctively I felt that this unexpected visit from the master of *Hollydene* was in connection with the mystery.

"I have an idea," I said; "but—

"Pardon me for interrupting you, Mr. James, but are you the person to whom this advertisement directs?" and pulling out an S—— *Times*, he read as follows:

"A liberal reward will be paid for information leading to the discovery of the whereabouts of Mlle. Dufreil, of Paris. She is about five feet four inches in height. When last seen she wore a dark green walking-dress with a narrow silver belt. Her hat was a light felt, of fedora shape, with a straight black feather. Apply to L. R. James, 37 D—— St., S——."

"Yes," I replied, with a great effort suppressing my excitement. "Mlle. Dufreil disappeared about a week ago from the house of her uncle, M. Caron, and as he was rather old to attend very energetically to the search, I offered my services." I had become quite calm by this time, and added, "have you any information to give?"

"I am not sure," he replied slowly, "but I think I have the right person in mind; still I would like to be *positive*." He stopped, leaned his head upon his hand, and remained looking down in deep thought.

I had almost lost all patience, when he looked up and his face brightened as a possible solution of the difficulty presented itself.

"Perhaps—you—have—a likeness of the young—lady?" he said hesitatingly. Yes, I had, and snapping open the locket on my chain, I held it up to him. He happened to catch sight of the miniature first, and a knowing smile played for a moment around his mouth; it soon disappeared, however, and after looking intently at the picture of Mlle. Dufreil, he said, I thought rather gravely, "I feel quite sure now; one could not forget that sweet smile soon; I don't wonder at your loving her."

That little touch of sympathy almost unnerved me, and with no small effort I controlled myself, and said somewhat angrily, "Mr. Jackson, if you know anything, why don't you tell me? Can't you realize how terrible this suspense is to me?"

"Yes, Mr. James, I do, but there is a difficulty about"—and he hesitated. I could hardly believe about the reward, but I was desperate, and ready to do anything that might hurry matters; so I said quickly, "come, let us agree upon the reward."

"But I don't think we can," was the unexpected reply. "However, I will explain what I require of you, in exchange for my information, and then we shall see."

Leaning forward in his chair and fixing his dark eyes on me, he slowly and deliberately said: "No doubt you have met, either in your university studies or in general reading, with the theory advanced by some that 'mind has control over matter!'" I nodded assent. "Well, I have a theory which goes one step further and says 'that certain minds, under favourable conditions, have a direct and controling influence over certain other minds.' I need not enumerate the hundred-and-one occurrences that have led me to such a peculiar belief, but, that such is the case is my firm conviction. The fact, however, remains to be proved.

"For some months I have been endeavouring to find a suitable subject for the experiment. I did not care to ask any of my near friends to act, and, outside of them, could not obtain anyone of sufficient keenness of intellect, who would care to hazard the experiment for mere pecuniary gain. I feel I have in you, Mr. James, all that could be desired in the requirements mentioned above, and, although it may seem cruel and unmanly of me to try and force you to something, which under ordinary circumstances you would not consider for a moment, still I cannot—must not—lose this opportunity to attempt the experiment, the successful outcome of which has been my daily thought and nightly dream for many months." He stopped, and his eyes,

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at all times bright, now glowed with an unnatural ardour, and were fixed on mine with a terrible earnestness. He then continued slowly, "will you consent to act for me to-night, in return for the information?"

I hesitated, not knowing what to do. I did not care to deliver myself body and soul into the power of another man, and yet I felt I must know the fate of Élise, and, as Andrew Jackson was apparently the only person who could enlighten mè, what could I do but consent? However, in spite of my desire to know what had befallen my fiancée, I do not think I could have agreed to this proposal, had I been complete master of my will-power; but, as I have since become convinced, I was not. I can clearly remember how those dark flashing eyes fairly pierced my soul; and I can remember him slowly but determinedly repeating, "Will you consent to act?"

What should I say? My natural inclination was to answer "no," but the word seemed to stick in my throat, and I murmured a reluctant "yes."

He seemed much relieved and said: "Come, Mr. James, my carriage is waiting."

"But," I interposed, "you have not told me." "Come with me, trust me, and I will tell you everything," he interrupted. With that I followed him to his carriage, jumped in, and, after a half-an-hour's drive, found myself at *Hollydene*.

Mr. Jackson hurried out of the carriage and up the steps. He led the way through several spacious halls and rooms to his library, reaching which he asked to be excused and disappeared through a door at the farther end. I had only been left with my none-too-pleasant thoughts but a few minutes when he reappeared at the door. His face, hitherto so pale, was now flushed, and his eyes seemed almost on fire as this, the supreme moment, had at last come; his thin lips quivered when he spoke and said: "Please, come this way, Mr. James." And once more I followed his bidding.

In a few minutes I found myself in a room about fifteen feet long by ten feet wide and ten feet high. Its plainness surprised me, for the walls were perfectly black, and I felt almost as if I had entered the den of some dread conjurer in league with the "Prince of the Black-Art."

Almost immediately out went the lights; I heard a creaking of wheels, as of a curtain going up; on went the lights again, and there, filling the whole of the opposite end of the room, was as perfect a reproduction as art could make, of one of the beautiful walks through the forest that surrounded *Hollydene*.

I stood in silent admiration and drank in the beauties of that familiar scene. I saw the two long lines of rugged oaks and magnificent elms stretching before me and merging in the distance into a leafy wilderness. There was the well-worn path cut out from the walk and beaten hard by the footsteps of many generations. I saw the ivy enveloping the sturdy oaks in its green folds; and the towering elms which seemed to stoop their majestic heads as if to meet their shorter companions, and here and there, where the tops of the trees did not meet overhead, one could catch a glimpse of the clear blue sky. In places the sun forced his way through the mass of foliage, checkered the grassy floor of the forest and lit up the vari-coloured wild-flowers peeping modestly out from among the grass and light undergrowth.

It was indeed a beautiful scene; and with very little effort of my imagination I transported myself there, and was once more enjoying another pleasant walk with Élise. I do not know how long I could have been gazing at the picture, lost in the shadowy realms of my imagination, but gradually, indeed almost imperceptibly, the picture began to fade away. I rubbed my eyes; but to no purpose; the details had almost all disappeared. The lights must be going out, I thought, and was about to turn and ask Mr. Jackson, when those piercing eyes of his met mine. I started; a shiver swept

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through my body, and I realized that I was giving way to the terrible influence of some subtle power in his possession, in spite of every effort I could make. What could I do? *Nothing*. I was as it were falling gradually asleep, and it was at that moment, when I had almost lost consciousness, that a glass of—well, I must confess I do not know what—was handed me, which I mechanically took and drank.

In a short time a peculiar tremor shook my body, followed by an exceedingly strange sensation. I felt as if my body were devoid of all weight; and my mind, thus rid of any material encumbrance, was suspended in mid-air, however, possessed of all its faculties, and those extraordinarily keen.

My eyes were immovably directed before me towards the picture, which now began to reappear, and, if possible, more beautiful than ever. I could hardly believe my eyes, but it was unmistakeable—life had crept into the hitherto quiet scene. A gentle wind whispered among the trees, and gently waved their leafy tops; and other wild-flowers were exposed to view, bending and bowing before the mild breeze. The sharp chirrupings of some robins fell upon my ears, and also the chatter, chatter of some frisky red squirrels that were scampering about in mad haste from one tree to another; and thus I saw the familiar scene as I had seen it many a time. But there were fresh arrivals; for far down the path, and seeming to have emerged from the leafy wilderness, I saw a couple come walking slowly towards me. Two lovers, I thought, for this was a favourite retreat for that happy and quiet-loving race. They came nearer, and nearer, and the details of dress and expression gradually worked themselves out; and as they did so the young lady's appearance seemed strangely familiar. Her dress and hat were very much like those of Élise; she smiled, and then there was no doubt; it was my dear fiancée—but with some other man. For a moment I was in despair, but this soon gave way to a perfect rage, and I was frantic to go and tear her away from that man's company and take my place at her side. But no, I could not move; my mind was free to go, but had lost all control over my body, and all I could do was to remain an enraged spectator of a scene that almost drove me mad with jealousy.

They came still nearer, and I recognized from the frequent gestures and characteristic vivacity that it was one of her own countrymen, and probably Miron Girardot of whom I had heard her speak; and, from what she let fall, surmised that he had been, or still was in love with her.

They drew nearer. Smiles greeted smiles, and sidelong glances were freely exchanged. He took her hand; she resisted a little, but he persisted. I then saw him put his hand in his pocket, draw out a diamond ring, and attempt to slip it on her finger and at the same time kiss her. Her face flushed with anger, and she stepped back quickly and drew her hand smartly across his face. The little Frenchman lost his temper at once, and, springing towards her, grasped her tightly by the arm and almost hissed, "Élise—"

"Let go of my arm, sir!" she cried, her bosom heaving and her lips quivering in her anger; but he only held the tighter, and, leaning over close to her again, started, "Élise—"

"Let me go!" she screamed, and then began to cry loudly for help.

Would that I could go to her assistance! But it was impossible; I could not move. The Frenchman lost complete control of himself, and, rushing close to her, grasped her tightly around the neck and closed his hand over her mouth in order to stifle her screams. She struggled; he tried to maintain his position; the two bodies swayed backwards and forwards; she got one hand loose and was almost free, when her assailant, by a great effort, again regained his hold of her; she continued her desperate strugglings, and might have succeeded in in freeing herself, but she tripped and both bodies reeled backwards and fell,

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Élise underneath. I heard her head strike the walk and then several low moans, and she was motionless. What had happened? I feared the worst because I knew she had a weak heart.

The girl, lying there upon the ground, seemed to bring her assailant to his senses, and to make him realize that she might be very seriously injured, but he stood over the prostrate figure for a moment in doubt what to do. He then suddenly turned and looked in my direction and a perfectly fiendish expression swept over his face. Yes, indeed, help had come, for a man hurried on the scene, whom I recognized to be Mr. Jackson. The Frenchman had been exasperated by his struggle with Elsie and was almost frantic at the approach of this unwelcome stranger. He quickly reached to his hip pocket, drew a revolver, took aim at Mr. Jackson, and pulled the trigger; click, went the hammer, and—no, the revolver had missed fire and Mr. Jackson was almost upon him. The Frenchman grasped the barrel in his hand and rushing to meet his antagonist, dealt him a smashing blow on the head. I saw Mr. Jackson reel back, and then, in an instant, Élise, the Frenchmen and Mr. Jackson disappeared from the scene. I was almost wild with fear and anxiety. What had happened to Élise? Was her rescuer dead? I tried hard to see some trace of either on the painting, but in vain. There it was as I had seen it before the actors in the tragedy appeared. I don't know how long I continued to gaze at the picture in the hope that I might see some sign of Élise and Mr. Jackson, but gradually the figure of a man bound hand and foot and lying across the path, appeared; it was the master of *Hollydene*. Then what had become of Mlle. Dufreil? Fear after fear chased madly through my brain. I had seen her lying motionless upon the ground, and then the terrible thought forced itself upon me that she was dead. Yes, it must be so, for how else could I account for her disappearance after the preceding scene? All my fears were increased by what I next saw, for, cautiously peeping from behind a tree in the distance, came a head and it was that of Élise's assailant. He looked in the direction of Mr. Jackson for a moment, and then, apparently satisfied that the latter was bound tightly, the Frenchman turned and sneaked qnickly away through the forest.

I had seen no motion in the figure on the walk, except a languid movement of the eye-lids. For a few moments the figure was quite plain and I could easily make out the details, but soon, however, these began to fade away and finally disappeared. My eyes were still directed on the picture and I searched out every nook in a vain endeavour to see some trace of Élise. A peculiar dimness now seemed to come over both my eyes and my senses. The keenness of my faculties seemed dulled; and I realized that I was again relapsing into a state of unconsciousness with no power of stopping myself, and I was soon in the land of oblivion.

* * * * *

I remember nothing more until I awoke and found myself lying on the sofa. I could not imagine where I was for a few moments, for the room seemed quite unfamiliar, but suddenly it all flashed upon me, and also in rapid succession the extraordinary happenings of that eventful evening. I had a slight feeling of exhaustion as if I had passed through a terrible dream; but no, it was no dream, I only wished that it might be; but the question, "Where is Élise?" forced itself upon me a dozen times, and from a fearful premonition came back the answer; "dead."

I jumped up determined to answer the question, and, in my precipitate haste, I knocked over a man sitting in a chair. This had the effect of waking him up and he stood up bowing and begging my pardon. I cut him short, however, and shouted at him, "Where is Élise?"

The man stood open-mouthed and silent.

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"Where is she?" I said again, and shook my fist in his face, "tell me."

"I—don't—know, sir," he stammered.

"Well, you old fool, where is your master?" I had now recovered from my fit of excitement a little.

"If you please—sir, Mr. Jackson is —very ill and nobody can see him," he said.

"Well I must find out where—"; I was here interrupted by a rather old gentleman entering. He at once began to admonish me for making such a noise, saying that Mr. Jackson was above and very ill, and that he thought the best thing I could do was to sleep at *Hollydene* for that night, as it was very late.

I refused at first, but finally agreed to his proposal. It was a long time before my restlessness and anxiety would allow me to go to sleep but I managed to obtain a few hours rest and awoke in the morning quite refreshed and ready to do anything to obtain an answer to that momentous question of the whereabouts of my fiancée.

I had only been awake a few minutes when a waiting man entered and handed me a letter which read as follows:

Dear Mr. James,

I beg to inform you that we have succeeded in finding the body of Mlle. Dufreil at the bottom of the pond near the walk through the forest; and that every effort is being made for the capture of her murderer.

Yours obediently
Ralph Alderton (Detective.)

Then the worst had really happened; and my dear Élise, who was soon to have become my wife, was dead. It was some time before I recovered from the shock, but I was well enough to leave *Hollydene* that day; unable to see its master, however, for he was still very ill and was not permitted to see anyone. I felt that Mr. Jackson, not yet recovered from the blow he had received from the Frenchman, had undergone too severe a strain for the condition of his health, and was probably suffering from nervous prostration.

He was well enough to be seen in about a week and I called to have him explain his experiment. He did so very gratiously, but with the improviso that no mention of it should be made until after his death.

His explanation was substantially as follows: He first obtained control over my body and my will-power by the use of hypnotism, and, while in that state, he administered a drug (its nature he declined to divulge), and this accomplished the complete paralysis of my body. My mind was thus left in the peculiar state of existing practically alone but still possessed of all its faculties. Then this strange power, which he possessed, was directed upon my mind and brought it into close relationship with his mind and allowed him to transfer any impressions to it he desired.

This explained a number of things, such as the appearance of life into the picture. "But," I asked, "what caused the disappearance of Mlle. Dufreil, the Frenchman and yourself, after you were struck with the pistol?"

"Oh!" he said, "we need not have. I could have imagined what had happened and conveyed the impression to your mind, but I did not know for certain for I was knocked sensless by the blow. You remember seeing me lying on the walk and the Frenchman among the trees? Well, I had returned to consciousness for a minute or two, and then lapsed again into unconsciousness."

He concluded his very interesting explanation by remarking, "I had a terrible struggle to bring you back to your normal state. I released my control on your mind quite easily, and then administered a drug to counteract the paralysing effect of the other, but found myself fast breaking down under the terrible nervous strain, especially as I was in poor health. Try as I might, I could not bear up long enough to bring you out of the hypnotic state, and it was from that which you awakened on the lounge.

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Then, after a few remarks about the murder, I left, and ever since then till the time of his death, which occured about a year after the experiment, we remained the best of friends.

* * * * *

Miron Girardot was soon captured, and at the trial which followed Mr. Jackson was the chief witness. It was quite apparent that it was not a case of "wilful murder" and the prisoner was acquitted on that charge; but was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to life imprisonment.

George William Ross.

A CHAT ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

"When the boar's head,
Crowned with garlands and rosemary,
Smoked on the Christmas board."

"Now Christmas is come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbours together;
And when they appear,
Let us make such a cheer
As will keep out the wind and the weather."

THOUGH there is considerable mist and haze surrounding the date of the Nativity, it has become the established custom in all civilized countries to celebrate the event on the 25th of December. The ancient Saxons, Romans, Greeks, Persians and other nations regarded the winter solstice as an important period of the year, and held festivals of rejoicing extending from the 25th of December to twelfth night, commemorative of the return of the sun, and in honour of their deities, Thor, Mithras, Odin, Brechta, and others. In the beginning of the fifth century, whether from the desire to supplant these heathen festivals, or from the influence of some tradition, the festival of the Nativity was placed in December. "It afforded," says an early writer, "a substitute in lieu of the Saturnalia to which they were accustomed while yet they were heathen."

The festival of the Nativity has ever been permeated with the "good cheer" element; but its purity became sullied almost at the first by revelry which crept into it,—a relic of the older faith.

The ancient Celts and Germans celebrated the annual recurrence of Christmas with the greatest festivities. Christmas dramas representing the birth of Christ, the first events of His life, and all the occurrences of the night at Bethlehem, were reproduced with startling detail.

According to Shakespere:—

"Here was consent,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)
To dash it like a Comedy."

In the course of time this form of entertainment fell into disuse, but is reproduced in our time in the so-called "Passion plays" of southern Italy.

Christmas is now celebrated in Germany in conformity with its true spirit. The Christmas tree is more generally used than in any other country, and in many homes the children are taught to sing a carol early on the morning of the Nativity for the pleasure of parents and guests. The custom of singing carols or "manger songs" on Christmas morning is of old standing; we can trace it as early as the second century. Indeed we may justly regard as the first carol the gracious message to all sinners and saints that was chanted by the angels, as they hovered over the fields of Bethlehem—

"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will to men."

From the earliest times there have been secular, as well as religious carols; but unfortunately as the centuries elapsed the Christmas carols become sadly degenerated—almost Bacchanalian. F. G. Growest, writing of carols, cites as

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an instance the "Boar's Head" carol —the Christmas grace that was sung before Prince Henry at St. John's College, Oxford, in 1608:

"The boar is dead, Lo! here his head,
What man could have done more,
Than his head off to strike,
Me-le-ager like,
And bring it as I do before."

In our time there are many beautiful carols that wake an echo in every heart. "When Christ was born of Mary free," "Hark the herald angels sing,"

"It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven born child,
All meanly wrapped, in
The manger lies;
Nature in awe of him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so
To sympathize."

Hymns like these form links in the chain of love and faith that bind the present with that time long ago:

"When Shepherds watched their flocks by night."

According to Sir Walter Scott,

"England was Merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again."

Nowhere were the Christmas festivities more eagerly welcomed than in "Merrie England," and at many a castle or manor-house banquet the "Lord of Misrule" was appointed master of ceremonies, and too often the true spirit of the day was lost in the excessive revelry with which it was celebrated. It was this that caused the day to fall from grace; the clergy and church took up the theme, and a more solemn mode of observance was instituted.

The Puritan party endeavoured, by act of parliament, to abolish it altogether, and for a time they were successful; but after the Restoration, Christmas was again celebrated in a hearty, cheerful manner. The Yule log was again brought into the hall with rejoicing, and the company assembled assisted in placing it in the fire-place. While it lasted (it was supposed to burn all night) song and story waxed merry as the bright flames crackled and leaped up the chimney.

"With last year's brand
Light the block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is tending."

The Yule candles were then lighted and the servants summoned to carry in the banquet.

"Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving men;
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.

Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the bateing of the boar."

The boar's head was one of the traditional Christmas dishes; though not so common now it is still served at the Christmas dinner of Queen's College, Oxford.

Roast beef, turkey, plum pudding and mince pie are more familiar names to us, and associated with them are pleasant visions and memories of the scattered members of a household meeting together to celebrate the birth of the Christ-child.

These pleasant reunions, and the cheerful conversation as we meet around the family table, bring to old and young a feeling of peace and goodwill—a desire to be happy and to make others happy.

There is a buoyancy in the air at Christmas time in which we renew our youth, and with it the true Christmas spirit.

"Heap on more wood—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

Many of our most cherished customs are of Pagan origion. The Christ-tree, or as we call it, the Christmas-tree, decorated with lights and gifts, the burning of the Yule-log, the mistletoe and the greenery with which we decorate our homes and churches at this season, are a relic of the symbols used by our heathen forefathers in the festivals they held in honour of their deities.

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But the Christmas-tree has become a feature in all Christmas celebrations throughout Christendom, and it is pre-eminently the chief factor in the children's enjoyment of the day.

Year after year as they view it with unalloyed satisfaction, and ask the oft repeated question, "Is Santa Claus real?" We find it hard to deny them the sweet delusion. All too soon will come the stern realities of life, and we long to leave them awhile in Fairyland.

"With holly and ivy,
So green and so gay,
We deck up our houses
As fresh as the day,
With bays and rosemary
And laurel complete,
And every one now
Is a King in Conceit."

But let us not forget to impress the lesson of the Christ-child, the first best gift, the wonderful holy fact, that has made possible this festival of rejoicing and good will to men. Indeed, the sacredness of the day ought not to be forgotten by old or young.

The accounts of the origin of Christmas boxes are rather conflicting. According to one authority the word took its name from the word *mitto*, I send.

"This Mitto was a kind of remembrancer, or rather, dictator, which said, 'Send gifts, offerings, etc., to the priests, that they may intercede for you, etc.,' hence it was called Christ's Mass, or, as now abbreviated, Christmas.

"The origin of the boxes was thus, whenever a ship sailed from any of those ports under the authority of the See of Rome, a certain saint was always named, unto whose protection its safety was committed, and in that ship was a box, and into that box every person put something, in order to induce the priest to pray to that saint for the safe return of the ship."

Or, according to another version:—

"The term and also the custom is essentially English, and arose from the practice of giving small money—gifts to persons in an inferior condition on the day after Christmas, which is hence called 'Boxing-day.'"

The "Waits," or wandering minstrels, were also accustomed to pass a small money-box among the audience, after assisting with their music and mummings at the festivities held at castles and homes of the wealthy.

"Now ladies and gentlemen, your sport is just ended,
So prepare for the box which is highly commended;
The box it would speak, if it had but a tongue;
Come, throw in your money, and think it no wrong."

There are other versions of the origin of the Christmas box, but the two quoted will suffice to show that the giving of presents at this season is of great antiquity.

It is a pleasant custom when done with simplicity and discernment; but it is too often made the occasion for ostentation and folly.

Christmas is so sweet a season, so full of loving thought, that it seems a pity that it should be spoiled by the indulgence of reckless giving. "To them that hath, more shall be given," is too often exemplified, when there are so many in every city, town and village to whom the surplus would come like a benison.

We can assure ourselves of a good old-fashioned Merry Christmas by taking heed to "Tusser's Admonition":

"At Christmas be merry and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbour, the great with the small."

Eva Hamilton Young.

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STAMP COLLECTING.

STAMP collecting—by this is meant the accumulating of postage stamps for the purpose of studying them—has become a hobby with thousands of persons. It is universal and embraces people of all classes, an innumerable company.

Starting, as the hobby did, within the last sixty years, its growth has been marvellous, clearly showing that it has its attractions. It offers to rich people the opportunity of obtaining things which they only may possess, the artist may study colour and design, others may go in for numbers, the person of an enquiring mind for varieties. By varieties is meant :—the number of perforations per centimeter around the specimen's edge; whether perforated, cut, or rouletted (these are the means by which it has been separated from the other members of its sheet;) also the paper upon which the impression has been made; the shades of color, and any other lines upon which a stamp is collected.

To the first two and the last class of collectors mentioned, belongs the heads of philately, the rulers of the fraternity as it were. They, wishing to obtain more rare stamps and more knowledge of the pursuit, find particular classifying to be necessary. In order to make the study more intense they confine their attention to a country or a small batch of countries and take each issue up in detail. But by far the greater number of collectors are they who gather everything that comes along, from a common forgery to a gum-pap, for this class the craze has no obtainable end. Such an army do they form, that governments make use of them as a means of drawing attention to certain celebrations or events and in instances as a means of obtaining additional revenue for their country; this they do through special issues or frequent changes of the stamps in common use. No better examples can be furnished than in the case of the United States with its World's Fair Columbian issue, or the various British colonies with their Jubilee sets.

Governments were not however, the first to discover this interesting body; private persons had for years been catering to its appetite. Unprincipled wretches living in Japan, Germany, and other countries with the sole occupation of making forgeries and disposing of them through equally unprincipled dealers, had been there before them. A man in the United States, representing a large New York engraving firm, had for years agreements with the small republics which lie to the south of his country, to the effect that the firm would supply them free with everything of the nature of postal stationery, on the understanding that they would change their stamp designs at his request and hand over to him all the previous issue remaining on hand. At the same time, for theirown protection, they would pass a law forbidding the use for postal purposes of the stamps just given up. In addition to the ones made for actual use the firm printed a large number of sheets of each denomination which never left their vaults; in the course of time, these, together with the remainders, were turned over to dealers to be sold to collectors below face value.

To pursue this hobby to its fullest extent means the spending of large sums of money, on account of the high prices that are put upon certain stamps. The price is regulated by the supply and demand; but it also depends upon the condition of what is offered for sale. Some of the figures paid for single specimens may not prove uninteresting; the English 1d. black, first stamp ever issued, now brings seventy-five dollars; the Canadian 12d. black readily brings three hundred and fifty dollars. These figures are mere trifles when compared with others. The lat-

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est record, for instance, was made by the sale of two Mauritius 1d. in a pair for nine thousand eight hundred dollars ($9,800) or four thousand nine hundred each, thus clearing the previous highest price paid for a single stamp (Baltimore 10 cent local) by five hundred dollars. Cheap stamps have practically no bottom price; they sell for what the purchaser is willing to pay. I recently noticed a firm advertising them for sale at the rate of fifty cents per pound avoirdupois, possibly five thousand stamps.

As may be judged from the foregoing, some of the collections of the world represent immense sums of money. One was recently turned over to a dealer and broken up by him which netted the owner two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The present system of franking letters, by means of government labels, was introduced by Great Britain in 1840. Brazil followed her example and the other countries soon swung into line. In the course of time all joined together to form our present efficient Postal Union. Stamp collecting started about 1847 and it took but a few years for collectors to become numerous. After them followed the dealers, and now they also form a large body. There are numbers of individuals who make their whole livelihood in this way, giving their time and attention to the bartering of stamps. In certain cases they unite in partnership or joint stock companies, so large does their business become. In the instance of a St. Louis, U.S., firm of dealers and publishers, their affairs grew to such an extent as to give employment at one time to one hundred and twenty-five persons. Amongst other things, this firm published a weekly stamp paper—still in existence—and for over a year a smaller daily of the same nature. In its columns were telegraphic despatches, correspondence and local news. This undertaking, however, proved to be too far in advance of its times and it had to be abandoned. A firm in New York has made a practice of annually publishing a catalogue of all the known stamps of the world. In it the design of all the varieties ever issued (save of their own country) is shown. This book sets the prices for all the large sales in America, quotations being made at so much per cent. above or below Scott's as the book is called. Probably the largest dealer in the world is Stanley Gibbons, of London, England. Recently he has published a special catalogue classifying British and Colonial stamps only.

No one can doubt that the practice of collecting will day by day increase in the number of its votaries.

Basil G. Hamilton.

THE EVENTIDE OF LIFE.

NOW, let me rest at eventime, upon the grey hillside,
And musing, watch the autumn sun behind yon mountain glide.

The long, long shafts of yellow light across the heavens leap,
And touch with fiery glow the brow, of yon bald summit steep.

These, the undisputable signs of calm and stormless days,
Show me that I should aim to leave like records of my ways.

So let my life in calm content, fade out like this and leave
Like glowing colours after me, when sinks my sun at eve.

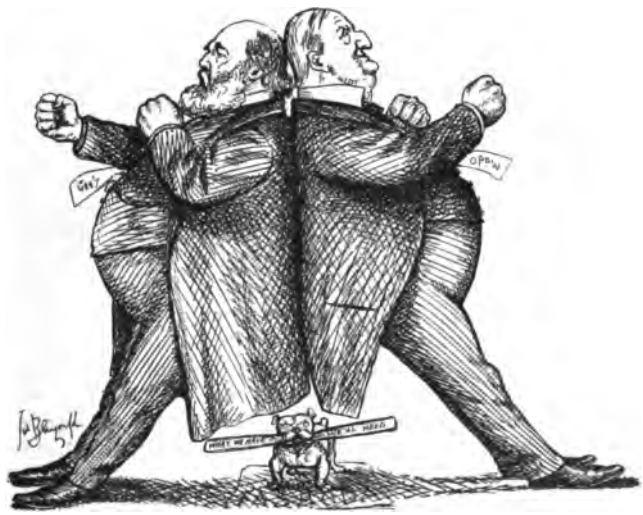
B. Kelly.

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CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

AS was anticipated the Fashoda incident has blown over, for the time being, without a breach of the peace, although France retires from the situation with all her susceptibilities wounded. This is to be regretted, although it must be said that her humiliations are in a manner self-inflicted. To the region which she covets she cannot put forward even the shadow of a title. That it is part of the territories of the Khedive in which, for a time, his writ ceased to run because of a rebellion, admits of no contradiction. It was at no time given up. It has been known to all the world that preparations were being made on a great scale to put the rebellion down. In presence of this set of facts France sends a half dozen Frenchman at the head of a few score natives, apparently with the purpose of anticipating the arrival of the comprehensive Egyptian expedition. Major Marchand and his handful of men were absurdly incapable of maintaining their position in the Khalifa's country. They appear to have had no hope of making a peaceful lodgment there, for immediately on their arrival hostilities began between them and a section of the Dervishes, and it is admitted that but for the presence of the British and Egyptians at Omdurman and the victory there Major Marchand and his little band would have been exterminated. But for Lord Kitchener's victory, therefore, M. Delcasse's diplomatic statement that "there is no Marchand expedition" would be literally true.

To make this Quixotic expedition and precarious occupation of Fashoda the basis of a plan for forcing some concession from Britain was impudent, and the scornful rejection of any proposition to negotiate about it was natural, and to be expected of the guardians of British interests. If Lord Salisbury had encouraged the French pretensions by showing any sign of receding it is altogether likely that the prospects of peace would have been diminished rather than increased. It was a time for speaking plain truths. Allowing France to seize the fruits that had been attained at a considerable cost of money and lives would not have been tolerated. No British ministry could have carried the odium of such a surrender. It must be realized that a government can only lead the people up to a certain point. It cannot hope to make them swallow a humiliating injustice, and that would have been the national feeling if the French game in the Soudan had succeeded. Lord Rosebery did a real service, therefore,



J. W. Bengough in Toronto *Globe*.

"FOR ENGLAND, HOME AND BEAUTY!"

Partisanism is forgotten when the old flag is threatened.

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Sam. Hunter in Toronto *World*.

READY FOR ANYTHING.

UNCLE SAM—Whar you goin' a-gunnin', John?

MR. BULL (loaded for bear)—Blest if I know, Sammy. Maybe hover to Frawnce, heagle 'unting, and then hagain maybe hover to Roosher, bear 'unting, y' know.

when he not only strengthened the hands of his opponents, but also gave the world to understand that it was really a United Kingdom that opposed a surrender at Fashoda and a kingdom that was prepared to go to any extremity in resisting a trumped-up claim. His declaration showed Frenchmen where they stood. There was no excuse for making a mistake. A refusal to leave Fashoda meant war. If one English administrator would not lead the people where they desired another would. That knowledge made for peace rather than war, and France has recognized the situation by withdrawing Major Marchand unconditionally.

There still remained something to puzzle over. After the Fashod a incident closed, the war-like preparations which had been begun in presence of it were continued. What new danger was feared? everybody asked. The ingenious correspondents began guessing. Some of them are frank enough to admit that they are guessing, but others seek to gain importance for their imaginings by declaring that they have the sanction of "high authority." One specially bold romancer declared that he had high authority for the statement that Turkey, as suzerain of Egypt, had granted the Bahr-el-Ghazal province to France. This was not even a discriminating falsehood, for no "high authority" would ever sanction the publication of anything so preposerous. The high authority was unquestionably a gentleman in his shirt-sleeves in an upper chamber in New York, grinding out "copy" for dear life.

Lord Salisbury's explanation of the continued activity after the danger of war seemed to be past was that it was not easy arresting such movements once they were under way. We can easily imagine, however, that the government, having entered on the work of impressing its foes, was determined to allow the lesson to go further than France. There are hills beyond Pentland and streams beyond Forth. There is a Chinese question as well as an

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Egyptian question, and it may have been thought convenient to let the other party to that matter see that the Old Lion shakes his mane to some purpose when he is really aroused. There can be no question that the humiliation of France, while Russia stands by and does nothing but grumble, is a staggering blow for the Russo - French alliance. The French may be excused for thinking that the alliance is merely a paper one, and that when Russia needs their aid for the execution of some of her plans they will be justified in standing aside. Russia will feel that in any sudden Chinese enterprise she will have to depend on her own legions. This of itself is a triumph for British diplomacy.



COUNT MOURAVIEFF.

Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, it is reported, discouraged the French resistance to England in the Fashoda dispute.

Mouravieff was very conveniently in France when the Fashoda incident was at its height, and it is supposed that his advice was against war. We may be sure that this wise but disenchanting counsel was accompanied by consolatory intimations that the time must

THE DEPARTURES FOR THE CRUSADES.

(Henriot in L'Illustration.)



IN DAYS OF OLD—Peter the Hermit, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Death to the infidels! God Wishes it!"

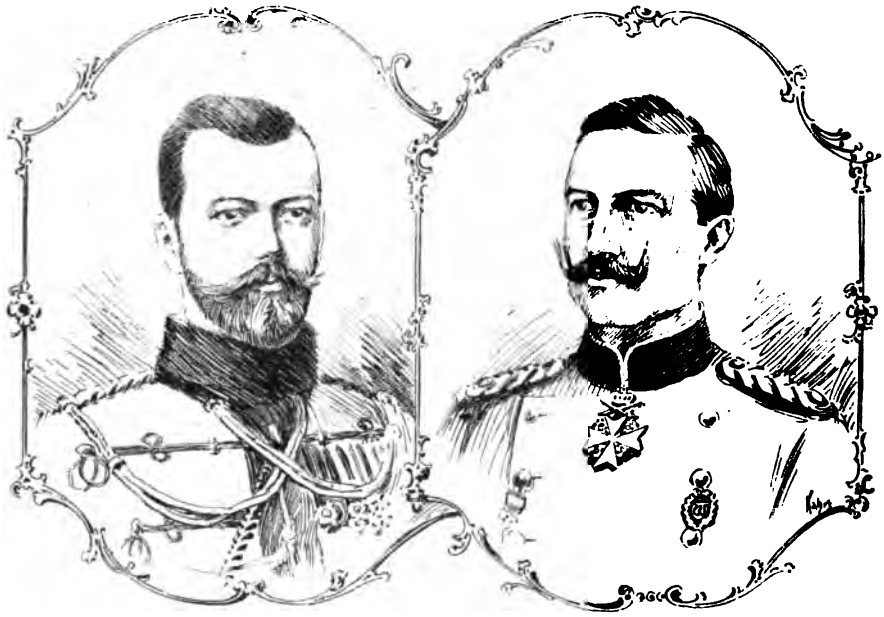
Frederick, your beard is growing red! (An allusion to Frederick Barbarossa.)



TO-DAY—The baggage of His Majesty. Embark, gentlemen.

TURKISH OFFICER—Attention! The train! Carry arms! Present arms!
RAILROAD EMPLOYE—Holy Sepulchre! Five minutes for refreshments!

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DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

EUROPE'S TWO ABSOLUTISTS.

The Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Germany.

come when the Bear and Eagle would settle all scores with perfidious Albion. That time will be when some Russian rather than some French interest is at stake. How long Frenchmen will be in discovering the thorough selfishness of their ally remains to be seen. People are asking what manner of man the Russian foreign minister is. They ask if he is the inspirer of the disarmament conference. At the time of Mouravieff's appointment it was thought to presage good relations between Russia and England. Mouravieff had long been attached as Russian ambassador to the Danish court—the home of the dowager Czarina, the mother of Nicholas. But it is also the home of the Princess of Wales, and Mouravieff was believed to be the general adviser of the whole group which was ever and anon gathered at Copenhagen. When he was appointed foreign minister, in succession to Lobanoff, who was regarded as hostile to English influence, it was believed that the Emperor's mother had a good deal to do with the choice. It cannot be said, however, that the foreign policy of the Little Father has changed much under the new minister. The advance in China has been pushed more persistently than ever. The pretensions on the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea are steadily advanced. The alliance with France is ostensibly maintained as a menace to Europe.

It is not believed that either Mouravieff or the Czar is the author of the disarmament proposition. It is said to have originated with M. Witte, the finance minister. Finance Ministers are, as a rule, men of peace. War throws all their calculations out of joint, and whoever reaps honours from trampling troops and bloody fields it is not the manager of the finances. The guardian of the Russian exchequer has undoubtedly a heavy task on his hands at this juncture. In addition to all the other burdens of the Empire there is the Trans-Siberian railway, which, despite its somewhat crude construction, eats up all the Chancellor's surplus cash. It has only reached Lake Baikal, and

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many versts have yet to be shod with iron before connection is made with the roads already constructed in Manchuria. To close out British enterprise in China it will be necessary to engage in the building of railways there, and good authorities express doubt whether money invested in Chinese railways will ever return to its owners. M Witte may well, therefore, desire a breathing spell of peace while he is turning the sharp corners caused by the divergence of revenue and expenditure.

He is probably aided by the Czar's temperament. This Cæsar, like that Roman who gave his name to czars and kaisers and the other imperious personages of the earth, is troubled with what Cassins called the falling sickness. From boyhood he has been subject to swoons that have become epileptic in their character. This of itself would dispose to seriousness, and when to it is added the doom that threatens every Czar, and, indeed, since the murder of the Empress of Austria, may be said to impend over every royal household in Europe, the soil is laid for deeds similar to that emancipation of the serfs which gained for an ancestor the title of the "Imperial Liberator." Of course the Czar is an absolute monarch, but he is so surrounded by tradition and by ministers who are bound to maintain tradition that he would have to be preternaturally stubborn or self-willed to break away from their leading. Nevertheless, we have to contemplate the fact that this young man of thirty can, at any moment, precipitate Armageddon with a motion of his hand. The world may thank its stars that he is awake to his responsibilities, and that he has so far shown no thirst for military glory.

Can so much be said of his brother absolutist (for absolute he is so far as his capacity for raising a disturbance is concerned), the Emperor of Germany? Here is another master of a million fighting men who is averse to leaving this world without doing something for which he will be remembered. It must be said of him that he is disposed to be remembered in some creditable way, which is more than can be said of the majority of kings. At present he has attracted the eyes of the world by going on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. The Sultan has received him as if he were of the sacred house of Abubeker. Russia, at least, will be inclined to doubt that the pilgrimage is undertaken in a spirit of Christian veneration. Germans have established themselves in various parts of Asia Minor, and it will be suspected that the Kaiser's tour is intended as an intimation to the exiles from the Fatherland that William II. is still their emperor, and is prepared to guard their interests and preserve for them a country. It looks too suspiciously like the establishment of an interest in the Sick Man's Territories, preparatory to his demise, to suit Russia. If there is in Europe any one whom the Czar's generals would hesitate to cope with on land, it is those stolid columns who overthrew Austria at Sadowa, and France at Sedan and under the very walls of Paris itself.

John A. Ewan



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EDITORIAL COMMENT

THERE are men so narrow that they have sharp edges. But they vary, else their narrowness would make life unbearable. There is the man who believes it a sin to take a glass of beer, and who devotes his whole life and effort to crying out for prohibition. There is the man who believes that every person who does not belong to the same political party as himself is a criminal and a villain. There is the Protestant who believes that all Roman Catholics are murderers, and the Roman Catholic who believes all Protestants to be disciples of Satan. There is the man who says that everything foreign is wicked and ignoble, and that everything Canadian is holy, perfect, divine; while opposite him sits the man who says that Canadian literature and art do not exist, that Canadian history is not worth studying, and that Canadians are all blankety-blank fools —except himself. There is the preacher, whose starched linen and manners will not allow him to laugh, to approve of a dance or a game of cards, to see a good drama, to play a game of football; and opposite to him is the man who wastes too much time and effort on such pleasures and amusements.

But we forget our differences, our idiosyncracies and our weaknesses at such seasons as this. With the same bright smile, we wish our enemy and our friend "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." There are very few debts of spite or vengeance paid about the Christmas season. If you desire to do a little meanness, always choose the period just before Christmas; because the person whom you offend will, with greater probability, be generous enough to forgive you. It is the time of peace on earth, good-will towards men. Some men resume war on the 26th, but most of them wait until the new month opens up. If we did not have these good spells, the guardian angels of the North American continent would never be able to take any holidays.

Walking down street the other day, within speaking distance of one of the busiest corners in Canada's second largest city, I noticed a milkman gently pouring milk into the gutter. I slanted across the sidewalk, as I passed, to discover the reason of his peculiar action. Down between the rough wheels of his red waggon, on the cold cobblestones, was a wee black kitten. And the milkman was *living* "peace on earth, good-will towards men."

On the same day I attended a meeting of business men. During the course of the conversation, one rough chap spoke of a certain prominent churchman in the city, a man whose name is connected also with many financial institutions, and this is what he said: "Mr.—— is a hog!" And my thoughts about unknown milkmen and honoured financiers mingled and dovetailed and at last blurred. And out of the haze of the fancy which followed thought came the little old red-brick village church, and the honest men and women who had my respect when, as a boy, I had heard them sing "Peace on earth, and good-will toward men." The question so often framed in my mind was there again more distinct than ever: "Why are we sent out into a hard, hard world to see our ideals shattered, to witness science crumbling our faiths, and to see beneath the noise, bustle and hurry of a progressive world the sins of ambition and avarice and greed?"

And the vision passed, and I again took part in the business discussion.

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We need these Christmas days and Christ-like thoughts to prevent us becoming too hard and too unsympathetic. We are hard; we are unsympathetic; nineteenth century civilization worshipping its "Free Competition" and its "Survival of the Fittest"—its twin Gods of war—makes us hard and unsympathetic; forces us to fight and wrestle and struggle and conceal and deceive if we would win riches or fame. Hence the season which commemorates the birth of the lowly Man of Galilee, with his doctrine of self-sacrifice and self-effacement, is a season which softens the hearts of men. It is a season in which Canadians relax and give thought to much of what is noble and great and enduring, which but for this season would be neglected or forgotten.

While men and women are reviewing the past with more or less pleasure, the address of the President of the Canadian Bankers' Association has been calling our attention to Canada's progress. As his statistics are as dry as any other man's, I have endeavoured to have them transformed into pictures. Figure 1 illustrates the growth of the deposits in chartered banks, which have grown from an average of $100,000,000 in 1883-7 to a maximum of $238,573,704 in September of the present year. Let those who think we need outside capital to develop this country consider how much of this money is available. We are rich enough to develop our own country, if we possessed the courage. We are afraid. That, not the lack of capital, is the secret of what slowness there exists. The banks are full of money, the loan companies have plenty, the savings banks have a great deal—there is plenty of idle capital everywhere. Nevertheless, I am free to confess that I believe that there has never been a year, despite the growth of bank deposits, in which more Canadian capital was invested in Canadian enterprises than the year now drawing to a close.

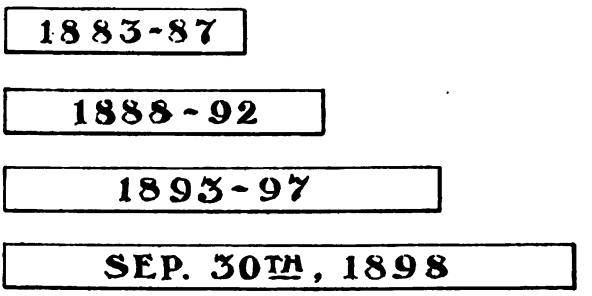


Fig. 1.—DEPOSITS IN CHARTERED BANKS.

Average of 1883-87, $100,000,000.
" " 1888-92, 134,771,032.
" " 1893-97, 184,000,000.
September 30, 1898, 238,573,704.

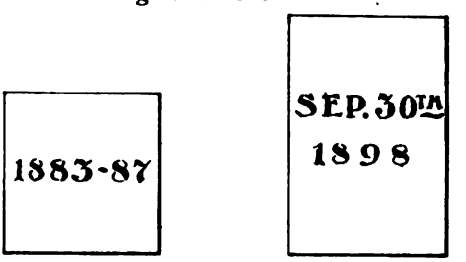


Fig. 2.—LOANS AND DISCOUNTS.

Average of 1883-87, $165,500,000.
September 30, 1898, 249,513,576.

Figure 2 illustrates the bulk of our loans and discounts in 1883-7 and in September of the present year. The growth is great, proving that our business men need accommodation and are getting it.

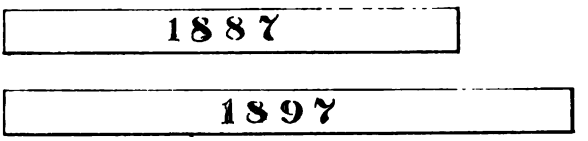


Fig. 3.—DEPOSITS IN SAVINGS BANKS.

1887, $51,000,000.
1897, 64,000,000.

Figure 3 illustrates the growth of

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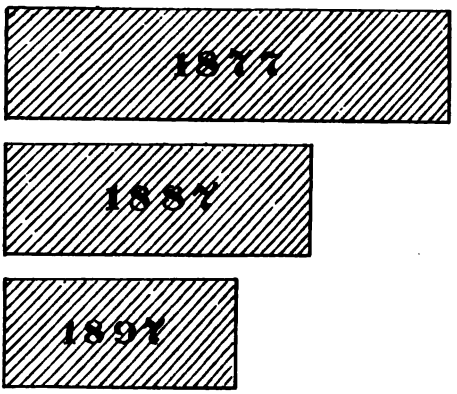


Fig. 4.—FAILURES IN CANADA.

1877, $25,523,000.
1887, 17,054,000.
1897, 13,147,929.

deposits in savings banks. Not a great growth, is it? Why? Natural questions, these. The deposits in savings banks do not earn much money, and people sometimes prefer private banks—very foolishly, and more often choose the chartered banks. Then there is no doubt that in this, as in all other countries, the poor are becoming poorer, and the rich, richer.

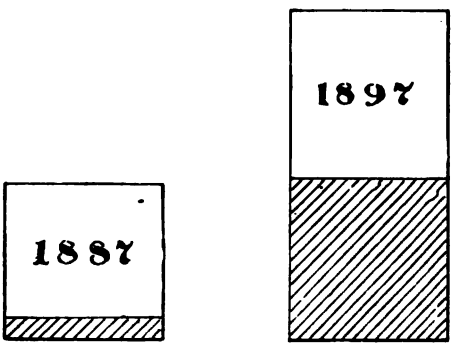


Fig. 5.—OUTPUT OF MINERALS.

1887, Metallic, $ 2,118,000.
Non-metallic, 9,000,000.
1897, Metallic, 14,000,000.
Non-metallic, 14,500,000.

Figure 4 is not upside down. It shows the decrease in the liabilities of those who have failed. Business is now being run in this country on a basis which does not allow very great failures. Credit is not so cheap as it was once, and those who sell prefer bank notes to notes of hand. This is a very satisfactory feature, as the natural growth of trade might very reasonably be expected to have increased the amount of insolvents' liabilities.

Fig. 5 illustrates the increase in the output of our minerals. The shaded portion is the metallic, and the unshaded the non-metallic. The metals show the greatest gain, Northern Ontario, British Columbia and the Yukon have been much developed during 1898, and a figure on the same scale for this year would show a very great increase. Canada's mines and forests are her natural wealth—wonderful in richness, marvellous in extent. It is doubtful if it is being developed so as to obtain the best results for the citizens of to-day and to-morrow. But that is not the question under discussion at present.

Only one other bunch of statistics will be given. The foreign trade of Canada has increased as follows:—

1868.....	$131,027,532
1869-73.....	172,283,151
1874-78,.....	188,061,672
1879-83.....	196,674,896
1884-88.....	199,832,987
1889-93.....	226,082,897
1894-96	234,815,248
1897.....	257,168,862

It is certain that this country is making rapid and substantial material progress. These figures prove it beyond the shadow of a doubt, and furnish us with much ground for self-congratulation.

The London *Advertiser* says:

"There is a good deal of nonsense talked about Canadian literature. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing. Canadian literature is English literature, and English literature must conform to the same standard whether produced in Canada or Timbuctoo. For the same reason there is no such thing as American literature—it is English."

On the other hand, Bystander in the Weekly Sun says:—

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"We have not yet learned to be proud of our own. We hesitate to strike our own distinctive note of nationhood. We are too timid to confess a style. We are afraid to breathe a name lest we should be laughed at. Our models are all foreign models. We blush at our homespun. Again we have to contend with the inrush of another literature which is fast acquiring the national flavour and impress—the literature of the United States. This is a veritable flood which overwhelms us. It seems almost grotesquely ineffectual to attempt to strike up our own feeble note amid the clamour of resonant voices, sure and confident and strong and characteristic. A native literature is only possible when a common sense dominates the whole people of the commonwealth. Unhappily, this is far from being our experience."

So write Mr. John Cameron and Professor Goldwin Smith. The subject is one that is open for discussion and thought.

United States literature is English literature, but it is not British. Canadian literature is English literature, but it is not British; neither is it United Statesian. You may juggle with these words as much as you wish, and always be correct from some standpoint.

The man who is truly Canadian will produce Canadian literature if he lives and thinks in Canada. His characters, his colouring, his history, his estimate of freedom and equality, his narrowness, his breadth, his phrases—all these will be Canadian. There may be much about his work that is not Canadian, but the native will be exhibited somewhere.

English grammar is the same in Canada as in Great Britain and the United States; but grammar is not the vital feature which decides whether a book is British or United Statesian or Canadian, nor is language—in its broadest sense—for I might write a Canadian story in German. "The national flavour and impress," as the learned Professor puts it, is what decides. Parker's "Pierre and His People," Kingsford's "History of Canada," Mair's "Tecumseh," Kirby's "Chien D'Or," Miss Wood's "Untempered Wind," Barr's "In the Midst of Alarms"—these are Canadian literature, and yet they are English literature.

With this preface, I flatly deny Mr. Cameron's statement that "Strictly speaking there is no such thing as Canadian literature." The denial is, perhaps, unnecessary; but, to an enthusiast, the unnecessary is often pleasant.

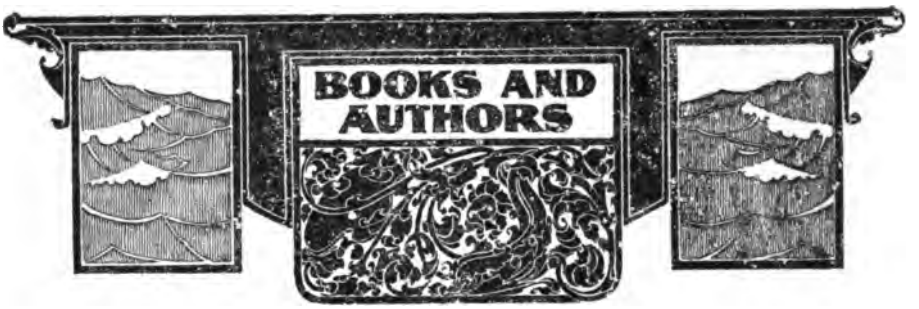
Whoever is responsible for the formation of an Inter-collegiate Football League is deserving of much credit. Rugby is a hard game, and if the players are inclined to maim one another there is plenty of opportunity. In past seasons, under the auspices of the various Unions, there was much roughness, and the game was suffering in public estimation. The Inter-collegiate League has given a new tone to the college teams, and has permitted the people in Toronto, Montreal and Kingston to witness games without having their nerves seriously impaired. Further than this, it has brought the students of Canada's three leading universities into closer contact, and much more friendly relations. This will be productive of much good to the students themselves and, as they are the future leading citizens of our country, to Canadian unity.

Brutality in sport is something to be shunned and decried. It is harmful to the players of any game, and its effect on the public is not beneficial. Every man, every woman is interested in sport. The man or the woman who is not lacks breadth and culture. If the sport, therefore, is essentially degrading, the people will be degraded. If the sport be elevating, the people will be elevated. By comparing the sports of the British and Spanish nations, one finds a key to much that is characteristic of each.

I believe that the character of the average Canadian boy is more affected by his sports than by his studies in the public school or in the Sunday school. In his games he learns to be fair or unfair, to be a man or a scoundrel.

John A. Cooper.

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BY CANADIAN AUTHORS.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG, by Gilbert Parker, author of "Pierre and His People," etc. Illustrated. Cloth, 432 pp. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

TEKLA: A Romance of Love and War, by Robert Barr, author of "In the Midst of Alarms," etc. Cloth, $1.25; 437 pp. Toronto: George N. Morang.

BLACK ROCK: A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor, author of "Beyond the Marshes." Cloth, $1.00; 327 pp., gilt top. Toronto: The Westminster Co.

HYPNOTIZED? or The Experiment of Sir Hugh Galbraith, by Julian Durham. Cloth, 300 pp., gilt top, $1.25; paper, 75 cents. Toronto: The Ontario Publishing Co.

THE FOREST OF BOURG-MARIE, by S. Frances Harrison (Seranus), author of "Pine, Rose and Fleur-de-lis," etc. Cloth, $1.25; Toronto: George N. Morang; London (Eng.), Edward Arnold.

PATHFINDING ON PLAIN AND PRAIRIE: Stirring scenes of life in the Canadian North-West, by John McDougall, author of "Forest, Lake and Prairie," and other books. With illustrations by J. E. Laughlin. Toronto: William Briggs.

LOVE, by J. W. Longley, D.C.L., Attorney-General of Nova Scotia. Cloth, 160 pp., gilt top. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

UPPER CANADA SKETCHES, by Thomas Conant, with coloured illustrations, portraits and map. Cloth, 242 pp., gilt top. Toronto: William Briggs.

STEAM NAVIGATION and its Relation to the Commerce of Canada and the United States, by James Croil (of Montreal). With numerous illustrations and portraits. Cloth, 381 pp. Toronto: William Briggs.

CANADA: AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA. VOLUME IV. Edited by J. Castell Hopkins. Toronto: The Linscott Publishing Co.

THE TENTH ISLAND, being some account of Newfoundland, its people, its politics, its problems and its peculiarities, by Beckles Willson. With an introduction by Sir William Whiteway, K.C.M.G. Cloth, $1.00; 208 pp. London: Grant Richards.

The number of newly-published books by Canadians is a mark of our growing Canadian literature and of the increasing interest taken by Canadians in the literary work of their fellows. Gilbert Parker's new book is undoubtedly his best piece of work, although in no sense Canadian. He has written so much about Canada that we can forgive him for going to the Island of Jersey for his colouring in "The Battle of the Strong." The people of that Island are very similar to the French-Canadians. They speak the French language, and possess the characteristics of Frenchmen; yet, since the time of William the Con-

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queror, they have been English or British. Guida Landresse, the principal figure in the narrative, is a peasant woman of princely descent, who develops through adversity a wonderful strength of character. The daft Dormy Jamais, the sprightly Carterette, ambitious Admiral Philip, and the other men of the world, vary sufficiently to make each one a distinct study in character, and to give to the picture variety, spice and living interest.

Robert Barr has also eschewed Canadian scenes in his latest novel. "Tekla," a Romance of Love and War, is a Rhine story of the Crusade period. An Emperor in disguise, a beautiful princess, two plotting archbishops, Black Henrich with his famous castle which endured a two years' seige, a faithful henchman, and an expert longbow-man from England—these are the characters in this jolly story of love and adventure. The book is much like one of Anthony Hope's in that something is always happening, and incident follows incident with startling frequency.

One day during the past summer I met both Barr and Parker. Barr was lounging in the corridor of a Canadian hostelry, smoking a cigarette and reading a daily newspaper with a big, wooden binder on its back. He got up when he saw me approaching, invited me to occupy one of the big leather seats, and at once began to tell tales and stories without ceremony. I laughed heartily a dozen times before my half-hour was up and I was forced to hurry. That same afternoon I was invited to take tea with Mr. Parker in the "Red Parlour" of a more pretentious hotel. I sat up straight in a red-tapestry chair, asked some questions, answered a few, ate a macaroon and drank tea poured from a silver tea-pot. Here my laugh was a dignified smile. Such are the two men; such are their novels. Mr. Parker creates literature; Mr. Barr tells stories. Mr. Parker is an aristocrat; Robert Barr is a jolly comrade. When you are with Mr. Parker you feel that you would like to go abroad to finish your education; when you meet Barr you want to take him with you on a fishing trip, with a good cook and a well filled hamper. The one seeks to improve the world; the other to brighten it. I read every page in both these new books. Mr. Parker's impressed me; Mr. Barr's delighted. But I should apologize for attempting to compare them, for, at least, one of them thinks the other is not in his class.

Two "first" novels by Canadians are to hand. "Black Rock," by Ralph Connor, is a collection of connected tales of a western mining and lumbering town, written by a man with a soul which has felt the storm and stress of the life-drama. Ralph Connor is a man writing for men, and doing it with a grace and a strength which are admirable. "Hypnotized!" by Julian Durham, is entirely different. It is not Canadian in scene and character. It is English, and more—it is cosmopolitan. She pits a young girl from the country against an aristocrat, who is also a dabbler in science. Sir Hugh Galbraith desires to know whether he can transplant a beautiful maid from the Farm to the Town, and make her a reigning belle. This is the experiment he conceives, he tries and he ends. His "Unconscious Hypnotic" power plays its part—a sad part. The book is clever, interesting and thought-producing.

Mrs. S. Frances Harrison (Seranus) went, when she was fifteen years old, to live among the forests and Rivers of Lower Canada. She imbibed the feeling of Quebec; she learned to understand the *habitant*. That is why she has been able to produce such an important novel as "The Forest of Bourg-Marie." The literary style, which is visible in all her pages, came later, as the result of years of literary work, during which her signature of "Seranus" was to be seen in the Detroit *Free Press*, in the *Week*, and in various other magazines and newspapers. These were years of apprenticeship such as many writers go through. But not all of them are able to put their experience to such good account as Mrs. Harrison. She has, of late, written several short stories which

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have built up a certain fame for her in England. And now "The Forest of Bourg-Marie" is a distinct revelation of power and mastery of material. There is originality enough in it to give it a separate existence among novels, and we think it will take its place as a welcome contribution to Canadian literature.

"Path-finding on Plain and Prairie," by John McDougall, a missionary who spent many years among the Indians in the West, is a bright volume. The habits, customs and life of the Indians, and the dwellers on the plains, as they were before the advent of the railroad, are graphically and clearly described. What they wore, what they ate, what they did and what they thought, are set forth in interesting detail.

"Love" is the title of a little volume by the Hon. J. W. Longley, the versatile Attorney-General of Nova Scotia. It is the protest of a thoughtful man against the materialism of the age, against the selfishness of men which causes them in their pursuit of wealth to disregard everything that is highest and noblest. "The great impelling force which, generation by generation, century by century, and cycle by cycle, is lifting humanity up to the true ideal of life, is this love."

"Upper Canada Sketches," by Thomas Conant, is a most artistic book, with coloured plates and other illustrations. It contains an admirable collection of "old settlers' stories, and the legends and traditions of the past," although essentially a family history. The original English Conant came over with William the Conqueror, and in the seventeenth century one of his descendants was the first ruler of Massachusetts. During the Revolutionary War a Roger Conant passed from Massachusetts to New York State and thence to Upper Canada, took up land near the present town of Oshawa, where the author now lives, and became a fur trader. The volume is most entertaining and is a valuable sidelight on the early settler life of English Canada.

An interesting and informing book is "Steam Navigation" by James Croil, of Montreal. The modern ocean leviathan is a wonderful creation, but one which has not been made in a day. It is the work of a century—a hundred years of experiment, and trial, and improvement—a hundred years of thought on the part of many men. The history of all this human endeavour is wondrous, and only a master craftsman could possess the love and sympathy necessary to the extensive compilation and research of which these pages are evidence. "They necessarily contain much in common with other writings on this subject, but they are projected from a different standpoint and embrace a wider field, supplying information not easily obtained respecting the far-reaching waterways of Canada, her magnificent ship-canals, and the vast steam commerce of the Great Lakes." Mr. Croil's book exhibits what too many Canadian books lack—patience and thoroughness.

Volume IV of "Canada: an Encyclopœdia" opens with the History of Presbyterianism in Canada. The Rev. Dr. Robert Torrance gives the origin of the various sects that are now united in the "Presbyterian Church in Canada" —a body which last year collected from its people $2,250,600, and whose aggregate income since 1867 has been upwards of $37,000,000. Dr. Gregg follows with a more detailed history. Dr. Robertson writes the history of the missions. Dr. Grant works over an old article on "Presbyterianism in the North-West." Professor Campbell deals with the Quebec missions and the Huguenots, and Dr. Cochrane outlines the doctrines and policy. Each of the writers, except good old Professor Campbell, is honoured by having his portrait published in the section. The second section of the work deals with the Moravians, the reformed Episcopals, the Salvation Army, the Free Methodists, the Lutherans, the Jews, numerous other sects and miscellaneous religious history. These two sections occupy 164 pages of the volume.

The third section deals with "The Universities and High Educational System

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of Canada." Each of the universities has been generously treated with the exception of Queen's, to which Miss Machar's weak article does not do justice. The statistics on pages 324 and 325, relating to higher educational institutions, are very valuable indeed.

Section IV is devoted to art, music and sculpture, and contains the best collection of material on these subjects to be found in any Canadian work. It is to be hoped that our citizens will consider them seriously and that the effect will be to engender a broader sympathy with those who are endeavouring to build up Canadian art. Up to the present, Canadians have not taken native art very seriously. Among the contributors to this section are: J. W. L. Forster, Robert Harris, R. H. Gagen, W. A. Sherwood, F. H. Torrington, Mrs. Harrison and Hamilton McCarthy.

Perhaps the brightest section in the volume is the fifth, The Military Section. Col. Walker Powell describes our militia system, Lt.-Col. Denison and Lt.-Col. Scoble the Fenian Raids, R. G. MacBeth the North-West Rebellion, Capt. Dixon Military Education, and Lt.-Col. Mason the Rebellion of 1885. In this section the editor's notes are copious and valuable. The whole volume maintains the standard set in the first, and in some ways shows improvement in style and arrangement.

Bekles Willson's book on Newfoundland is not new to the great world which recognizes the genius of Mr. Willson, the distinguished young Canadian who ornaments the staff of the London (Eng.) *Daily Mail*, but the book is new to these columns. Perhaps it is as well that a notice has been delayed a year, as we know more of Mr. Willson (note the two l's) than we did before, he having during this year had quite a few columns of Canadian newspaper space devoted to his goings and comings. He is now engaged on a history of the Hudson's Bay Co. Mr. Willson in this book seems to be sorry for Newfoundland, whose sisters, he maintains, have flaunted her and "have heaped calumny and cod-fish upon her headlands." I do not know what he means, but I deny it just the same—so far as Canada is concerned. He calls Newfoundland the tenth island, because it comes tenth in size. He states this, and then goes on to its romantic history and its present position—socially, constitutionally and financially. He possesses a sublime confidence in himself which shines all through his work and which results in clever remarks of which the following is a good example: "Politics run high in Newfoundland, and they run all the time in St. John's." Nevertheless the book is full of information, and not nearly as dry as most historical books written by Canadians.

CANADIAN EDITIONS—FOREIGN AUTHOR.

The Castle Inn, by Stanley J. Weyman. With six full-page illustrations by Walter Appleton Clark. Cloth, $1.25; paper, 75 cents. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

The Red Axe, by S. R. Crockett, author of "The Gray Man," "Lochinvar," etc. With 26 illustrations by Frank Richards. Price, paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.50. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

The Splendid Spur, by T. Quiller Couch. Illustrated by Arthur M. Boos. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25; 317 pp. Toronto: George J. McLeod.

The Romance of a Midshipman, by W. Clark Russell. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25. Toronto: George J. McLeod.

Physical Education, by W. G. Anderson, M.D. Paper, 15 cents. Toronto: The Harold A. Wilson Co.

Cyrano de Bergerac, by Edmond Rostand. Translated from the French by Gertrude Hall. Cloth, 75 cents; Toronto: George N. Morang.

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"The Castle Inn," by Stanley J. Weyman, has not the grace of style exhibited in some of his earlier works, notably "The Gentleman of France," but possesses a brightness of style and a quickness in dialogue and incident. It is an English romance of the time of George III., when highway-men, and duelling, and loose morality were striking social characteristics. It is essentially a study of the people of the time, and the style seems to have designed for the particular purpose in hand.

"The Red Axe," by S. R. Crockett, comes much nearer being literature, the style being graceful and easy, the language picturesque. The Red Axe is the hereditary executioner of a marauding German Duke. The story opens with his little son saving the life of a captive young maiden, who is about to be cast into a kennel containing vicious blood-hounds. The lives, adventures and loves of these two young people fill the volume, which is appropriately bound and generously illustrated.

Quiller Couch's new book is very pretty, and a reading of it convinces one that "Q" is cleverer than some of the "more advertised" authors. W. Clark Russell's book was reviewed last month, and credited to Sir Walter Besant—an unfortunate confusion of names. Cyrano de Bergerac is an English translation of the French play now attracting much attention among the theatre-goers of New York.

FOREIGN EDITIONS—FOREIGN AUTHOR.

The Life of Our Lord in Art, with same account of the artistic treatment of the Life of St. John the Baptist, by Estelle M. Hurll. With 104 illustrations. Cloth, 370 pp., gilt top. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Triple Entanglement, by Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of "The Anglomaniacs," "A Bachelor Maid," etc. Unwin's Colonial Library.

The Blindman's World and other stories, by Edward Bellamy, with a prefatory sketch by W. D. Howells. Cloth, 415 pp., gilt top. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Bibliotaph and other people, by Leon H. Vincent. Sketchy essays. Cloth, 233 pp., gilt top. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Roden's Corner, by Henry Seton Merriman, author of "The Sowers," "In Kedar's Tents," etc. Macmillan's Colonial Library. Toronto Agents: The Copp, Clark Co.

The People of Clapton, by George Bartram. Unwin's Colonial Library.

Forest Lily, a novel by James Donald Dunlop, M.D. Cloth, 366 pp. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

The Fall of Santiago, by Thomas J. Vivian, author of "With Dewey at Manila." Illustrated, cloth, $1.50; 246 pp. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

The Day of Vengeance, Volume IV. of Millennial Dawn Series, by Charles T. Russel. Paper, 660 pp. Alleghany, Pa.: The Tower Publishing Co.

Labor Co-partnership: Notes of a visit to co-operative Workshops, Factories and Farms in Great Britain and Ireland, in which Employer, Employee and Consumer share in ownership, Management and Results, by Henry Demarest Lloyd. Illustrated. Cloth, 350 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A Study of a Child, by Louise E. Hogan. Illustrated with over five hundred original drawings by the child. Cloth, 220 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

How to Get Strong and How to Stay So, by Wm. Blaikie, with numerous portraits. New Edition. Cloth, 510 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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Phases of an Inferior Planet: a novel by Ellen Glasgow, author of "The Descendant." Cloth, 324 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Fables for the Frivolous, by Guy Wetmore Carryl. With illustrations by Peter Newell. Most artistically printed and bound. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Once upon a time I picked up a book of which I had heard a great deal, and proceeded to settle down for a few hours' reading. I read pages one and two, looked up twenty-three words in my dictionary—and then quit. That book was "Quo Vadis." I aim to understand every word of every sentence that I read, and my time was limited; hence I have never read more than two pages of Quo Vadis.

This experience was recalled by the opening paragraph of "Phases of an Inferior Planet"—a novel with the title of a book on science. Here is the paragraph in full:

"Along Broadway at six o'clock a throng of pedestrians were stepping northward. A grayish day was settling into a gray evening, and a negative lack of colour and elasticity had matured into a positive condition of atmospheric flatness. The air exhaled a limp and insipid moisture, like that given forth by a sponge newly steeped in an anæsthetic. Upon the sombre fretwork of leafless trees, bare against red-brick buildings, drops of water hung trembling, though as yet there had been no rainfall, and the struggling tufts of grass in the city parks drooped earthward like the damp and uncurled fringe of a woman's hair."

Do you wonder that an ordinary Canadian who has never read anything more literary than Shakespeare's dramas or Sir Walter Scott's novels, nor anything more ponderous than Professor Rand's sonnets should pause? I paused—and up to the present the pause exists. I am still worrying with "a negative lack of colour," and the artistic suggestion of the grass that rivalled the woman's "damp and uncurled fringe." Nevertheless, the book may be as popular as "Quo Vadis."

"The Fall of Santiago" is another book over which I paused. I find that it is written by a certain Thomas J. Vivian, who has also written "With Dewey at Manila." The first question that struck me was "How could Thomas be at Manila and Santiago at the same time?" Having answered this question to *my* own satisfaction and added "No, thank you!" I put the book away to lend to some of my worst friends.

"What shall I leave to my sons?" is a question which every father must face. Some desire to give them a good education, some a permanent situation, some a fat bank account. But very few realize the meaning of such words as these: "A boy cannot get from his father more stamina than the latter has, however favoured the mother may have been." Some boys will need to inherit a great deal of money to prevent them cursing their father for their physical defects—defects which were inherited and not cultivated out during youth. The boys of Canada are stronger than the boys of some other countries; but, in order to keep them strong, the fathers must encourage foot-races, swimming, stone-throwing, gymnasiums, football and lacrosse clubs, and canoeing. While aiming to develop a boy's morals and mind we must not, as Plato warns us, make him a cripple by neglecting his body. A perusal of William Blaikie's "How to Get Strong and How to Stay so" would cause many a father to change his attitude towards youthful sport—would change his own method of gaining and maintaining strength.

A volume somewhat similar in character, and dealing with a subject as steadily ignored by the general run of parents and teachers, is the study of child-tendencies. Louise E. Hogan's "A Study of a Child" has attracted much attention in the United States, probably because it is written in a more popular style than the other books on the subject. It is a record of observations made during the first seven years of a certain child's life. The child was left alone to develop as it might. All reasonable suggestions were made to him, but he was not

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taught anything until fully six years of age. Explanations were made to him only when he asked for them. No attempt was made to make his amusements take any particular form; in this, as in other things, he was allowed to do as he pleased. The results were wonderful, and must have a profound effect on any parent who peruses them thoughtfully.

One novel by George Bartram whetted my appetite, and I welcomed "The People of Clopton." Nor was I disappointed. There are many books about the great and the rich and the blue-blooded of Old England, and some of them very interesting. The book contains a description of a country village in the Midlands, with its cottagers, its farmers, its poachers, and its hundred odd characters. As a story it is not much, but as a series of character sketches, it is vivid and pleasant. The prize fights, the village festivals, the poaching escapades, the shrewish women, the beer-drinking men, the amorous adventures of lads and lasses, the customs and superstitions of these uneducated folk—all are described in the full detail which denotes intimate knowledge.

In his biographical sketch of Edward Bellamy, which is introductory to "The Blindman's World," W. D. Howells points out that Bellamy's types are village types. In approval, Howells points out that the types are "therefore distinctively American, for we are village people far more than we are country people or city people." He seems to believe that this choice on Bellamy's part was an example of his sound judgment. Whether or not Bellamy possessed this quality, there is no doubt that his heart was right. He realized the weaknesses of our present civilization, refused to accept it as final, and endeavoured to picture a possible future. In this volume of short stories we have a series of minor protests against our shortsightedness, our tendency to indulge in war, and our selfishnesses. At the same time the stories are very readable.

Those who have studied Bellamy and have discovered in themselves some sympathy with his ideas, should read Lloyd's "Labour's Copartnership," an illustrated volume of actual observations in Great Britain and Ireland. How far coöperation has been adopted in these islands is not generally known, and this book will open many pairs of eyes. The author has done his work well, recording failures and successes with equal impartiality, and at the same time eliminating everything unnecessary to a comprehensive view of copartnership as it has fared in the British Isles.

THE FLORIN SERIES.

Mr. Morang has begun to publish a new monthly series of novels called "The Florin Series." For the first issue he has selected the "Bob, Son of Battle," of Alfred Ollivant; a story the power and interest of which have already caused it to be talked about on both sides of the Atlantic. The scene of this novel is laid in the northern counties of England, and "Bob, Son of Battle" is a shepherd's dog of wondrous prowess, who has taken and holds the silver cup which is the trophy of the dog that proves himself better than all his compeers at the annual trials when the great sheep-fair is held. There is another dog, grim and terrible, who is "Bob's" rival, and the foe of all the country around. But the human interest is equal to the canine. The "dourness" and tenacity of the north country are magnificently rendered. The book is full of Celtic fire, dash and feeling for nature; and the reader cannot help becoming an absorbed and headlong partizan of one or other of the competing groups. It is a story that will be laid aside to read again; in fact, so much of freshness, story-telling, and character-painting ability are displayed, that the reader feels that here is the work of a writer of true genius.

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THE POET ANSWERED.

To the Poet at Large:

DEAR SIR:

IN answer to your repeated questions and requests which have appeared for some years past in the columns of the rural press, I beg to submit the following solutions of your chief difficulties:

TOPIC I.—You frequently ask, where are the friends of your childhood, and urge that they shall be brought back to you. As far as I am able to learn, those of your friends who are not in jail, are still right there in your native village. You point out that they were wont to share your gambols. If so, you are certainly entitled to share theirs now.

TOPIC II.—You have taken occasion to say:

"Give me not silk, nor rich attire,
Nor gold, nor jewels rare."

But, my dear fellow, this is preposterous. Why, these are the very things I had bought for you. If you won't take any of these, I shall have to give you factory cotton and cordwood.

TOPIC III.—You ask also, "How fares my love across the sea?" Intermediate, I presume. She would hardly travel steerage.

TOPIC IV.—"Why was I born? Why should I breathe?" Here I quite agree with you. I don't think you ought to breathe.

TOPIC V.—You demand that I shall show you the man whose soul is dead and then mark him. I am awfully sorry; the man was around here all day yesterday, and if I had only known I could easily have marked him so that we could pick him out again.

TOPIC VI.—I notice that you frequently say, "Oh, for the sky of your native land." Oh for it, by all means, if you wish. But remember that you already owe for a great deal.

TOPIC VII.—On more than one occasion you wish to be informed, "What boots it, that you idly dream?" Nothing boots it at present—a fact, sir, which ought to afford you the highest gratification.

Stephen Leacock.

TYPOGRAPHICAL.

It was hard on that budding poet who had written a fine piece of verse, touching on some of the martyrdoms of Ancient Rome. He had been reading "Quo Vadis," and his imagination had been excited. So in his poem he said:—

"See the pale martyr, in his sheet of fire."

But he learnt a lesson as to the necessity of legible manuscript that he will never forget, when the line came out in the magazine:—

"See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire."

Hiram Gates.

HIS UNSHAKEN FAITH.

One of our theological students went up north the other day to "supply" for a Sunday. He is a youth of considerable ambition, and he had written a sermon against atheism, which he thought was calculated to produce a profound impression. In it he had reviewed most of what had been written on the subject in ancient and modern theological literature. He quoted the Fathers, and had a rub at Darwin. He adduced Paley, Gladstone and Sir Oliver Mowat. Going home to dinner with a farmer of the neighbourhood after preaching this learned discourse, our young preacher was naturally full of his subject, and led the way to converse on it. He was anxious to know what sort of an impression he had produced. At last he asked the farmer what he thought of the arguments he had brought forward. His companion hesitated for a time, and then blurted out: "Well sir, I know I ain't learned like you are, and no doubt what you said was clever, but still I must say I believe in a God."

Hiram Gates.

HIS FIRST PATIENT, OR, THE GANDER'S TOOTH

Amid his rustic environment, the newly fledged M.D. was the greenest of the green.

Professionally, he was clever enough; and he had passed his examinations with honours. But he was city bred, and so absorbed in scientific speculation, that the ordinary things of everyday life passed by him unobserved.

The small capital, with which he had started in life, just sufficed to purchase an insignificant country practice; and that, with his books and surgical instruments, was all he possessed in the world.

Starvation was starving him in the face, when he was made the fortunate victim of a practical joke.

His utter ignorance of all things pertaining to country life, together with his absent

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SKIPJACK—Aw, what s
hook and I cawn't wemove
WALTON—Here, take
SKIPJACK—But you caw
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It was late in autumn, a
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his door.

He opened, to find stand
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"Er yew ther doctor?"
"Yes."
"Well, old Miss Hull,
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do be sufferin' torments.
gander baint a christian, b
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"Of course I'll come," s
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He had but a vague ide
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He fell easily into the t

It was a good three mile
and he had no horse. T
deep in mud; the night
was a cold rain falling.

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CONTRARY TO ETIQUETTE.

SKIPJACK—Aw, what shall I do? This wetched fish has swallowed the hook and I cawn't wemove it.

WALTON—Here, take my knife and cut it out.

SKIPJACK—But you cawn't cut fish with a knife, you know! You haven't a fawk about you, I suppose? P. T.

mindedness, made him an easy subject for the village wag to practice upon.

It was late in autumn, and growing dark.

Our M.D. had finished his frugal meal, and was deep in the study of a work on neurasthenia, when a startling knock sounded on his door.

He opened, to find standing without, a typical countryman who was panting for breath, as tho' he had run far and fast.

"Er yew ther doctor?" gasped the man.

"Yes."

"Well, old Miss Hull, up ter ther cross roads, wants ter know ef yew'll cum up and drar her old gander's tooth. Ther poor critter do be sufferin' torments. Sez she, th' old gander baint a christian, but, ef the doctor *be*, why he'll cum along and help a poor feller mortal. I'll pay him,' sez she, 'just ther same for drarin ther gander's tooth, as I would fer a human.'"

"Of course I'll come," answered the doctor kindly.

He had but a vague idea of what kind of a beast a gander was, anyway; and it never occurred to him that ganders do not wear teeth.

He fell easily into the trap, and went.

It was a good three miles to the cross roads, and he had no horse. The roads were ankle deep in mud; the night was dark; and there was a cold rain falling.

But he tramped steadily onward, thinking of nothing but the book he had been reading.

He was awakened from his reverie by the sudden appearance of lights, and, at the same time, a man on horseback dashed past him, going in the direction from which he had come.

There was evidently something of a very exciting nature going on at the house of Mrs. Hull. Lights were moving about in all directions, and he could hear the sound of women's voices raised in mingled horror and sympathy.

He attributed it all to the sufferings of the gander, and felt glad that he had come.

Stepping briskly to the door he announced himself with a professional air.

"A doctor, be ye? Oh, glory, glory! Come in; he's shot himself!"

The M.D. did for just one moment wonder how the gander could have shot himself; but professional instinct overpowered curiosity He quickly produced his pocket case of instruments, and found himself by the bed of a man who lay groaning with pain. The poor fellow had accidentally shot himself in the left arm while hunting in the adjacent woods. Our M.D. dressed the wound and remained with his patient for a fortnight, nursing him through the fever which supervened, thus gaining his eternal gratitude and friendship.

The patient was a wealthy man; and when he was able to be moved, he insisted on the young doctor's accompaning him to his native city; nor did he rest until, by his wealth and influence, he had established him in a flourishing and lucrative practice.

But, even now, when our M.D. allows his mind to dwell upon the incident which made his fortune, he wonders, in a dreamy kind of way, if Mrs. Hull got anyone else to draw her gander's tooth.

S. Sheldrake.

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JANUARY, 1899.

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WILLIAM KINGSFORD.

The Canadian Historian; Born 1819; Died 1898.

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THE

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A CANADIAN HISTORIAN.

A Sketch of the late Dr. Kingsford.

THE number of Canadian men of letters is not so large that a figure like the late William Kingsford, LL. D., F.R.S., can disappear without leaving a noticeable vacancy. In his death, which occurred on the 29th of September last, we have lost one who accomplished a work of permanent value to the country, and who brought to its performance qualities of mind and character which are never common in any society. For many years the historian of Canada was to the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen little more than a name. He lived in quiet and comparative obscurity, and even his writing did not bring him prominently before the people, as may be judged from the list of subscribers appended to the last volume of his history, which shows that the total number of these was slightly in excess of one hundred and fifty. In Ottawa, where he resided during the latter part of his life, a few friends and those of the public who frequented the library of Parliament had opportunities of becoming familiar with the stalwart form and strongly-marked features of the venerable author; but to the masses he was as completely unknown within the capital as he was outside. For twelve years he gave himself with untiring zeal and devotion to the task he had set himself to accomplish. No pleasure, no social recreation was allowed to interfere with this object or to steal from the precious hours which he hoarded with penurious care and turned to strict account, filling them with fruitful labour. Conscious that he had begun at an advanced age an undertaking of great extent, which might have taxed the physical and mental resources of a much younger man, feeling that he dared not squander the smallest particle of strength lest the final summons should reach him before his task was finished, Dr. Kingsford laid down a rigid system according to which his time was distributed between work and just so much exercise as was required to keep him in health, with a slight allowance for domestic and social intercourse. He "scorned delights and lived laborious days." In a letter to Mr. William Buckingham, of Stratford, he said:

"For myself my life is one of labour; but, like all busy men, I have leisure more or less for some outside matters, such as to write to a friend or for a duty. To the syren pleasures I must turn a deaf ear. I rise at five, work till nine, go to the archives or library, work there until half-past twelve, return home and dine at one; resume work at three, write such letters as I may have to attend to, or continue at my MS. until a quarter to six. After tea I read or write, and go to bed at eight. Such is my life, and so it must continue until I have ended my work."

The laborious author whose ascetic habits are thus described had neverthe-

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less been a man of action in his day, had travelled much, mingled much with his fellow-men, and occupied positions which required for the successful discharge of the duties belonging to them, qualities the reverse of those which seek and are developed in privateness and retiring. He came to Canada from England with the 1st Dragoon Guards. Upon leaving the regiment he took up civil engineering, making an important survey in connection with the Lachine canal, engaging in the construction of the Hudson River railway in New York State, surveying portions of the route of the Grand Trunk Railway, and for many years being placed in charge of the harbours of Ontario and Quebec by the Dominion Government. Professional duties called him at different times to Italy, Sardinia, England and Central America. In addition to all this he was at one time part proprietor and joint editor of a Montreal newspaper.

Whatever may have led Dr. Kingsford at the outset of his career to enter the army, it is certain that he must have found something congenial in the atmosphere and associations of the barrack-room and parade ground. He was a fervent patriot and of a naturally bold and combative disposition. This was shown in an incident which occurred in the Montreal elections of September, 1844, after he had left the army and entered upon the duties of his profession as engineer. Much feeling had arisen throughout the country with regard to the questions at issue between Lord Metcalfe and his ministers respecting the control of patronage, and a large force of men at work on the Lachine Canal had been marched into Montreal to take possession of the polls and prevent the constitutional party from voting. The latter determined to assert their political rights, and for that purpose organized themselves into the Loyal Protective Society, or the "Cavaliers," as they were called. On polling day, Mr. Kingsford, then a young man of twenty-five, was elected captain of the Cavaliers in St. Lawrence Ward, and he had plenty of work to do. He and his friends were attacked at about eleven o'clock in the day by a mob of navvies from the canal, aided by allies from Griffintown, who discharged volleys of stones as they advanced. Kingsford, convinced that the best method of defending himself was to strike a blow at his assailants, called upon his companions to charge upon the advancing masses. They did so and put the enemy to flight, their leader having his hat smashed in with a stone, and receiving a blow upon the knee. In consequence of this adventure, Kingsford became a marked man, and two years afterwards, when passing along St. Urbain Street, was recognized by a crowd of roughs and attacked by eight or nine of their number with axe handles, suffering such punishment that he fell senseless in the door of a friend's office, where he had taken refuge. On this occasion he received two wounds on the head, the marks of which he carried to his grave.

In appearance Dr. Kingsford was a man of large frame and commanding stature. His strong and well-defined features indicated the determination and individual force of character which lay behind. Latterly his white hair, white moustache and pointed beard gave him a venerable appearance, but time never tamed the keen eye nor the active and alert expression of his countenance. Genial and kindly as was his disposition, a vein of pugnacity in his nature joined with firm convictions, enthusiasm for any cause he had at heart, deep sincerity, loyalty to the truth, courage and independence, formed a positive character whose chief defect lay in a certain intellectual rigidity which prevented him from doing full justice to that side of the case which was alien from his sympathies. Yet, in this combination of qualities we have elements of noble idealism, if not of heroism. His want of flexibility was a fault which marred his own success in life, for it often prevented him from making those concessions to the feelings and opinions of others which are necessary to smooth the current of daily in-

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tercourse and retain the friendship of persons from whom we differ. The effect of this trait showed itself occasionally in his writing. Thus, in referring to the proceeding of the Governor de Montmagny, who, on landing at Quebec in 1636, fell on his knees before a small cross erected on the road to the fort; he says: "M. de Montmagny was marked both by sense and ability, and the act itself, without explanation, must be attributed to impulse, and whatever praise it may receive from the Jesuit Fathers it cannot command universal respect." This is surely not a gracious comment upon an act of religious devotion even though it be true that the governor was on his way to the cathedral where he was about to participate in high mass.

Perhaps it is to the characteristic here mentioned that we may attribute the treatment Dr. Kingsford received from Sir Hector Langevin, Minister of Public Works in the Macdonald Government. When Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues returned to power in 1878, Kingsford was engineer in charge of the public harbours of Ontario and Quebec. Not long afterwards the Minister dispensed with his services, an act for which he was at the time accused of political bigotry and intolerance. Kingsford had for several years held office under Alexander Mackenzie and had learned to admire the Premier's dogged industry, his sturdy honesty of purpose and a certain brusquerie of manner in uttering unwelcome truths—qualities somewhat akin to those which he possessed himself—and it has been asserted that Sir Hector was too narrow-minded to permit a person holding and expressing such views to remain in the public service and near his own person. The discharged employee felt so deeply the injustice which he considered to have been done him that he wrote a pamphlet vindicating his conduct and denouncing the Minister. But it is quite probable that the act which seemed so unwarranted was due to some indiscretion of the victim, and that had he preserved a judicious silence with regard to his political opinions at a time when party feeling ran high, and when the expression of strong sympathy with the fallen Premier by a civil servant occupying a conspicuous position would naturally be resented, he might have retained his office for years.

To this event, which Dr. Kingsford felt at the time as a cruel blow, we in a large measure owe the "History of Canada." The subject had long been in the mind of the author who from his researches had come to the conclusion that certain critical passages in the relations of Great Britain with her dependencies in America had been steadily misrepresented. He was sixty-seven years of age when he began this great undertaking, having almost completed the span of life mentioned by the Psalmist, yet he entered upon his task with the courage and enthusiasm of youth. The preparations he made for the work were thorough and exhaustive. He had all his life, even when engaged in the active pursuit of his profession, been a diligent student of history and literature, and he began writing with an extensive fund of general and historical information. He determined at the outset to familiarize himself with the contents of all the original documents bearing upon his subject, and he laid down the lines of his work on a broad scale, aiming to give a view of the larger movements of international life, more especially those in which Great Britain, France and the United States were participants, of which the special experience of Canada was but a single phase; to show, in other words, what was passing in the world at large, and so to illumine the acts and events of Canadian history. This method has advantages, but it has also obvious disadvantages, one being that it swells the bulk of the book unduly. The number of persons who care to read ten large volumes about the history of Canada is limited.

Canadians are not, in fact, deeply interested in the history of their own land. They are so intent upon looking ahead into the future that they are

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little disposed to cast their eyes behind upon their country's past. As a rule, even well-educated men and women among us are much more familiar with the history of England than with that of the Dominion. An explanation of the phenomenon may, perhaps, be found in the fact that until recently Canadian history could scarcely be said to have been written, while every era of British history had been treated by brilliant pens. Whatever the cause, the fact is undoubtedly as stated, and it may safely be said that a superficial knowledge of the struggle between France and England in the eighteenth century, of the events connected with the war of 1812-15, of the Upper and Lower Canadian Rebellion of 1837 and of the story of the Fenian Raid, constitute the sum total of the acquaintance of the average Canadian with the past life of Canada. Hence, it became apparent on the publication of the first volume that the undertaking would be a commercial failure. In the preface to the tenth volume the author tells us that he was enabled to carry on the work through the assistance of three friends. He says: "This work has exacted many year's of labour of the author's life, and some personal sacrifice on his part. Had it not been for the generous assistance of three friends, whose important aid was given in the crisis of its production, he would have failed in its completion."

But the author's heart was in the project, and although not possessed of private means, he persevered in the plan he had drawn up, labouring, as he believed, in the cause of patriotism and historic truth. Weighed down by poverty, harassed by petty financial cares, addressing a narrow circle of readers, and without any recognition by the Government, he persisted through twelve weary years in spite of every discouragement, retaining his cheerfulness, courage and buoyancy until the task was accomplished.

That a poor scholar should have been allowed to suffer in this manner, dependent upon the aid of generous friends for the means of existence, is surely little to the credit of the Government of Canada. Sir Oliver Mowat, when Premier of Ontario, took 100 copies of his book, thus materially assisting the author, but the Government of Canada took none, though Dr. Kingsford was spending his time, energy and talent in a work of national scope and significance. Admitting that the historian may have been indiscreet, and that his want of tact was possibly responsible for his retirement from the public service, surely all this might have been overlooked in view of the character of his labours.

The design marked out late in life was finally accomplished, and on May 24th, 1898, the tenth volume was published, bringing the work down to 1841, the date of the union of the Canadas. With its completion the sustaining sense of companionship which such a task often imparts, vanished, and the venerable author must have felt, like Othello, that his occupation was gone, and that the time had arrived when he might depart in peace. At all events he survived only four months after inscribing "Finis" on his work.

The "History of Canada" is Dr. Kingsford's monument. It is there that the man is to be found, and those who would know him must seek the knowledge not in the meagre notice of personal traits here given, but in the pages in which are written the story of this Dominion. It is no part of our purpose to give a critical study of the work, but a few words upon it may not be out of place. It has already been hinted that its pages are overloaded with detail interesting only to the specialist. There is seemingly a want of proportion in the space devoted to the different topics, especially in the earlier volumes, which mars their attractiveness to the ordinary reader. The work is an immense storehouse of information, but somewhat wanting in symmetry and in the higher qualities of style. Often the reader is apt to weary of the long drawn out tale and to feel that the fire has been smothered

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under the fuel. Nevertheless, with all its manifest and manifold defects, this history stands alone and unrivalled in its own sphere as the great standard authority upon the events and times with which it deals. Not every one will agree with the author's conclusions. The views he sets forth of certain important passages in our national career will be unwelcome to many and have been sharply criticised. Thus, he staunchly defends the attitude of the home government in dealing with the Acadians in opposition to the belief which Longfellow's Evangeline has made to be almost universally accepted. Again, he corrects the one-sided versions so widely prevalent of the events which culminated in the American Revolution. Again, the Rebellion in Lower Canada in 1837 is described in a manner not at all harmonizing with the belief of many French Canadians that their ancestors wrung their liberties from the British Government by force. In all these cases, however, the critic of Dr. Kingsford will find that his conclusions were based upon an exhaustive examination of the evidence, and, whatever his prepossessions, his aim has been to state the truth and to do impartial justice.

This imperfect sketch may well be brought to a close with a characteristic incident illustrating the pride the historian felt in his English lineage, and the manliness he conceived to be typical of the English nature. The story was told years ago, and it was of an occurrence many years before that. The hearer does not guarantee names but he thinks Sherbrooke was the town named by Dr. Kingsford. A murderer, whom we will call Greene, was lying in jail under sentence of death. The prisoner was an Englishman and was or had been a soldier, and Dr. Kingsford who was temporarily residing in Sherbrooke was interested in him through that fact. He visited Greene a good deal. The man gained his sympathy as he had gained that of the officials of the jail; apparently his guilt was the result of a moment's passion; not the outcome of an evil nature. Strong representations in his favor had been made to the Crown, and a respite or commutation was expected, upon which Greene had unfortunately been allowed to build his hopes. The day before the date fixed for the execution, word arrived that there would be no inteference with the regular course of the law. The officials shrank from breaking the news to the prisoner; so, apparently in default of a priest, Dr. Kingsford was asked to perform the disagreeable duty.

"It was a nasty task," said the Doctor, telling of it, "I cast about much in my mind for the kindest way of doing it. There seemed nothing but the ordinary commonplace, till I said to myself, 'He is an Englishman, and we have talked together of our country.' Then I went into his cell. He stood up to greet me. I put my hands on his shoulders and I said, 'Greene, my man, there is nothing left for it but to die with the courage of your race.' And he took it like an Englishman, and he died like one."

Listening to the slow, deep voice of the big old man, with his strong eyes glowing over the words, "die with the courage of your race," one could understand that he might inspire courage in any breast whether that of an Englishman or of a Hottentot. His own thought was that an Englishman needed only to be reminded of his country to die like a man, but the thought the recital inspired in the hearer was of the sterling and lofty simplicity of Dr. Kingsford's own character.

R. W. Shannon.

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IS CANADA'S TRADE ANTI-BRITISH ?

WE claim to be an integral part of the British Empire, but one would not be led to make this deduction from the trade statistics. In 1868 we imported from Great Britain goods to the value of 36½ millions. In 1883 this had grown to 52 millions. By 1897 it had fallen to 29½ millions, or to compare it in a table, we have the following:

Imports from Great Britain :—
1868 - - 36½ millions.
1883 - 52 "
1897 - - 29½ "

In other words our buying from Great Britain has declined twenty per cent. in thirty years *

To look at it in another way. In 1868 we bought from Great Britain 51 per cent. of our total imports ; in 1883 it was 42 per cent. ; in 1897 it was 26.4 per cent. To state it in a table :

Imports from Great Britain :—
1868, 51 per cent. of total imports.
1883, 42 " " "
1897, 26.4 " " "

This does not look as if we were really a vital part of the Empire. The figures are against such a view. Lest any one should say that our total trade with Great Britain has declined, and that while we have bought less from her, she has bought less from us, I hasten to give the figures.

In 1868 we exported to Great Britain goods to the value of $13,253,906 ; by 1883 this had increased to $39,672,-104 ; by 1897 it had grown to $69,-533,852. Expressed tabularly, this is the result :

Exports to Great Britain :—
1868 - - 13¼ millions.
1883 - 39½ "
1897 - - 69½ "

That is, while our buyings from Great Britain *declined* twenty per cent. between 1868 and 1897, our sales to Great Britain *increased* four hundred and twenty-five per cent. Great Britain has been using us well, but we have been treating her shabbily. Our buying does not follow our loyalty ; that is quite evident.

In the same period our purchases in the United States increased from 26 millions to 61 millions, or 135 per cent. ; and our purchases in other countries from 9 millions to 20 millions, or 125 per cent. The only inference one can draw is that we prefer foreign goods to British.

How have the other countries treated us in return ? Have our sales to them increased in proportion ?

Our sales to the United States have increased from 26 millions to 44 millions, or less than 70 per cent. Our sales to other foreign countries have increased from four millions to ten millions, or, accurately, 140 per cent. It was pointed out above that our sales to Great Britain had increased 425 per cent.

Collecting all the percentages we have :

1868-1897.	U. S.	Other Countries.	Great Britain.
Imports from ...	135 p.c. inc.	125 p.c. inc.	20 p.c. dec.
Exports to	67 p.c. inc.	140 p.c. inc.	425 p.c. inc.

In other words, the United States has gained more than it should ; other foreign countries have been treated squarely ; and Great Britain has been given the cold shoulder.

There is, perhaps, a partial reason for this preference shown United States goods in the fact that what we buy from Great Britain may be roughly classified under manufactures of (1) wool, (2) cotton, (3) silk, (4) iron and steel, (5) flax, hemp and jute—but almost wholly manufactures. The amount of raw material we import from Great Britain is not great. On the

* Of course, economists claim that all prices have declined during the past thirty years. But this does not affect the comparison which is aimed at in this article.

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other hand, our imports from the United States may be generally classed as follows: (1) coal, (2) iron and steel and manufactures of, (3) cotton and manufactures of, (4) metals and manufactures of, (5) crude rubber, (6) hides, (7) raw tobacco, (8) lumber, (9) settlers' effects. While these items show that raw materials predominate in our United States purchases, they, nevertheless, show also that we buy large quantities of goods which are manufactured in that country to the exclusion of similar British goods.

Further than this, we have prevented Great Britain's selling in this country by refusing to improve our insolvency laws. The creditor who is close at hand—in Toronto, Montreal, or New York—gobbles everything before the British creditor hears of the failure. For this state of affairs we have to thank our bank managers, those clever individuals who draw neat salaries varying from $10,000 to $25,000 a year, and who represent the largest financial combination in this country.

Lest this analysis of Canadian loyalty be thought partial and prejudiced, there are two matters which must be mentioned as showing that our loyalty is shame-faced at times. We have given British products the entree to our market at twenty-five per cent. less duty than that collected on goods from the United States and other foreign countries. This has been the case since August, 1st, 1898. We have also allowed Canadian merchants to send a letter to Great Britain from any post office in Canada for two cents; whereas the rate previous to December 25th, 1898, was five cents. These measures are certainly in the right direction. If followed up with a Dominion Insolvency law they may mean much for British connection.

John Canuck.

THE FIAT.

ILLUME'D with reason, greatest gift of God,
Man has dominion over earth and flood;
Yet must he labour ever for his needs
Nor shrink to lose his life or shed his blood.
And too in dire distress, with pains of hell,
Shall women bear their babes in sorrowing fear.
So spoke the grieving God when Adam fell,
And gentle Eve, beguiled, could shed no tear.
And man alone shall fill the wants of man,
"In thy brow's sweat shalt thou eat bread;"
Yet in this curse there lurks no cruel ban,
Nor is there in it ought to fear or dread.
Accept the fiat: go ye forth and work,
And plough and dig and sow the seed and wait;
Do all that fits the spirit of a man,
And leave the rest to destiny and fate.
For many things lie not in our control,
The gentle dew, the seasonable rain,
The healthful glory of the noon-day sun,
Nor if we sow in mirth or reap in pain.
For Hope and Reason measure our estate,
Upon our efforts doth our weal depend,
And Hope is with us through the working years,
But man *cannot compel* the final end.

W. J. Holt Murison.

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COMMERCIAL RELATIONS BETWEEN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

By the Editor of The Halifax Morning Chronicle.

AT the present time, with the full consent and warm approval of the people of Canada and the Mother Country, and, no doubt, with the hearty approval of the great masses of the people, and the best public men of all parties in the United States, an international commission, composed of some of the ablest men of the three countries mentioned, are at work endeavouring to frame a treaty which shall settle and wipe off the international slate the irritating questions that have for years marred the good relations which should exist between the American republic and the Dominion of Canada. It may not be a sinister omen, but it is rather out of keeping with the spirit of international amity which prompted and underlies these negotiations, that a disturbing element should be introduced by the action of a small coterie of United States politicians—headed by a former Canadian and member of the Canadian Parliament, and possibly encouraged by some restless, but unknown spirits on this side of the line—in raising the old but abortive issue that political union between Canada and the United States is the only practical and practicable method of finally and forever settling the disturbing questions now engaging the attention of the international commission.

This issue has been persistently kept to the front by a certain class of American politicians since the abrogation in 1866 of the reciprocity treaty of 1854, and without doubt it has been the chief underlying sinister influence which has more than once frustrated the honest efforts made by the statesmen of the three nations interested to settle disturbing questions that from time to time arise between Canada and her Republican neighbours. While the raising of this annexation or political union issue has been more than once successful in preventing the removal of the causes of friction between the United States and Canada, and in blocking the negotiations for closer commercial relations between the two countries, it has not brought one whit nearer the consummation of the dream of the political unionists—the annexation of Canada to the United States. It was in the nature of things that such schemes should fail—that a policy whose success depended upon the power of political coercion, exercised through the potent influence of hostile tariff legislation, to force a free, independent and constitutionally governed people to transfer their allegiance and barter their national autonomy and British connection, should lack the vital elements of success; for, whoever heard of a free and constitutionally governed British colony, peopled by the descendants of the men who made Great Britain what she is to-day, bartering their political and national independence for a mess of pottage—for commercial advantages. There are not many political Esaus in the British Empire, and they are few and far between in Canada to-day, whatever may have been the case in 1847, when the American flag was hoisted on the town hall in Kingston; and in 1849, when many prominent men in Montreal signed an annexation manifesto.

The little coterie of American political unionists—who have been startled into new activity by the dreaded danger of the international commission successfully framing a treaty which shall be fair and honourable to both countries—propose to woo Canada into a political matrimony contract with Uncle

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Sam, not by the influence of international friendliness and good neighbourhood, operating through close commercial and social relations, but by vigorous use of the "club" argument, which still has great potency among savage and semi-civilized peoples. In a word, they propose to starve Canada into political union with the United States. Briefly stated their propaganda is based upon the following propositions :

1. That Canada cannot enjoy a substantial measure of prosperity or make rapid progress in the development of her resources if continuously deprived of the advantage of freer trade relations with the United States.

2. That the Canadian people are so anxious for a reciprocity treaty with the United States that they are prepared to make extraordinary sacrifices to obtain it.

3. That if the existing high tariff walls—that McKinley and Dingley built—are maintained by our American neighbours, and the requisite amount of coaxing and pressure is brought to bear upon Canadians, they will seek that free trade through political union.

Allow me to deal briefly with these three propositions in their bearing upon the relations of Canada to the United States and the work of the international commission.

1. It is true that Canada prospered under the reciprocity treaty of 1854, and for years after its abrogation she felt the loss of it. So did the New England States. It is true that a fair and well-considered reciprocity treaty would be a good thing for Canada now ; it would also be a good thing for the United States, more particularly the New England States and the States bordering on Canada from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean. But it is not true that Canada's progress and prosperity are indissolubly bound up in securing freer trade relations with the United States. We have got along without reciprocity for thirty-two years. We have made substantial, if not rapid, progress in developing our resources, in increase of population and wealth, in enlargement of our constitutional privileges and political liberties. We have united the Atlantic and Pacific oceans by bonds of steel ; have extended and still are extending our railway systems in every direction ; have bridged the Atlantic and Pacific by modern steamship lines ; have extended and enlarged our canal system, and have reached out with a considerable measure of success for markets to replace those of which we were partially deprived by the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854. We have entered with more vigour than ever upon the work of developing our agricultural resources, for the products of which we are finding a steadily expanding market in the Mother Country, easily and safely reached by means of improved methods of transportation. We are no longer dependent upon the United States for an outlet for our surplus agricultural products. Under our improved trade relations with the Mother Country she will take all we can send her, provided we cater to the demands of the British people in quality and price. We are doing that, as the phenomenal shipments of Canadian products to the British markets during the past two seasons abundantly prove. We might make greater progress if we had freer trade relations with the United States ; but the results of the past thirty-two years show that we can continue to make substantial progress without reciprocity.

2. As already intimated, the people of Canada acknowledge the desirability of freer trade relations with the United States as a means of expanding trade and developing our industrial resources, and also because freer trade relations would promote the friendly relations that should always exist between two neighbouring peoples, united by the ties of kinship, language, literature and religion. But to secure these freer trade relations we are not prepared to make any sacrifice of national honour—we are not prepared to sell our political birthright or to turn our backs upon the Mother Country to secure reciprocity. If the Canadian people

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should assume such a cringing attitude their American neighbours would despise them and would be justified in doing so.

3. This brings me to the question of political union, suggested by the political unionists as the shortest and most direct road to free trade between Canada and the United States. Let it be understood, once for all, that Canada cannot be coerced into political union with the American Republic by means of high tariffs, drastic alien labor bills, threats of non-intercourse and repeal of the bonding privilege or any general course of unfriendliness; nor can she be bribed into political union by anything which the United States can think of offering.

What the United States might have accomplished thirty-two years ago, by the maintenance of reciprocal trade relations between the two countries, and a general friendly policy towards Canada and the Mother Country, in impressing Canadians favourably towards political union, is a matter of speculation. At that time a community of interests had grown up between the two countries under the influence of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854; the people of Nova Scotia were intensely dissatisfied over the way in which they had been hustled into confederation; there were grave doubts in other quarters as to the wisdom of the confederation experiment and the possibilities of a successful outcome; and there was in Great Britain at that time a strong party which looked on the colonies as a burden, and seriously suggested the policy of letting them assume their independence and strike out for themselves. Had the United States wooed Canada at that time instead of seeking to coerce her by hostile legislation; had American politicians taken advantage of the conditions of things I have described by continuing the reciprocity treaty and holding out the olive branch of friendly relations to the Canadian people, it is difficult to say what they might not have accomplished in winning the affections of Canada in the direction of political union.

But American statesmen took the opposite course. They repealed the Reciprocity Treaty and raised a high tariff wall against this country; some of them winked at the Fenian raids, and lost no opportunity of "nagging" at Canada by means of hostile legislation, threats of non-intercourse, repeal of the fishery clauses of the Washington Treaty, unreasoning denunciation of the Mother Country, and a generally declared ultimatum that if Canada wanted freer trade relations with the American Republic she must seek them through political union. That kind of wooing did not do much to favourably impress Canada with the idea of annexation. It had the opposite effect. It has relegated to the dim and distant future all prospects of political union with the United States. It has tended to crystallize and develop, slowly it may be, a Canadian national sentiment and affection for the empire of which we form a part, which grows stronger as the years roll by. President Cleveland's Venezuelan message, the wrangling of the United States Senate over the Arbitration Treaty, the Corliss Alien Labour Bill, the Dingley Tariff Bill—in fact, every move made by American jingo politicians simply stiffened the backs of the Canadian people to resist those bulldozing measures, developing in them the conviction that they are free citizens of a free empire, who intend to remain free, and strengthening the ties of loyalty, affection, citizenship and legitimate self-interest which bind them to the Mother Country. And what is more, these sentiments are appreciated and reciprocated by the Mother Country—as has been fully demonstrated by the happenings in connection with the Diamond Jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria—for there is now no party in that country which even dreams, much less talks, of cutting the colonies adrift. On the contrary, the whole trend of sentiment, policy and events is in the direction of the unification of the empire, and the short-sighted jingo politicians of the United States, apparently without knowing it, by their narrow, unfriendly and hostile attitude

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towards Canada are actually strengthening the ties which bind us to the Mother Country and promoting the consolidation of the Empire, an ideal which is emerging from the region of dream-land and assuming a form and direction which points to its realization at no distant day.

We believe, further, that the time has gone by when American politicians can woo Canada into political union even by a policy of friendliness and close commercial relations. Without in any way seeking to disparage the United States as a great nation, and her people as worthy of the Anglo-Saxon stock from which they sprang, the Canadian people feel that theirs is a higher national and political destiny—to be one of the great family of Anglo-Saxon nations composing a world-wide British empire, whose mission is to civilize, enlighten and Christianize the people who come under her sway, and by the agency of free institutions and the influence of a world-wide, peace-producing and humanizing commerce, to raise strong barriers against the demon of war and promote peace and good-will among the nations.

(Why should not the United States come into the Anglo-Saxon family of nations and have a share in such noble work?)

There is room enough and scope enough on this continent for the two Anglo-Saxon nations, Canada and the United States—daughters of a common mother,· custodians of a common liberty—to work out their separate destinies without being jealous of each other or coveting each other's patrimony and birthright. They can maintain a friendly and honourable rivalry in the world of industry and commerce, and at the same time co-operate heartily in promoting the arts of peace and civilization, and the welfare of our common humanity the world over.

I have no doubt that in due time, when the reign of the jingo is over and when the common sense and intelligence of the American people assert themselves over the schemes of ward politicians, our neighbours will frankly concede this and freely and gladly accord to Canada the right to work out her national destiny in her own way, on British lines, and yet in close, friendly and commercial relations with the people of that country. And if the labours of the International Commission should result in a treaty calculated to promote so desirable a consummation, it will prove the dawn of a brighter day, not only for Great Britain, Canada and the United States, but also for the whole world.

Robert McConnell.

ROMA! CAVE TIBI!

WITH some trepidation, but moved by a sense of humiliation and anxiety, I ask through the columns of our national CANADIAN MAGAZINE the attention of my fellow Englishmen. I am the son of an Englishman, born on Canadian soil. My education and associations have been those of the average educated Englishman. I have fought for the Queen, God bless her. If any man has prejudices and predilections for English ways and English rule, I am that man. As I am, so are thousands and thousands of Canadians, and in speaking for myself I speak for them. I wish you, Englishmen, to listen to me as a father would listen to his son when that son speaks as a grown man to warn his father of impending danger. You Englishmen are a strong, imperial race. You know how to fight when you are in a corner, as witness Crecy, Agincourt, Inkerman and Delhi, but you do not always know when to fight. You own a very fair share of the earth's surface, and your fleet at present controls the seas. You have a glorious history and a noble lit-

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erature. We Canadians share your literature, your history and your triumphs and would mourn over disaster to you. Will you then hear what we think?

Do you care to be warned, or do you wish to continue in a course which will split up your Empire? It is time to speak plainly, and it is time for us to understand one another. No matter how much we admire you, no matter how much we reverence you, no matter how much we are ready to submit to neglect at your hands, the time has come when the future course of our relations must be settled. We feel very sore at your preference for the United States. We have been brought up to think that you are right and that they are wrong. We believe in your system of government as opposed to theirs. Both cannot be right. We have always thought that the people ruled in England while the mob ruled in the United States. But, alas, we are beginning to think we have been wrong. We see you Englishmen caressing the Americans, flattering them, submitting to them, backing out of declarations made as to what you were going to do until they stepped in and told you to stop. We see your public men, almost without exception, in every speech they make allude fondly in round set terms to their "kin" beyond seas. Will nothing open your eyes? Will you not see that these people are not your "kin?" They are aliens. Will you not understand that they do not care two straws about you? Their idea is that they are the mightiest nation upon earth. They consider that they own the Continent of North America, and that your presence on that continent is an anachronism and an absurdity. Surely they have told you so plainly enough. Do you think that by protesting so much admiration for them you will disarm them? If you do, you are making a huge mistake which you will bitterly pay for.

You believed, or said you believed, and falsehood is not your characteristic; therefore I say you believed that they entered upon the late war with Spain from motives of philanthropy. What do you think of their philanthropy now when you see the grab they have made? You sided with them without any request on their part for assistance from you. They consider that they could have done in the end equally well without you, and they attribute your help to interested motives. They think that you are on the look out for a share in the spoils. Is it true? Can it be true? If it is true, do you really think that these smart, clever Americans are going to expend blood and treasure so that English merchants may compete with them in these newly acquired islands? How you will be enlightened! Do you really believe that these Americans are going to legislate American merchants out of the Philippines by allowing the present English trade to continue its supremacy there? If you do, you must be very silly. We know these people better than you do. So long as England owns a foot of land in North America or one islet in the West Indies, so long will the United States be hostile. If you are prepared to quit America, well and good; they may condescend to help to protect you against Russia and France—otherwise, and on no other terms will they even stand on one side if they do not take part against you.

Now, as far as we are concerned, we ought to tell you one or two things which it may interest you to know. There is something we cannot understand in all this infatuation of yours. We know that there is something fictitious in it. We are aware that there is a *clique* of prominent Englishmen who have bought American wives, making an exchange of position for dollars. We know that there is a ring of paid liars who cable every item of news in such a way that it is coloured to suit American vanity. We know that some English men of letters, for the sake of selling their books, pander to that same vanity. We allow for all these influences. We also know that the Manchester school is for peace at any price, and that it has dim notions that the United States

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are the home of liberty, equality and fraternity. We allow for all of these influences also, but we are loth to believe that they really voice English opinion. If they do, then the following result is arrived at. If your admiration for the Americans is genuine, we are wrong. Why should we worry any more about retaining our connection with you? Every Canadian knows that he is losing money by not joining the Americans. But every Canadian has been consoled for his loss by the reflection that he has belonged to an Empire which was ruled on a different and better system than that of the United States. If you Englishmen are so pleased with the Americans, why should Canadians hesitate about joining them? If the English people, in whose traditions Canadians have been fondly imagining they were treading, really acknowledge the Americans as their equals if not their superiors, why should Canadians hesitate about joining these same Americans? It would certainly be to their pecuniary advantage, and apparently in English opinion there would be no descent—quite the contrary. Thousands of Canadians are asking themselves these questions. Therefore, I say, it is time to warn you Englishmen that you are in danger of splitting up the Empire. Are you prepared to do that?

A straight answer is wanted to a straight question. Do you value your American possessions so little that if they go over to the United States you will not regret it? We see a strong tendency in that direction. We cannot forget that when Mr. Olney told Lord Salisbury to leave Venezuela alone or take the consequences, Lord Salisbury submitted. We know that intrigues are going on to stir up discontent in the British West Indies, and you apparently shut your eyes. We know that the Americans are claiming to control the Nicaragua Canal, and we wait to hear your answer. We know that Lord Herschell at Washington has been all but a second Lord Ashburton. These are matters of this present time, not to rake up ancient fires. When we who are loyal and devoted to England, but who never forget we are Canadians, are crestfallen, what must be the feeling of Canadians who have little sympathy for England, but who would stand by her if she stood for herself? I warn you, Englishmen, you are treading on dangerous ground. The British Lion is hugging and slobbering over the American Eagle. But that scrawny bird is only submitting to be embraced. The situation is an illustration of the French proverb that there is always one who loves (England) and one who is loved (the United States). Presently the eagle's beak will tear the lion's flesh, and the eagle's talons tear the lion's side. Then there will be roar of astonished anger. But the mistake will have been made, the mischief will have been done.

Cease this Anglo-American nonsense. Rely on your own colonies. Establish interimperial tariffs, and get your food from your own territories. Cease to be at the mercy of jealous rivals, and then in the words of our Shakespeare, not the American Shakespeare—

> "Come three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them."

If you persist in allowing yourselves to be cozened by your belief or trust in American goodwill so that you neglect or slight your loyal and true Canadian fellow-subjects, you will lose Canada, you will lose your West India Islands —and then how long will the rest of your Empire last? *Roma, cave tibi.*

R. E. Kingsford.



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WHAT WE EAT.

II.—VARIOUS NUTS OF FOREIGN PRODUCTION.

A GENERATION or more ago nuts did not, in the country places at any rate, play such an active part in the Christmas and other festivities as they do now. In the rural districts when people foregathered forty or fifty years ago it was commonly to dance and drink whiskey. Life was too serious and practical to sit down after dinner and crack nuts and jokes. In those days Canada depended to a large extent upon the United States for its supply of nuts, dried fruits and a great many other lines, and importers would visit New York two and three times a year to make their purchases. But the abrogation of the Washington Treaty and the Civil War in the south turned the attention of Canadians to direct importation from the country of production and to the British market for supplies.

Twenty-three years ago nuts were not even mentioned in the trade returns of the Dominion. Twenty-one years ago almonds, walnuts and filberts alone were specified, and the total importation of all descriptions of nuts that year, 1877, was 1,396,070 pounds, against 3,589,646 pounds twenty years later. This means an increase of 157 per cent. during the period mentioned. It is a pity our population has not increased at the same rate.

The nut which comes into Canada in the largest quantity in its natural unshelled condition is the walnut. Shelled walnuts are not classified in the trade returns. Taking shelled and unshelled together, however, the premier position must be given to almonds according to the published official figures.* During 1897 we imported three and a half million pounds of nuts, and those represent a great many cracks for five million people.

ALMONDS.

There is probably no nut more popular than the almond, and salted almonds we love as Bacchus does his beer.

The other day I picked up an old book, printed in 1810, entitled "A Dictionary of Commerce," and almonds were therein described as "a kind of medicinal fruit confined in a hard shell, which is enclosed in a tough cottony skin." I smiled, but while I smiled I remembered that I had been admonished to always use salt with almonds as well as other nuts, the salt to be the medicine for the almonds, no doubt.

The almonds considered best by the grocery trade are the Tarragona and Formigetta descriptions. The latter are of French and the former of Spanish growth. Ivica almonds cost a trifle less than the two descriptions named, but they are hard-shelled and not much in favour. The same complaint is levied against Aberane almonds. Shelled almonds are used largely for confectioners' purposes, and Spain and the Island of Sicily are the chief countries from which these come. Shelled almonds arrive upon the market in boxes, and those not shelled are in sacks. Forty or fifty years ago no shelled almonds were imported into Canada, and those not shelled came as they do to-day, in sacks. Away back in 1810, according to the "Dictionary of Commerce," just quoted, almonds were imported into England in "casks, boxes and serons." This last-given word in modern dictionaries is spelled

*The following table gives the imports of all descriptions of nuts for home consumption during the fiscal year of 1897:

	Quantity in lbs.	Value.
Almonds, shelled.....	253,044	$31,802
" not shelled...	498,614	27,904
Brazil nuts	92,346	4,816
Pecans.....	258,264	11,647
Walnuts, not shelled....	691,072	45,723
All other nuts not shelled	1,652,524	61,986
" shelled....	143,782	15,491
	3,589,646	$199,369

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"seroon," and is described as "a crate or hamper in which Spanish or Mediterranean figs, raisins, almonds, dates, etc., are commonly packed."

The importation of shelled almonds into Canada has increased over 150 per cent. since 1890, while the importation of non-shelled in that year was practically the same as in 1897, being 491,813 pounds. In value, however, the imports of 1890 were $34,370, which exceeded that of last year by $6,466. Twenty years ago the imports of shelled almonds aggregated 58,375 pounds, valued at $6,525, and those of non-shelled 355,589 pounds, valued at $25,875.

WALNUTS.

Walnuts are walnuts to most people. There are, however, ordinarily four kinds of walnuts upon this market, namely, Grenoble, Marbot, Bordeaux, and Naples. A few of California growth are occasionally imported. The Grenoble, Marbot and Bordeaux descriptions are the product of France. As to the Naples description, the name is enough to tell the country of its origin. Very few of these come to Canada.

Grenobles are the best walnuts, being softer in shell and superior in flavour compared with other descriptions. The Marbot, a nut of large size and good flavour, ranks next. But the Marbot is likely this season to be marked by its absence on the Canadian market. The cause is not the quantity of the crop, but its quality, which is very bad owing to damage by rain. Bordeaux walnuts are divided into two classes, Cahors and Cornes. The latter is hard-shelled, but the former is a good nut.

Until within the last year or two Grenoble walnuts did not reach the Canadian market until Christmas week, but now, with improved transportation facilities, they have been in this country twelve days after leaving France, shipment being made via Hamburg.

Down to 1895 walnuts were not classified alone in the trade returns, being grouped with filberts, so that it is only possible to go back to that year with a view to making comparisons. In 1895 the quantity was 522,600 pounds and the value $37,791, and in 1896 the figures were 732,685 and $46,611 respectively, being in excess of those of 1897. In 1894, the last year walnuts and filberts were grouped under one classification, there were imported for home consumption of the two descriptions 1,229,873 pounds valued at $69,610. In 1890 the quantity was 1,100,661 pounds and the value $65,089, while away back in 1877 the respective figures were 389,278 pounds and $18,994. The importation of non-shelled walnuts alone, in 1897, was over 76 per cent. larger than the joint importation of walnuts and filberts twenty years before.

FILBERTS.

Filberts come of the hazelnut family. Since walnuts and filberts were separated in the trade returns in 1895, the latter have been lost sight of altogether. Now they are swallowed up in the mysterious classification, "All other nuts, N.O.P., not shelled," so it would be mere guesswork to say whether they were increasing or decreasing.

The filberts which come to this country are imported almost exclusively from Sicily. Compared with walnuts, filberts are accounted more nutritious, but, paradoxical as it may seem, more difficult to digest. Filberts are supposed to have derived their name from St. Philibert. A few hazelnuts are sometimes imported from Turkey, and some samples were shown the other day, but they are not really a factor on this market.

BRAZIL NUTS.

Brazil nuts were not classified in the trade returns until 1895. In that year the quantity imported was 112,450 pounds, valued at $4,822. The two following years the figures were: 1896, 72,054 pounds, valued at $4,050; 1897, 92,346 pounds, valued at $4,816.

Only once during the three years do we appear to have imported Brazil nuts direct from the country of production, and that was in 1895, when two whole dollars' worth were brought in. We even did better than that with China,

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for from the "Flowery Kingdom," three dollars' worth of Brazil nuts were imported in 1895. Last year all nuts of this description were imported from the United States and Great Britain, the quantities being 87,409 and 4,937 pounds respectively.

Brazil nuts are the product of a tall South American tree, and from 18 to 24 of them are borne, packed closely in a rounded hard capsule.

PECANS AND PEANUTS.

Both pecans and peanuts are practically supplied by the United States. In the trade returns they are jointly classified, and last year the quantity imported was 258,264 pounds, valued at $11,-647; 1896, 266,975 pounds, valued at $13,333; 1895, 332,745 pounds, valued at $16,148. In 1897, 256,977 pounds came from the United States, and 1,092 from France. China contributed 195 pounds, valued at four dollars. In 1896, Australasia sent 600 pounds, France 2,086 pounds, China 125 pounds. In 1895 we find Great Britain sending 2,879 pounds, China 68 pounds, France 37,690 pounds, Japan 127 pounds, Spain 14,593 pounds, the United States 277,388 pounds.

The pecan is the most important of native nuts in the United States, and a great deal of attention is being devoted to the planting of groves of this nut in some of the Southern States. The industry appears to be as a rule a paying one, and one South Carolina grower is credited with having trees from which he sells $40 to $50 worth in a season. This, however, is an exceptional case.

Peanuts, unlike other varieties of nuts, are not produced above ground. They are of the earth earthy, being, like potatoes, produced underground. The plant is a trailer and of the bean family, as one might almost gather from the flavour of the unroasted nut. Even the ripening process goes on underground. Groundnut, groundpea and earthnut are names by which the peanut is known in some places.

Attempts to cultivate the peanut in Canada have not been unsuccessful, particularly in the neighbourhood of St. Catharines. Only last summer peanuts were successfully raised in a thickly populated part of Toronto. But, of course, the cultivation in Canada has never had any commercial importance, and probably never will.

W. L. Edmonds.

CONSUMMATION.

(From the German of Heine.)

A STAR is earthward falling
From yonder glittering height;
The star that love betokens
Is falling in my sight.

From the apple tree are falling
White blossoms soft and still,
With them the teasing breezes
Unhindered work their will.

The swan sings in the fish pond,
Sails up and down the wave,
And singing yet more softly
Sinks deep in his watery grave.

It is so dark and quiet!
The blossoms are blown afar;
In silence dies the swan-song,
And fades the flaring star.

W. A. R. Kerr.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY R. MAYNARD.

BEACON HILL PARK—VICTORIA, B.C.

THE QUEEN CITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

IT is not my intention in this brief sketch to treat of Victoria only from the standpoint of her beautiful location, her sporting and tourist attractions, and the exceedingly picturesque elements that encircle life in general within her borders; nor yet to deal *solely* with historical data or commercial aspects; but rather steering along that delightful middle course, (so much more attractive to the general reader, and so infinitely more satisfactory to the writer) wherein a few statistics and solid facts peep out from between the folds of description, I shall try to present a faithful silhouette of the *Queen City* as she appears in the eyes of the world to-day.

Away back in the year 1842 Mr. (afterwards Sir) James Douglas, Senior Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, a man of ability and great force of character, and a born leader of men, fixed upon the old settlement of Camosun, on the southern end of Vancouver Island, as the site for a new fort and trading post; and in the following spring the place was named Victoria. From that date until 1886 the history of the Queen City became practically that of the whole province. In 1851 Mr. James Douglas was appointed governor of Vancouver Island, being given equal jurisdiction over the new colony of British Columbia in 1858. He was knighted in 1864, and when on August 20th, 1866, the mainland and the Island of Vancouver were united as a Crown Colony he became governor of the whole province.

The parliamentary history of British Columbia is both interesting and complicated, covering, as it does, the days of the Island's supremacy, the brief existence of a rival capital at New Westminster, and the records of the Legislative Assembly of the Crown Colony; also, more recently, the doings of Parliament since the province entered Confederation on July 20th, 1871.

But it is chiefly to the aspects and prospects of modern Victoria that I would now draw your attention, and a more pleasant subject for comment could scarcely be found throughout all the length and breadth of Canada, the

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EDWARDS BROS., PHOTOGRAPHERS. VICTORIA—THE QUEEN

Queen City being one of the most exquisite places in all this beautiful Dominion of which we are the proud sons and daughters.

Sea-girt by the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and with the snow-capped range of Olympian Mountains lying to the south-west, Victoria is situated on the edge of a rich agricultural district, where the farms and fields of prosperous settlers evidence what can be done by the energy of men aided by a temperate climate; for be the sky blue with summer's reflected glory, or grey with the clouds of an autumn rain, the thermometer never plays tricks upon unwary ranchers, nor, except in very rare instances, goes beyond the moderate limits of 33° and 80° Fahrenheit.

As a summer resort for tourists Victoria is altogether delightful, offering capital hotel accommodation, sport of every kind, fishing, shooting, boating, golf, cricket, tennis, and the most beautiful drives and bicycle rides imaginable. In this locality, alone in all the vast province of British Columbia, are the country lanes and highways inhedged for miles by thorn and thicket, where brambles luxuriate, and wild flowers struggle for supremacy with trailing vines and upstart weeds. Along such roads, bordered by well-cultivated fields, or out past Oak Bay, close to the golf links, where the sweep of the blue Pacific waters washes up over the rocky boulders that fringe the shore, one may cycle or ride for miles; or, taking some other direction, have a specially attractive goal in view, Cadboro' Bay, William's Head, Goldstream, Cedar Hill, and a dozen other equally lovely suburbs being well within the possibility of a pleasant day's excursion.



THE SEALING FLEET IN VICTORIA HARBOUR.

Boating, too, may be indulged in up the gorge, or

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CITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

two miles to the north where, in Esquimalt Harbour, the vessels of Her Majesty's navy lie at anchor, and the surrounding fortifications tell of the well-defended position of this magnificent naval station.

Constituting the western outpost of the Dominion the coast defences are here of special importance ; therefore, besides being the headquarters of the Pacific Squadron, detachments of Royal Marine Artillery and Royal Engineers have been quartered in the barracks at Macaulay point, whilst the militia force, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Gregory, is an exceptionally fine corps.

The main part of the Queen City is built on the slope of a hill at whose foot lies the harbour of Victoria (as distinct from Esquimalt Harbour), where all the shipping trade of the port is carried on, and the wharves of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company, the Hudson's Bay Company, R. P. Rithet & Co., and others, line the shore. Connected by excellent steamship services with the Puget Sound ports, as well as Vancouver, the Fraser River, and Californian ports and Alaskan points, the docks are always busy, the trans-oceanic vessels of the Canadian Pacific line to China and Japan, of the Canadian Australian route, and of the Northern Pacific S.S. line, all making Victoria a port of call. It may here be mentioned that the tonnage of the port is amongst the largest in the Dominion.

During the rush to the Klondyke last summer an immense outfitting trade was done by merchants in the Queen City, and a great impetus was thereby given to trade This formed the commencement of a new era of good times, for Victoria, like her sister cities on the



THREE CHINESE SAILOR-BOYS.

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BRITISH WARSHIPS IN ESQUIMAULT HARBOUR, B.C.

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. MAYNARD.

Pacific Coast, experienced for a season a wave of business depression that seriously interfered with commercial development.

Now, however, all is once more prosperity and progress in the west, and the large wholesale trade done in Victoria stands on a solid basis. There is an unusually large proportion of large wholesale houses in the city, as compared with the population (some 26,000). The capital which backs these firms is large and chiefly local.

Enterprises of all kinds have at various times been established within the city limits, amongst which may be mentioned fruit-preserving, pickling and spice factories, flour, feed and rice mills, boot, shoe and trunk-making, soap and powder works, iron foundries, machine shops, furniture and biscuit factories, and chemical and metallurgical works ; whilst many of the retail shops in the town would astonish eastern eyes, so favourably do they compare with those of Ontario and Quebec centres.

Though the coal mines of Nanaimo and Wellington are situated about eighty miles from Victoria, a mention of them may fairly be included in this sketch, the industry being chiefly owned by the Dunsmuirs, whose name ranks high amongst those of the most prominent of Victoria's pioneers. The export from these coal mines last year was valued at $2,445,379.

To the Queen City alone belongs, almost exclusively, the sealing industry of British Columbia, for, with one or two exceptions, all the sealing vessels make Victoria their home port. In 1897 the boats brought back a cargo valued at $750,000, of which about $500,000 was the product of Behring Sea.

Many fine buildings ornament the city. The new Post Office and Custom House built of grey stone, the Jubilee Hospital, the Drill Shed, and some of the business "blocks" are tangible proofs of the stability of the place, whilst capital telephone, electric light, and street car services, water-works, sewerage and other public systems testify to

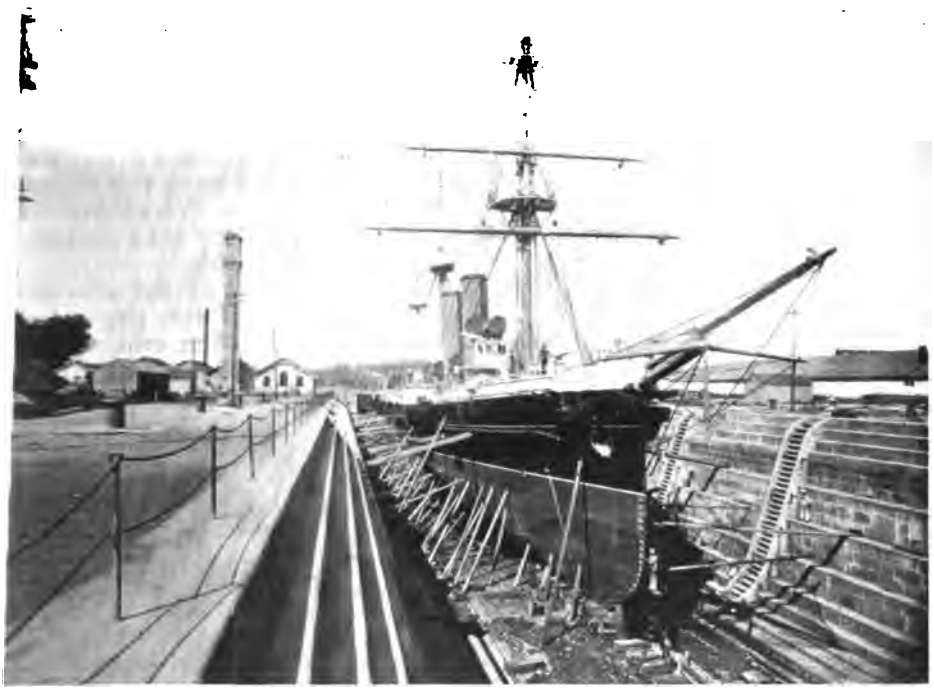
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the fact that in this community, established on the western extremity of Canadian soil, not only are all the comforts of civilization obtainable, but the most up-to-date luxuries afforded by electricity, steam, and rail are also at the disposal of residents and travellers alike. Victoria is the terminus of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, and of the Victoria and Sidney Railway.

Of all the public structures, however, that adorn the locality, the new Parliament Building stands out pre-eminently, an edifice of great architectural beauty. It is built of local grey stone, ornamented inside with Italian marbles, wrought iron and stained glass, finished in the native woods of British Columbia, such as alder, cypress, cedar, fir, and bird's-eye maple. It comprises within its walls a splendid Provincial Library and Museum full of excellent specimens of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms in British Columbia, and curios of the Indian tribes on the Pacific Coast. There are also a remarkably fine Legislative Hall, all the governmental special departments, a capital cuisine, luncheon rooms and other accessories,—indeed, there is not a finer Provincial House of Assembly in the Dominion.

The location of the building is superb, and is the pride of the residents of Victoria. On a fresh summer morning, when the sun is shining overhead, and the blue waters of James Bay come rippling in at one's feet, whilst the peaks of the Olympian Mountains jag the line of the horizon against the scintillating sky, flecked here and there with cloud-forms, soft as thistledown, what grander sight can the eye of resident or tourist desire than that magnificent, stern, stone pile, with its softening foreground of green grass lawns, and grass-green trees?

The private residences in the Queen City are very fine indeed, and stand in gardens sweet-smelling with a thou-



BAILEY BROS., PHOTOGRAPHERS.

H.M.S. AMPHONI IN DRY DOCK AT ESQUIMAULT

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TRUEMAN, PHOTOGRAPHER.

GOVERNMENT STREET, VICTORIA.

carved and hideous deities, and a theatre where the men. Unless the play lasts every night from eight o'clock until dawn is breaking over the Gulf of Georgia, an infuriated and disappointed audience bombards the stage, refusing to be pacified until the entertainment is continued for another few hours.

Here the stores, for diversity of wares, could discount even the typical "Old Curiosity Shop" of Charles Dickens' imagination, and naturally all the sights that usually characterize the Mongolian quarters on the Pacific sand blossoms, where roses grow to perfection, and the oak and the elm flourish in the land of the pine, the cedar, and the fir. The red brick walls of large and comfortable mansions, o'er-grown with ivy and westeria, remind one of England's Elizabethan houses, the grounds surrounding many of them bearing a close affinity to the park-lands of older countries. The wild flowers that abound on Vancouver Island are most beautiful.

At the one end of the city stands Chinatown, with its Joss House full of performers are all



CRAIGDARROCH—THE DUNSMUIR RESIDENCE.

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Coast may also be seen in this neighbourhood. There are dozens of Chinamen in loose, neutral-hued garments, little children in brilliant-coloured padded silk coats and quaint round caps, and women of the lower classes grouped in twos and threes about the doors of their shacks.



BLACKIE, PHOTOGRAPHER.

INTERIOR OF LEGISLATIVE HALL.

But though, of course, the local low-caste Chinese women go about as freely as do their white sisters, there is in Victoria a girl-wife, who, being of higher caste and having feet only two inches long, can scarcely walk at all; she therefore goes out to take the air in a carriage.

There is something indescribably pathetic about the life of such a woman, apart from the squalid existence of the ordinary Mongolians who infest our British Columbian coast towns. For to see her totter across the room, catching at the furniture in order to steady herself *en route;* to try to put your thumb into her tiny shoe, and find you cannot succeed, so narrow is the little article of silk and kid she has embroidered to form a covering for her poor mutilated feet; to note the immobility of her colourless face upon which resignation is so indelibly stamped, is to realize the helpless, hopeless tenor of her life.

Thanks be to Heaven, the children of this woman run about as nature intended they should; thus in one family, at least, the barbarous practice of binding up the nether limbs of babies until the toes drop off, and the foot is all pushed up into a distorted mass about the ankle, has died out.

In the Queen City, as in Vancouver, the Chinese domestic servant is ubiquitous, whilst his brother Mongolians wash, or rather ruthlessly tear up, the Victorians' clothes, or sell them vegetables and fish with cheerful impartiality.

Though in this sketch I have only been able to touch briefly upon a few headings connected with the commerce, shipping, public industries and institutions, the sporting and tourist attractions of Victoria, and also to refer incidentally to its eminent desirability as a residential locality, yet with all the inherent pride of the province, that is ever the sign-manual of the true westerner, I trust that fresh interest in our beautiful British Columbia may hereby be aroused in the minds of those before whom there still lies the glorious prospect of "a trip out west."

Julian Durham.

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HIS EXCELLENCY, LORD MINTO.

Governor-General of Canada.

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HER EXCELLENCY, THE COUNTESS OF MINTO.

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BY THE GRACE OF CHANCE. *

A Racing Tale of India.

LIEUT. LAYTON had a friend, and the friend had peculiarities. One of the peculiarities was an absorbing love of getting into debt and consequent kite-flying. It's as easy to get into debt in India as it is to get into sunshine. He was known by the cheerful name of "Gaiety."

With Lieut. Layton's name on the back of a note, and his friend's on the face of it, it was an easy hunt to stalk a Marwarie money lender with cash enough to discount it. But that transaction didn't really help them very much; it tided the friend over settling day after the Bungaloo races, but it didn't provide the ways and means against settling day with the Marwarie.

With nothing tangible in sight, chances had to be taken, and one or two little flyers on the part of Gaiety had only worked them down deeper in the debt mire. That was why Layton was wandering about on the maiden close to the Lucknow race course one evening when he should have been at the "gym," or the "mess," or almost anywhere except mooning about on the dismal smoke-scented plain. He was doing something that no officer in the whole service would have given him credit for—he was fretting.

The friend who had used up the money, and who would most likely come a smash if the thing wasn't met, was enjoying himself with his brother officers as though he hadn't a minute to spare from the arduous duty of spending his income.

"It's a devil of a hole that we're in," mused Layton, as he flicked at the dry grass with his stick. "Gaiety can't raise the wind, not a pice of it, to pay that blood-sucking Marwarie, and he'll be down on me for his pound of flesh like an Afghan Ghazi. I wouldn't care, only poor old Nell will have to wait till goodness knows when—wait till never-day, I fancy, for the infernal thing will break me too."

He threw up his head and listened. Something was pounding the turf behind him on the course. It was not the mixed, excited shuffle of ekka ponies; it was the clean, powerful stroke of thoroughbred hoofs, strong horses hammering the sod in eager gallop—his racing ear knew that.

"By Jove, it's a trial!" he muttered.

He could see a blurred mass gliding along in the moonlight on the far side of the course. He quickened his pace, and drew up in the shadow of the lime-plastered grand stand.

Two men were standing at the "finish post," twenty yards past the stand. In the uncertain light he could not distinguish who they were.

The Marwarie and Gaiety slipped from his mind for an instant, and his sporting blood bounded hot through his veins in the excitement of watching the horses race neck and neck up the stretch.

It was a glorious tussle. "They're riding for blood," he muttered. "It's no blind, this trial."

Two horses were hugging each other like twins; behind, a dozen lengths, beaten off, galloped something that had been put in to make the running. As they smashed past Layton, one, a big bay, shot out as if the jockey had just let his head go, and swung between the "finish post" and the judge's stand a clean length in front of his mate.

It was pure sport that made Layton take so much interest in the dash up to that time. "The bay could have galloped over the other fellow at any time," he thought. "I wonder whom he belongs to?"

Just then a high-pitched, drawling voice came up to him from one of the

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two men. There could be no mistaking it. That voice was known from one end to the other of the military racing world of India—it belonged to Capt. Frank Johnson. He was saying: "By gad, Dick, he'll do for the big handicap, if they don't smother him with weight. Two stun and a beating to the other."



"By Jove, it's a trial."

Layton hurried away, his brain in a whirl. He was like a man who had picked up a diamond of great value and was afraid of finding the owner.

It was all clear enough. The bay was Frank Johnson's Zigzag, with the captain's jockey, Dick Richmond, in the saddle. He remembered the horse perfectly now.

Frank Johnson was one of the cleverest racing men in India. His knowledge had cost him something, for to have a free hand at the game he had resigned his commission in the 9th Huzzars. If the trial had satisfied him that Zigzag was good enough for the "open handicap," there could be very little doubt about it whatever.

Layton realized what it meant. It was the very softest kind of a snap. With this knowledge he could back the horse for more than enough to pay off Gaiety's debts with the Marwarie.

But it would be hardly honourable toward Johnson. He had blundered upon the captain's secret, almost stolen it; he could scarcely do it. And then, on the other hand, the greasy, covetous face of the money lender peered at him from the thick folds of a peepul tree, and sneeringly asked why the sahibs signed notes they could not pay. It meant ruin and shame and all the rest of it; and even the face of his friend, of Gaiety—all the happy boyishness gone—was there in the evening dusk, drawn and white and pleading.

It was a bitter struggle, for Layton had honour—plenty of it; but the odds were too great, he could not fight against it; and, besides, Johnson had not confided in him, had not trusted him, had not put him on his honour. It was his luck that he had seen the trial; Fate had drawn him there to show him a way out of his difficulty.

Also, if he bought Zigzag in the lotteries, Johnson could claim half every time. They could both win quite enough, for the lotteries would be very heavy.

This was the day before the opening of the Lucknow spring meeting.

It was the next morning Frank Johnson was walking home from the

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course, after having seen his string exercise, when he was stopped by one Harvey, trainer to the Rajah of Jagnat.

"Good mornin', Meester Johnson," began Harvey; and in his manner was much of the I've-got-something-behind-all-this style.

"What is it, Harvey?" said Johnson, scenting the something at once.

"Well, sir, you know Simpkin, don't you?"

"Is he any good?" asked Johnson. "He's never done anything yet."

"That's hall right, sir," answered the trainer, with a wink, "hand 'es in the big 'andicap here, the same race as your Zigzag's in."

"Well?" queried Johnson.

"The 'andicapper don't know much about 'im 'ere, sir, h'and if you 'appened to be h'anywhere near when the weights was bein' made hup, and could get a tidy weight hon him, we could land the stuff."

"What weight'll do you?" asked the owner of Zigzag.

"Hanything hunder eight stone seven pounds. With eight stone four pounds on 'is back he could gallop right away from the hothers."

Then Harvey explained to the captain all about the trials Simpkin had given them down at Jagnat; how he had beaten horses that quite out-classed Zigzag, until Johnson saw that with a light weight on his back there certainly was nothing in it but Simpkin.

He knew that Zigzag, on his past form, would certainly not get less than nine stone seven pounds in the handicap, perhaps ten stone.

This was a game after his own heart. They could make a coup with Simpkin, and Zigzag would have less weight another time. Besides, Zigzag would fetch a pretty good price in the lotteries, and it would take a lot of money to back him to win a fair amount. That would be too risky if Simpkin were as good as Harvey said.

"You can buy your 'orse in hevery lottery," said the trainer, "hand we'll take alf or three-quarters, just as you like. He'll never be backed 'eavily, for nobody but the stable knows nout about 'im."

Always when things of this sort happen the recipient of the favour credits it to fate. That's just what the captain did. "The gods are bound to trust this purse in my pocket," he mused as he travelled down the tree-shaded road toward a big white bungalow.

And Fate laughed a little and went to sleep again, for he was not to act, really, till the day of the race. Johnson knew that three officers were framing the handicaps that very morning in Major Jim's bungalow. He didn't quite know how he was going to get a hand in the business; but if he could make any excuse to get in among them, something was pretty sure to turn up. When he stepped up on the verandah, the rough, dark green door of the bungalow was closed. He gave a knock, and shoved it abruptly open and walked in, pretending to be mighty surprised at finding anybody but his friend, Major Jim, there.

"Awfully sorry, gentlemen," he exclaimed, in his lazy, drawling way. "Had no idea that I was spoiling sport. My dogcart didn't turn up at the racecourse, and I thought I'd come in and have breakfast with the Major. I'll clear out, though, and let you finish up your work.

"Have a peg, Johnson," said Major Jim, getting up from the table. "We are busy, and breakfast won't be on till we finish. Sorry I can't ask you to stay in the room, but we're making the handicaps, you know."

"I say, you fellows," exclaimed one of the others, as the captain sipped leisurely at his whisky and soda, "Johnson likely knows something about this Simpkin they sent up from Jagnat. He knows every gee-gee in the country."

"Yes," added the Major, "what about this brute Harvey has entered from Jagnat? We've got none of his performances to go on."

"O, that crock," said the captain, with fine scorn; stick a postage stamp on his back—shove him in at anything you like, 7 st. 10 lbs. "Good morning,

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gentlemen," he added, as he set his glass down and opened the door. "Don't put a load of bricks on Zigzag's back."

As he walked away from his bungalow he whistled softly under his breath: "May I fall in love with Kali, if ever I saw a chance to beat that."

When the handicap was posted that evening on the notice board on the course, Zigzag had the rather heavy impost of 10 stone; while Simpkin had a weight to gladden Harvey's heart; he was in at eight stone.

Harvey assured Johnson that the horse couldn't lose at that weight.

To make the good thing a greater certainty, Johnson let the trainer have his own jockey, Richmond, for Simpkin, and determined to ride Zigzag himself. If the game had been Zigzag, this would not have mattered so very much, for he was one of the best riders in India.

That the owner was riding Zigzag confirmed Layton in his determination to have a plunge on the horse. At the lotteries, the night before the race, Layton bought Zigzag in the first lottery.

When the secretary asked if the owner claimed anything, Johnson answered, "Nothing, thanks."

"He'll come to me after it's all over," thought Layton, "and ask for a half throughout. He knows I'll have to give it to him, too. It wouldn't be safe to have his horse running with none of the owner's money on."

When Simpkin was sold Johnson bought him through another party.

And so it was through every lottery, and there were many of them, for the handicap was a big betting race with eight horses in it.

Layton bought Zigzag steadily every time, and Johnson's agent took Simpkin.

After it was over Layton rather wondered that Zigzag's owner made no sign—did not come and ask for his half.

He could understand Johnson's refusing to take any interest in him in the lotteries, for the effect of that was to reduce his betting price. But why did he not come forward now when it was all over.

"He'll come around in the morning," he thought. "He won't let him run unbacked after that trial."

But in the morning Johnson still made no sign. Layton was getting a little uneasy. Racing was such an uncertain business at best. What if something had gone wrong with Zigzag. He would be utterly ruined if he failed to win the race. Not only the Marwarie's debt, but the present lottery account. He would be posted as a defaulter; at least, it would take every rupee he could rake together in the world to square up, and he would certainly have to send in his papers.

Fifteen minutes before the race no offer had come from Johnson to take a share in Zigzag's chances. The suspense was too great for Layton. He went to the little dressing room, just under the stand, where Johnson was putting on his slim riding boots and colours.

"See here, Frank," he said, "I've got Zigzag in every lottery, and I stand to win a big pot over him. Do you want any of it? You haven't taken a bit of it yet."

Johnson was noted for two things—his superb riding and his exquisite cynical humour.

"Who the merry Hades told you to back my horse?" he asked.

"I backed him because I thought he could win, and you were riding him," answered Layton, colouring slightly.

"Well, he hasn't the ghost of a chance," said Johnson, tightening the strings in his racing cap, "and I don't want a bit of him in anything. He hasn't a thousand-to-one chance."

Layton was dumbfounded.

"If he doesn't win," he said, "I shall come a cropper."

Johnson looked at him queerly for a minute; then he said: "Now go and square yourself on Simpkin. You can hedge on him, for he's a sure winner."

"And if he's beaten," said Layton, almost angrily, "I shall be in a worse hole than ever. I won't do it. I'll

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"Gaiety came up to Layton."

stand or fall by Zigzag, and I'll lay you 5,000 rupees to nothing against his winning."

"I won't do it that way," said Johnson, quickly, "for that isn't a bet. If I cant't lose I can't win; that's the rule in betting; but I'll take five thousand rupees to 10."

"Here, Dick," he called sharply, "you witness this bet. Mr. Layton lays me 5,000 rupees to 10 against Zigzag. If the horse wins he pays me 5,000, if he doesn't I pay him 10. That's a clear understanding, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered Layton, cheerfully.

"It's the only bet I've got on my mount," added Johnson, "and it's just throwing 10 rupees in the sea."

As they rode over to the post, Johnson said to Dick: "I'll carry them along for half-a-mile, for with your light weight it will be better for something to make the running. When I'm done for you can go to the front and canter home. I think you'll have an easy job."

"I'd rather be on Zigzag, sir," replied the jockey. "I know what he can do, and I don't like the feel of this fellow under me; he's a shifty."

The race was a mile and a quarter. As the horses made their way over to the starting-post across the course from the stand, Gaiety came up to Layton and said: "There's a tremendous rush on Simpkin."

And so there was. The stable money being all on, Harvey had told a few of his friends, and the ring was flooding the bookmakers with money for Simpkin. Very few were backing Zigzag, and he was traveling out in the betting.

"Ten to one, Zigzag!" the bookmakers were howling in vain—there were no takers.

At the start Johnson was playing to get away in front to make the running and keep a nice place for Simpkin to drop into when his horse was beaten. At the third attempt they got away, very much as the captain desired.

"They're off!" went up from the grand stand in a hoarse cry, and glasses were levelled at the bright splashes of colour twisting in and out, as the eight horses scrambled for places. A black

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jacket, with red and yellow sleeves, shot to the front immediately.

"Zigzag leads!" somebody exclaimed, and Layton rubbed his glasses with his handkerchief, and focussed them on the leader of the rushing troop.

He could see the red and yellow quartered cap leaning far over the withers of the big bay. Yes, it was Zigzag.

"He's got away well," said Layton to Gaiety, without lowering his glasses. "He's trying anyway, and if it comes to any brain work at the finish Johnson can give all the boys seven pounds at that game."

When they had travelled a quarter of a mile the black jacket was a length in front of everything. Layton's heart lay like lead in his breast. That was not Johnson's tactics when he was out to win a mile-and-a-quarter race. With ten stone up, he wouldn't be making his own running.

Layton knew then that he had lost. It was almost a relief to know just where he stood. He had cast the die and lost.

Some fool near him was croaking. "Zigzag 'll win all the way." He felt pity in his heart for the man's utter ignorance of racing. Perhaps, though, after all, it were better that way; he almost envied him. It was the knowledge of racing that broke so many of them.

At the three-quarters Zigzag was still leading.

"He'll win! he'll win!" the other man was saying, exultantly. "I took 10 to 1 about him."

Then something crept up on Zigzag —crept up until the horses were lapped head and head. The glasses showed the white jacket and red cap of the Jagnat's stable.

"Simpkin is coming now!" went up a cry from many throats—the throats of the many who had backed him when the tip was spread about.

At the mile post Simpkin's Arab head showed in front. The two were a clear length in front of the field. The stand was wild with delight, for Simpkin had started favourite. Over on the horses Johnson and Dick were riding so close together that they could speak in short, gasping words as the wind cut at their breath. Three furlongs from home they were together, nose and nose—Simpkin had dropped back a head. Johnson could hear



DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

"The horses clung to each other up the straight."

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something close up on them from behind.

"Go on, Dick!" he gasped. "I'll pull back and let you up next the rail."

"I can't," answered Dick, helplessly. "I can't go any faster; I'm done for."

A great rage came into the heart of the Captain. This was the "sure thing" they had put him on to. Beaten a quarter of a mile from the finish, and the others closing up on them, already a chestnut head was lapped on the quarters of Simpkin.

Zigzag was still full of running, fighting for his head. Slowly, inch by inch, the chestnut was creeping up; his nose was at Dick's girths now.

"I'm done," he heard Dick say again, and then he grasped the saddle with his knees and rode for Layton's 5,000 rupees.

A furlong from home he was clear of Simpkin, but the chestnut was still there, lapped on his quarters now, and beside the chestnut, on the outside, was an iron-grey, coming very fast, too. How he cursed the folly that had made him take so much out of Zigzag to make the running for Simpkin. If the gallant old horse would only last home the 5,000 rupees would pay his losses.

In the stand the cry of "Zigzag wins!" went up, as the horses clung to each other up the straight. Layton was tugging at his blonde mustache, and even Gaiety's face was solemn and still as he realized what that struggle meant to the two of them—meant more to them than to all the others in the stand together. Not only the money, but honour—life itself—was at stake.

As they flashed past the stand, Zigzag's big bony head, with its wide red nostrils, was still in front.

And so they caught the judge's eye.

The stout heart of the gallant horse, and the cool head of the steel-nerved rider, had won the race that was all but thrown away.

W. A. Fraser.

HAUNTED.

(From the German of Heine)

BY night when 'gainst my pillow,
My cheek is pressing warm,
Before my mind still hovers
A fair and lovely form.

And hardly has silent slumber,
Closed fast my eyes, it seems,
Till slips with noiseless footfall
That fair form in my dreams.

Nor with the morning's coming
Does my sweet dreams depart,
For on through all the daytime
I bear it in my heart.

W. A. R. Kerr.

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A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A Romance in Twelve Chapters.

BY JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND", "JUDITH MOORE", ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"You never can wash your hands clean in dirty water," said Temperance to Nathan, "no more'n you can wash a floor with a dirty mop. Throw dirt and the wind'll carry it back in your own eyes. You can't splash mud without gettin' spattered yourself." Thereupon Temperance rattled her dishes violently with an energy almost offensive. Her remarks were in the nature of a parable intended to impress upon her admirer her superiority to, and contempt for, ill-natured gossip.

Nathan bowed his head to the blast, waited till the noisy agitation in the dishpan had subsided a little, and then continued to disburden himself of the news he had gathered during the two days which had elapsed since he had seen Temperance.

"Mrs. Snyder has been took again, I saw Sam and he says she's real miserable."

"You don't say!" said Temperance, fairly interested now. "She has a sight of sickness."

"Well, she was took down three days ago," said Nathan, repeating himself. Having no details to give, he uttered this remark with emphasis, as of one giving forth a brand new idea.

"It's just a year ago this very month since she was took down before," went on Miss Tribbey, uttering her reflections aloud as she was wont to do when she had only the cat for auditor. "I remember particular well because I was making currant jell at the time, and Mame Settle was here and she was helping dish it out, and she burned her hand, and she said she was goin' to set up with Mrs. Snyder that night, and she said she wouldn't get drowsy with that hand keepin' her company. Yes, 'twas this very month."

Temperance having successfully proved her proposition in regard to the date of Mrs. Snyder's former illness, returned with renewed vim to her dishes.

"It's curious how disease comes back," said Nathan reflectively. "There's my grandfather, he died two years before the church was opened, and he had quinsy regular every spring, and Aunt Maria had her erysipelas in March every year regular as sugar making, and old Joseph Muir had his strokes always in July. I can mind that well, his funeral came just in hayin' for it rained terrible when we was comin' back from the buryin' and some one said, 'Lucky is the corpse that the rain rains on,' and old Ab. Ranger said he guessed luck didn't cut much figger with a corpse any how, and for his part he'd a sight ruther had his hay dry in the barn as wet in the field. It seemed kind of unfeelin'."

Nathan rose to throw out the dish water for Temperance, a gallantry he always permitted himself when he spent the evening with her. So anxious was he not to miss this pleasure that he usually made a number of false starts, drawing upon himself a kindly rebuke for fidgeting "like a hen with its head off." Nevertheless Temperance secretly counted upon this bit of attention as much as Nathan did. He was returning with the empty pan when suddenly he stopped.

"Gee!" he said, a strong word giving evidence of excitement. "I clean forgot to tell you the news. Len Simpson's dead." Temperance sat down heavily in a chair.

"My soul!" she said. Nathan continued with oratorical importance, feel-

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ing that for once he had made a hit.

"Yes, we was puttin' up petitions in Mrs. Didymus's hen house to-day. She's gone cracked on fancy chickings and keepin' the breeds separate and sich nonsence, and we was petitionin' it off and the bound girl said Mister Didymus had been called over to Simpson's terrible suddent, and he stayed to dinner, and he writ a telegraph and sent it off by young Len to Brixton. He died in Boston, and I don't know if the telegraph was to send home The Body or not. But anyhow Mister Didymus was terrible affected."

"And so he ought to be, remembering all things," said Temperance. "Poor Len—Well when he was keepin' company with Martha Didymus I thought he was the only young fellar I ever saw that could hold a candle to Lanty. Well, well, and Martha's been dead and gone these three years. Pore Mart, died of heart break I always said, and so Len's dead in Bosting! What was he doin' there?"

"They say," said Nathan, telling the tidings shamefacedly, as became their import. "They say he was play actin'."

"Oh pore Len," said Temperance. "To fall to that! And I've heard many a one say that there never was a man far or near could draw as straight a furrow as Len nor build a better stack. Play actin'!"

Just then Mr. Lansing came out to the kitchen.

"It's most time to start," he said. "We'll take the democrat—comin' to help hook up, Nat?"

Nathan followed him to the stables.

Temperance went to get ready for the prayer-meeting for rain.

The two girls and Sidney were sitting on the grass in the sweet, old-fashioned garden, where verbenas elbowed sweet clover, and sweet peas climbed over and weighed down the homely provence roses, where mignonette grew self-sown in the sandy paths and marigolds lifted saucy faces to the sun unbidden; where in one corner grew marjoram and thyme and peppergrass, lemon balm, spearmint and rue. The far-away parents of these plants had shed their seed in old grange gardens in England. The Lansings had long ago left their country for conscience's sake, bravely making the bitter choice between Faith and Fatherland.

The three young people, waiting in the delicious drowsiness of the summer twilight, were environed in an atmosphere of suppressed but electrical emotion.

Sidney Martin felt within him all the eagerness of first love. Every faculty of his delicate, emotional temperament was tense with the delight of the Vision given to his eyes. How could he ever dream that the moths of the mind would fray its fabric or the sharp teeth of disillusion tear it? And indeed for him it remained for ever splendid with the golden broideries of his loving imagination. Vashti dreamed—even as the mighty sibyls of old brooded over their dreams, conscious of their beauty, and filled with the desire to see them accomplished—finding her visions trebly precious because they were her very own, the offspring of her own heart, the begetting of her own brain, the desire of her own will.

She knew that Lanty did not love her passionately, but to this strange woman there was an added charm in the thought that she must do battle for the love she craved. Her whole soul rose to the combat, which she might have gained had she not made a fatal error in overlooking the real issue, which was not to make Lanty love her, but to make him cease loving Mabella.

Mabella's face, in the soft dusk, wore an exalted expression of purity and tremulous happiness. There were soft shadows beneath her eyes, and her hands trembled as she plucked a flower to fragments. Her hidden happiness had so winged her spirit that her slight body was sorely tired by its eagerness. She started at each sound, and smiled at nothing. Sweet Mabella Lansing did not dream that these eyes of hers had already betrayed her precious secret, but they had been read

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by a kindly heart. Sidney Martin thought he never in his life had seen anything so sweet as this girl's face, lit by the first illumination of love's torch. An epicure in the senses, he realized keenly the delicacy of this phase of young life—like the velvet sheen upon a flower freshly unfolded, like the bloom upon the grape, like the down upon a butterfly's wing, lovely, but destroyed by a touch. Beneath this evanescent charm he knew there was deep, true feeling, but he sighed to think that the world might mar its *unconsciousness*.

Sidney Martin had no place in his musings for God, yet in the face of Mabella Lansing he saw a purity, a love, a look of young delight so holy, that almost he was persuaded to think of a Divinity beyond that of human nature. But he said to himself, "After all how sweet a thing human nature is; how cruel to seek to bestow that ancient smirch, called original sin. Has sin part or place in this girl, or in Vashti, Queen Vashti, with the marvellous eyes and the splendid calm presence? Vashti, who looks at life so calmly, so benignly—" and so on, for *begin* where he would, his thoughts reverted to Vashti. She was first and last with him forever. The Alpha and Omega of his life.

But these things were all inarticulate, and in the old scented garden the three talked of other things. The girls were telling Sidney the story of the Lansing Legacy.

Long, long before, when the Lansings were by far the most numerous family in the country side, when a Lansing preached in the Church, when a Lansing taught in the little school, where Lansing children outnumbered all the others put together, the *doyen* of the family was a quaint old man—Abel Lansing. He was very old, a *living* link between the generations, and spoke, as one having authority, of the days of old. Although a bachelor, he was yet patriarchal in his rule over the wide family connection, and they brought him their disputes to be adjusted, and came to him to be consoled in their griefs. When they were prosperous, he preserved their humility by reminding them of the case of Jeshurun, "who waxed fat and kicked," and the dire results of that conduct; when they complained of poverty or hardship, he told them they should be thankful for the mercies vouchsafed to them, contrasting their lot with that of their fathers, who threshed their scanty crops with a flail upon the ice, in lieu of a threshing floor, carried guns as well as bibles to Church, and eat their hearts out yearning for the far-off hedges of England when they had not yet grown to love their sombre hills of refuge.

He was very eloquent, evidently both with God and man. It was his prayer, so tradition said, which brought the great black frost to an end, and it was a prayer of his, addressed to human ears, which stayed the hand of vengeance, when uplifted against captive Indians. How excusable vengeance would have been in this case, and how well mercy was repaid, is known to all who have read of the troublous times of old.

In fullness of years, old Abel Lansing died, and dying left all he had to the poor of the parish, save and excepting a hoard of broad Spanish pieces. How he had come by these dollars no one knew. The commonly accepted idea was that they had been brought from England by the first Lansing, and kept sacredly in case of some great need. Be that as it may, there they were, stored in the drawer of the old oak coffer which had been made in England by hands long dead.

And Abel Lansing's will directed that to each Lansing there should be given one piece, and in the quaint phraseology of the times, Abel had set down the conditions of his gift. The recipients were bidden to guard the coin zealously and never to part with it save *in extremis*—to buy bread, save life or defend the Faith.

And strangely enough, when the money was portioned out, it was found that for each broad silver piece there was a Lansing, and for each Lansing

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a broad silver piece. No more and no less. And the country folk, hardly yet divorced from belief in the black art, with the unholy smoke of the burned witches still stinging their eyes, looked at each other curiously when they spoke of the circumstances.

Oh, what an eloquent human history might be written out, if the tale of each of these coins was known! What an encyclopedia of human joys and sorrows! For no Lansing lightly parted with his Spanish dollar, upon the possession of which the luck of the Lansings depended. They were exchanged as gages of love between Lansing lovers. They were given Lansing babies to "bite on," when they began cutting their teeth. They had been laid upon dead eyes. They had been saved from burning houses at the peril of life. And dead hands had been unclosed to show one held clasped even in the death pang.

Vashti drew hers from her pocket, and showed it to Sidney.

Mabella took hers from a little leather bag which hung about her neck. When Mabella's mother had died in want and penury, she had given her three year old baby the piece and told her to hold it fast and show it to Uncle when he came, for at last the brother had consented to see his sister. He was late in yielding his stubborn will, but when once he was on the road a fury of haste possessed him to see the sister from whom he had parted in anger. But his haste perhaps defeated itself, and perhaps Fate, which is always ironic, wished to add another ingredient to the bitter cup old Lansing had been at such pains to prepare for his own lips. His harness broke, his horse fell lame by the way, the clouds came down, and the mists rose from the earth and befogged him, and when he finally arrived at the bleak little house it was to find his sister dead, and a yellow haired baby, who tottered still in her walk, but yet had baby wisdom enough to give him the shining silver piece and say "from Mudder." Lansing looked at the baby, and at the coin in his hand, and passed through the open door where an inert head as yellow as the baby's lay upon the pillow. He had come tardily with forgiveness; he had arrived to find his sister dead, and to be offered the symbol of the Lansing luck by an orphan child.

Well—that was but one of the Lansing dollars.

Of all old Abel Lansing's hoard there remained but four pieces—of all that family which had possessed almost tribal dignity there were only four left.

"Are you ready?" shouted old Lansing.

The three young people went round to where the democrat wagon stood with its two big bays. Nathan and Temperance stood beside the horse block; as they appeared Temperance climbed nimbly into the back seat, and Nathan, adorned as usual with his muffler, placed himself in front; the two girls joined Temperance, and Sidney mounted beside Mr. Lansing and Nathan. So they set out, leaving the old house solitary in the deepening night.

As they drove along the country road the burnt odours of the dried up herbage came to them, giving even in the dark a hint of the need for rain.

"Has Nathan told you the news?" asked Temperance of Mr. Lansing. "Len Simpson's dead."

"Oh, Temperance!" said Mabella.

"Where—When?" said Vashti.

Temperance was silent, and Nathan, in the manner of those who have greatness thrust upon them, recommenced his parable.

"Oh, poor Len!" said Mabella, wiping her eyes.

"It's very sad for his people," said Vashti. "First to be disgraced by him, and then to hear of his death like this—well—he was a bad lot."

"Oh, Vashti," said Mabella, passionately, "How can you? And him just dead! His mother'll be heartbroken."

"I did not say anything but what everybody knows," said Vashti, coldly. "He drank, didn't he? And he broke Mart Didymus's heart? I thought you

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were fond of her? It's true he's dead, but we've all got to die; he should have remembered while he was living that he had to die some day. I don't believe in making saints of people after they're dead. Let them live well and they'll die well, and people will speak well of them."

"That depends," said Temperance with a snort. "Some people aint given to speak well of their neighbours living or dead."

"And some people," said Vashti cooly, "speak too much, and too often always."

"Hold your peace," said her father sternly. "Did you say The Body was being brought home?" he asked Nathan.

"Yes, or leastways, that's the idea, but no one knows for certain."

"Lanty will take it terribly hard," said the old man musingly. "He and Len Simpson ran together always till Len went off, and Lanty never took up with any one else like he did with Len."

Sidney had been a little chilled by Vashti's attitude towards the death of this young fellow. But with the persistent delusion of the idealist he did not call it hardness of heart, but "a lofty rectitude of judgment;" himself incapable of pronouncing a hard word against a human being, he yet did not perceive what manner of woman this was. He thought only what severe and lofty standards she must have, how inexorable her acceptance of self-wrought consequences was, and he said to himself that he must purify himself as by fire, ere he dared approach the altar of her lips.

Old Mr. Lansing mused aloud upon Len, and his family and his death.

"Well," he said, "Poor Len was always his own worst enemy. Did you hear if he was reconciled before he died?"

"Reconciled," ah, surely, surely that is the word; not converted, nor regenerated, nor saved, but reconciled—reconciled to the great purposes of Nature, to the great intention of the Maker; so infinitely good beside our petty hopes of personal salvation. Reconciled to that mighty law which "sweetly and strongly ordereth all things." Reconciled to give our earthly bodies back to mother earth, our spirits back to the Universal Bosom; to render the Eternal Purpose stronger by the atom of our personal will.

The church to which they were going, and which was even now in sight, was a large frame building, whose grey weather-beaten walls were clouded by darker stains of moisture and moss. Virginia creeper garlanded the porch wherein the worshippers put off their coats, their smiles and, so far as might be, the old Adam, before entering the church proper. Tall elms overshadowed the roof, their lowest branches scraping eerily across the shingles with every breath of wind, a sound which, in a mind properly attuned to spiritual things, might easily typify the tooth and nail methods of the Devil in his assault upon holy things. Indeed the weird sighings and scrapings of these trees had had their share in hastening sinners to the anxious seat, and in precipitating those already there to deeper depths of penitential fear.

Behind the church, in decent array, the modest tomb-stones of God's acre were marshalled. What a nucleus of human emotion is such a church—with its living within and its dead without, like children clustered about the skirts of their mother. Surely, surely, it is, at least, a beautiful thing, this "sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection"—the hope which had sustained so many weary old hearts in this congregation, when one after another their loved ones went from them to be cradled in Mother Earth!

Well—Religion they say has grown too scant a robe for human reason. Through its rents are seen the glorious nakedness of science; yet surely the strongest of us must feel a tender reverence for the faith typified by such a church as this. The home of simple faith, where simple folk found peace.

In sect this Church was one of those independent bodies of which there are so many in America, which having re-

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tained the severe rectitude of the Puritans are yet leavened with evangelical tenderness, and vivified by evangelical zeal. It approximated perhaps more closely to the Congregational Body than any other, and was self-governing and self-sustaining. As the Chicago people date everything from "The Fire" so Dole people dated all their reminiscences from the "Opening" of the "Church," which meant the dedication of the present church, which, in old Mr. Lansing's boyhood, had replaced the humbler log building of earlier days. The minister was chosen for life, and was by far the most important personage of the community. No one disputed his preeminence, and public opinion was moulded by his mind. The ministers tilled their gardens, lived simply as their fellows, and beyond a black coat on Sunday, wore no insignia of office; yet that office wrapped them in a mantle of distinction. There was no laughing at holy things in Dole. No Dole children heard the minister and his sermons criticized. The shadow of the great Unseen rested above the humble church and hallowed it.

Mr. Didymus was an old, old man, and his white-headed wife was bowed and frail. The death of their only daughter, Martha, had been a bitter blow. Outwardly they strove to manifest the resignation of God's anointed. At night when they sat alone they held each other's hands, and wept over the bits of needlework the girl had left.

Deacon Simpson was a stern and upright man. No one recognized more clearly than he, that his son Len was no fit mate for brown-haired Martha Didymus. And yet, he loved his boy.

The two young people accepted the judgment upon them. Len's sullen acceptance of the inevitable was broken by fits of hot-headed rebellion against the decorum of the community, which evidently regarded this bitter dispensation as his just due, yet he never gave up hope until pale Martha Didymus told him to go his way. Then indeed he departed upon his solitary road, and an evil one it seemed to village eyes.

Poor Martha! Duty may excite one to an excess of courage but it cannot sustain. She "peaked and pined" and the end of it for her was that she was overtaken by sleep before her time, and went to take her place in the silent congregation.

"Ask Mr. Didymus about Len," said Vashti to her father, catching his sleeve, and detaining him for a moment, as he was about to lead the horses into the sheds.

"Yes—if I have a chance," said her father, then he raised his voice to speak to young Ranger.

"Well, Ab, what hev' you been doin' to-day?"

"Hoeing," said the shock-headed young chap laconically.

"Well," said Mr. Lansing approvingly, "It's about all one can do for the roots in weather like this, and a good thing it is too. You know the old sayin', 'You can draw more water with a hoe than with a bucket.' That's true, 'specially when the wells are all dry."

The two moved away together and Vashti turned to the others. Temperance had left to talk to Sue Winder, one of her great cronies. Lanty had joined Mabella and Sidney.

"I'm glad to see you here, Lanty."

The full diapason of Vashti's voice made the little phrase beautiful. It seemed to Sidney she was like some heavenly hostess bidding wanderers welcome to holy places.

"You have heard of poor Len?"

"Yes, ill news flies fast," he said. His brows were knit by honest pain; and regret, which manlike he strove to hide, made his eyes sombre.

"Are they bringing him home?"

"Yes, Mr. Simpson left for Boston by the six o'clock train from Brixton."

Despite himself Lanty's lips quivered. Mabella ventured in the dusk to touch his hand comfortingly. Her intuitional tenderness was revealed in the simple gesture. He looked at her, unveiling the sadness of his soul to her eyes, and in her answering look he saw comprehension and consolation. As if by one impulse their eyes sought the corner where the slender white obelisk

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marked the grave of Martha; and having singled it out, where it stood like an ominous finger-post on love's road, they once again steadfastly regarded each other, each one saying in the heart "Till death." And another thought came to each. They mourned for Len, but *she* rejoiced. Perhaps it was unorthodox, but these two, in the first tenderness of their unspoken love, felt sure that Len did not enter the dark unwelcomed.

Night was coming swiftly on — a "black-browed night" indeed. The faces of the four young people shone out palely from the environing gloom.

It was a solitary moment. Sidney sighed involuntarily. He elt a little lonely. Regretting almost that he could claim no personal share in the grief for Len. Vashti heard his sigh and looked at him. By a capricious impulse she willed to make him hers—to make him admire her. She smiled —and let her smile die slowly. As a fitful flame glows for a moment making a barren hearth bright ere it gathers itself into the embers again, so this gentle smile changed all the scene to Sidney's eyes. His heart was already captive, but it was now weighted with a heavier shackle.

Vashti Lansing saw clearly the effect of her smile, and a mad impulse came upon her to laugh aloud in triumph. Every now and then she felt within her the throes of an evil dominant will. Such a will as, planted in the breast of sovereigns, makes millions weep. The harsh bell began to jingle. It was time to enter.

"Come to our pew, Lanty," whispered Mabella, softly.

"Yes, dear," he answered, and both blushed; and thus they entered the church.

Vashti walked slowly up the aisle, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but seeing all. How white and calm she was, Sidney thought—but often lava lies beneath the snow.

The deacons entered; tall, spare men, stern-faced and unsympathetic they seemed, yet in their hearts they thought of the one of their number who was journeying through the night to where his son lay dead. White haired Mr. Didymus rose in his place and stretched out his tremulous hands above his congregation.

"Let us pray," he said, and after a solemn pause addressed himself to the unseen.

The greater part of the congregation knelt, the deacons stood erect as did Lanty and Sidney, although a thought crossed the mind of each of the young men that it would have been sweet to kneel beside the woman he loved.

As Sidney looked about him a great pity for these people filled his heart; the kneeling figures appealed to him poignantly; from his point of view they were less like children gathered about a father, than serfs bending beneath a yoke, which was none the less heavy because it was the creation of their own imagination. The shoulders of the kneeling figures had involuntarily fallen into the pose of their daily toil; there was the droop of the ploughman over his plough; of the tiller over his hoe; of the carpenter over his plane. It was as if, even in prayer, they wrought at a hard furrow. And the women's shoulders! What woeful eloquence in these bent forms bowed beneath the dual burden of motherhood and toil. What patient endurance was manifest beneath the uncouth lines of their alpaca and calico dresses!

From the shoulders his gaze fastened upon the pairs of hands clasped upon the pew backs. Such toil-worn hands. It seemed to him the fingers were great in proportion to the palm, as if they wrought always, and received never. Surely he was growing morbid? And then all the latent pathos in the scene gathered in his heart. All the dumb half unconscious endurance about him pleaded to be made articulate; and as one with unbelieving heart may join in a litany with fervent lips, so Sidney strove to second each petition of the long prayer.

Old Mr. Didymus had long been a spiritual ambassador and he was not unskilled in diplomacy. His prayer was a skillful and not inartistic ming-

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ling of adoration, petition, compliment and thanks, adroitly expressed in the words of the Sovereign he addressed, or in phrases filched from His inspired ones. And mid their burning sands, and under their blazing skies, these Eastern followers had not failed to appreciate the blessings of rain.

"O, Thou who in the wilderness did rain down the corn of heaven, that Thy children might eat and be filled; Thou who brought streams out of the rock and caused waters to run down like rivers that their thirst might be quenched, and that they might be preserved alive—Thou of whom it was said of old: 'Thou visitest the earth and waterest it; Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; Thou settlest the furrows thereof; Thou makest it soft with showers; Thou blessest the springing thereof; Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness'—Hear us! We beseech Thee! Thou causest it to rain on the earth where no man is—on the wilderness wherein is no man—cause it also to rain upon us. Thou causest it to rain alike upon the just and the unjust, let us not hang midway between Thine anger and Thy love. Remember Thy promise to pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground. Thou, O God! didst once send 'a plentiful rain whereby Thou didst confirm Thine inheritance when it was weary;' deny us not a like consolation, we faint beneath the hot frown of Thine anger. Let Thy shadow comfort us! As the thirsty hart panteth for the waterbrooks, we long for Thy blessing. Before man was upon the earth Thou caused a mist to rise up from the earth and watered the whole face of the earth; continue Thy mercy to us, who, sharing Adam's fall, are yet heirs to the Redemption. Slay not us in Thine anger, O Lord! Behold, we are athirst! Give Thou us to drink. Are there any vanities of the Gentiles that can cause rain? Or can the Heaven give showers? Art not Thou He —O Lord our God? Therefore we will wait upon Thee, for Thou hast made all these things. When Elijah strove against the sorcerers of Baal didst Thou not hear him? Like unto him we are cast down before Thee. O grant us our prayer! Show to us also the little cloud like a man's hand that comforted the land of Ahab. Grant that we, too, by faith shall hear 'the sound of abundance of rain!'"

He paused. There was a moment of tense silence.

"And Thine shall be the glory, Amen," he faltered forth brokenly. He had no further words; the advocate had pleaded for his cause. He awaited the voice of the judge. There followed a longer pause fraught with the emotion of a great need.

Sidney's heart ached for these people; a thousand inarticulate pleas entered the wide gate of his sympathies and demanded utterance at his lips. A sultry breath entered the open window fraught with the odour of parched earth and burnt up grass. The old priest and his three grey-haired elders, standing amid the kneeling people, seemed to him like brave standards ready to prop up a falling faith till its ruin crushed them, willing sacrifices for the people; they were mute, but their very presence standing thus was eloquent. Surely the God of their Fathers would remember the children of these men who had indeed "given up all and followed Him" out to the western wilderness? Long ago he had led forth His people out of Egypt. They had murmured against Him yet He had not left them to perish in their sins; was the hand that had given water from the rock and corn from Heaven empty now?

Long ago the great progressive miracle of Nature's processes was inaugurated; were the wheels of God's machinery clogged?

A shrill, trembling treble voice rose brokenly. For a few ineloquent phrases it continued, and then died away in sobs expressive of mortal need. It was Tom Shinar's wife; their farm was to be sold at mortgage sale in the autumn. Mary Shinar had gone herself to plead with the lawyer in Brixton through whom the mortgage had been

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placed. Mary sat on the edge of a chair in an agony of nervousness whilst the perky clerk went in to state her business, and the lawyer came out of his comfortable office and told her they could stay on the farm "till the crop was off the ground," he did not know the terrible irony of his mercy.

In the light of ordinary day Tom Shinar and his wife bore themselves as bravely as possible. Their neighbours asked them questions as to next year's crops to force them to betray what was a secret only by courtesy. All the community knew the facts of the case, and when Tom, forced into a corner by questions, said "he 'lowed he'd be movin' in fall," every man knew what he meant. When Mary, in a like position, said she "reckoned they wouldn't have to bank up the cellar that winter, 'cos Tom was thinking of changing," the women said to each other afterwards: "They're to be sold out in October—Mr. Ellis is takin' the farm."

A mortgage sale is an ordinary enough event, and the prospect of one not so unique as to require dwelling on, but the sight of Mary Shinar's face as she let it fall between her hands after her abortive prayer, decided the fate of Sidney Martin. The sound of the woman's trembling tones was the touch which sent Sidney over the brink of the pit Fate had prepared for him. The last echo of her shrill voice died away—a sob filled the room of the wonted Amen. That sob did not die till it filled Sidney Martin with fatal inspiration; again he agonized in one of his childish visions when the Pain of the world, exaggerated by his morbid mother's teachings, seemed to environ him with the tortures of hell. His supra-sensitive personal atmosphere was surcharged with electric currents of pain and need and want, defeated effort, dead hope, fruitless battling, and these discharging themselves in his bursting heart, filled it with exquisite agony. His spirit battled against his imagination and rushed to his lips.

He began to speak. No one in that congregation could ever recall one word or phrase of Sidney Martin's prayer for rain. As the "poor, poor dumb mouths" of Cæsar's wounds lent Antony eloquence, so each line and careworn furrow upon the countenance of those about him sped the speech of Sidney Martin.

The women sobbed aloud, the men felt their heavy souls lifted up. Lanty, whose ardent nature made him peculiarly susceptible to the charm of eloquence, fell upon his knees involuntarily. Mabella felt a pleader powerful enough to win their cause was here amid the stricken congregation, and Vashti felt once again a wildly exultant throb of her own power which had won such a man.

Yet—what manner of prayer was this? Herein were no phrasings from Holy Writ; no humble appeals to a pitying Christ, a personal God.

Sidney Martin, standing amid this congregation of orthodox souls was pouring forth what was neither more nor less than a pantheistic invocation to the Spirits of Nature bidding them be beneficient; addressing them with Shelleyan adoration, and with as strong a sense of their existence as ever inspired Shelley's immortal verse. And thus within these walls wherein was preached naught but "Christ and Him crucified," Sidney Summers addressed himself to "Nature—all sufficing Power," and did it, moved by no irreverence, stimulated by the same needs which had wrung forth the few pleading words from pious Mary Shinar. And whilst he, in bitterness of spirit, realized afterwards the *grotesquerie* of his action, yet those who were his hearers that night, and for many times afterwards, never saw the great gulf fixed between his adorations and their beliefs. And is it not a hopeful and solemn thing to find the Faith in a living Christ so closely allied to honest reverence for nature? To find Nature so close akin to God that their worshippers may interchange their petitions? It is very significant that —significant as all things are of the immutable and sacred Brotherhood of Man.

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Christian, Deest, Buddhist, Atheist, by whatsoever name we choose to call ourselves, we are all bound together by the thongs of human needs and aspirations.

How vain to seek to deny that kinship. How futile to strive to blot out the family resemblance betwixt our prayers and theirs!

For *malgré* himself man prays always. His mere existence is a prayer against the darkness and the chaos of the void.

Sidney's voice rose thrillingly through the tense silence. He had that God-like gift—natural eloquence, and under its spell his hearers forgot in part their woes, and began to take heart of hope whilst he pled with Mother Nature not to be a step-dame to her sons, and besought the "beloved Brotherhood," earth, air and ocean, to withdraw no portion of their wonted bounty.

As his eloquence carried his listeners beyond their fears, it bore himself beyond their ken, till suddenly alight upon the highest pinnacle of thought, he paused to look beyond—hoping to behold

"Yet purer peaks, touched with unearthlier fire,
In sudden prospect virginally new,
But on the lone last height he sighs, 'tis cold,
And clouds shut out the view."

Sidney saw but a misty void peopled with the spectral shapes of his doubts, which gibbered nebulously through the veil at him. Speech died upon his lips. His voice, arrested midway in a phrase, seemed still to ring in the listening ears. It was as if one paused in an impassioned plea, to hear the answer rendered ere the plea was finished.

And the answer came.

A long sighing flaw of wind swept about the church; cool and sweet, and ere it died away rain was falling.

"Amen" said every pair of lips in the church save the pale, quivering lips of Sidney Martin. The coincident arrival of the longed-for blessing added the finishing touch to his nervousness. He rose from the pew into which he had sunk for a moment and swiftly passed down the aisle, hearing, ere he reached the door, the first lines of the hymn of Hallelujah, which went up from the grateful hearts behind him. His whole being revolted against his recent action.

The rain beat down violently; the parched earth seemed to sigh audibly with delight, and within the church all the voices vibrant with justified faith seemed to mock at his depression. He could not explain his action to himself. What explanation then was possible to these simple folk?

Could he say to them—to Vashti—(he named her name in his thoughts, determined not to spare himself). Could he say to Vashti, "I do not believe in your God—nor in the man Christ Jesus, nor in prayer. Yet I stood in the church and asked a blessing. I defiled your fane with unbelieving feet. I do not know why I did it?" It was weak that, certainly! He imagined the scorn in her clear eyes; now eyes in which scorn is so readily imaginable are not the best eyes—but he did not think that. What was he to do? He had been weak. He must now be strong in his weakness.

The church door opened and one and all emerged upon the long verandah-like porch, and gathered round him shaking hands with him.

"The Spirit indeed filled you this night, Brother," said white-haired Mr. Didymus.

"Yes—you wrestled powerfully," said Mr. Lansing.

"It done me good that prayer of your'n," said Tom Shinar, and the words meant much.

"We have much to thank you for," said Vashti's sweet tones, and for the first time he looked up, and when he met her approving eyes, the garments of his shame clung tighter to him.

Mabella gave him her hand a moment and looked at him shyly.

Lanty stood a little aloof. He was a good young chap with honest impulses and a wholesome life, but he never felt quite at ease with parsons. Lanty placed them on too high a pedestal, and after having placed them there found it strained his neck to let

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his gaze dwell on them. He had a very humble estimate of his own capacity for religion. He was reverent enough, but he had been known to smile at the peculiarities of pious people, and had once or twice been heard making derogatory comparison betwixt precept and practice as illustrated in the lives of certain notable church members.

"Well," said Temperance energetically to Sue Winder, "Well! I'm sure I never so much as 'spicioned he had the gift of tongues! After them white pants!! He talked real knowin' about the fields and sich, but to home he don't seem to know a mangel-wurzel from a beet, nor beets from carrits."

"There's no tellin'" said Sue, who was somewhat of a mystic in her way. "P'raps 'twas The Power give him knowledge and reason."

"Well—I don't know," said Temperance, "but if he stands with that eavetrough a-runnin' onto him much longer it'll give him rheumatics."

"Temp'rins is powerful worldly," said Sue regretfully to Mary Shinar as Temperance left her side to warn Sidney. Her experienced eyes saw his deathly pallor; she deflected her course towards Mr. Lansing where he stood among the worthies of the congregation giving a rapid *resumé* of Sidney's history so far as he knew it.

Temperance was a privileged person. She broke in upon the conclave with scant excuse.

"Mr. Martin is fair dead beat," she said without preface. "He's got a look on his face for sickness. He better be took home. Nat, will you fetch round the demicrit?"

Nat departed. Temperance strode over to Sidney.

"If you'd come in out of the rain you wouldn't get wet," she said, as if she was speaking to a child; "we're goin' home direckly, and there's no good running after rheumatics; they'll catch on to you soon enough and stick in your bones worse nor burrs in your hair."

Sidney moved to the back of the porch and leaned wearily against the church.

"It seems to me he'll get middlin' wet driving home anyhow," said Mr. Lansing.

"Do you think I came to a prayer-meeting for rain without umbrellas?" snorted Temperance. "Them and the waterproofs is under the seats."

There was silence.

A demonstration of faith so profound was not easily gotten over.

Graceless Lanty sniggered aloud.

The listeners felt themselves scandalized.

"Well, I *declare!*" said Mrs. Ranger openly shocked.

"Did you bring your umbrell and your storm hood?" asked Temperance.

"No," snapped Mrs. Ranger, remembering her new crape.

"That's a pity," said Temperance coolly, "seeing you've got your new bunnit on—when you knew what we came here for."

In the parlance of the village Temperance and Mrs. Ranger "loved each other like rats and poison."

Nat arrived with the democrat—jubilant over "his Temprins'" foresight. "That's what I call Faith," he said, handing out the coverings.

"I'm glad he told us," whispered Lanty to Mabella, "if he hadn't—I'd have thought 'twas your waterproofs."

And Mabella, though she was a pious little soul, could not help smiling rosily out of the waterproof hood at her lover's wit, and what with the smile, and the ends of her yellow hair poking out of the dark hood, and her soft chin tilted up to permit of fastening a stubborn button, Lanty had much to do to abstain from sealing her his then and there before all the congregation.

All was at length arranged, and Temperance went off with her party dry beneath the umbrellas. The rest of the congregation took their drenching in good part. They were not going to complain of rain in one while!

(*To be Continued.*)

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A NEGLECTED PIONEER.

A Sketch of Ash-making Days.

IT was a rickety thing, half wigwam, four legs wide and ribs half seen through a roof of elm bark. It stood in the woods in the middle of a black, square hole that looked as if it had been burnt out by line and measure. Any day, from frogs in spring till long after the last south-bound duck in fall, you could see that wigwam steam. When it first came there you couldn't see anything else of it for jampiles. The jampiles gradually disappeared, like the trees that fell into them at the axe of the slasher. The wigwam remained and had more to do with the civilization of its immediate vicinity than the plough. It was Rood Gabb's ashery.

When Rood built that crazy thing out of poles and bark, forty rods from his log hut on the forest edge, he had an eye to business. When he came there wasn't a mill within ten miles. If there had been he couldn't have sold a stick of the timber that he slashed into such tangled heaps. Between a green tree at the stump and blades of wheat or corn in its room was a far reach. Rood knew how to span it when he built his wigwam.

The genius who discovered black salts deserves a monument. He once had many disciples in Canada. Rood Gabb was one. Like many a hundred fellow-craftsmen, Rood found it as natural to soak a living out of ashes when he began life in the wilderness, as some men do now to conjure it out of wheels. Smoke and ashes, after the axe, were to such as Rood the immediate precursors of civilization. But a semi-barbarian can't wait for civilization to pay his debts. Rood began to pay his shortly after he began to levy a tax on fire and smoke.

And what a smoke Rood used to raise in that slashing of his! It was a green tree he failed to burn by branding and chunking. When the roof of one of his jampiles fell in there he was on the spot with his handspike to roll the hot, crackling trunks together. The nearer they got the better they burned. When the last black survival lay smouldering and solitary in its white bed was Rood's time for scraper and basket. One jampile made, say, twenty bushels of ashes. Two or three times that packed into the rude box on runners drawn by Rood's oxen filled his two leaches once. The rest he put under a bark lean-to at the rear of his wigwam. Rood sold his oxen afterwards when it paid him better to hire a plug horse from a neighbour up the concession. But he had horses of his own before he quit making black salts.

Rood's first leach was a hollow buttonwood. He found that on his own fifty, cut the butt off into gums and set two of them big end down on a platform of jointed slabs. A few dead leaves or bits of moss went in first. That was the filter. Afterwards the ashes were packed in saucer-wise to within two inches of the top, leaving a dish big enough to hold two pails of water. A couple of days' soakage brought the lye through a hole notched for the purpose into the slab trough under the platform. At first the lye was about the colour of the drip-blood of an ox, if the ashes were prime and the leach well packed. Oak, hickory, maple, beech, ash and elm made the best ashes and the richest lye. Afterwards the drip turned to a wine colour, later to cider, then paler still to the hue of olive oil; and at the last Rood could drink it like sap, about the colour of the water which he put in at the top before his log-pond got the soakage of the leached ash-heaps. That marked the end of the run. All the lye from those two gum leaches went into Rood's kettle under the wigwam. All he had

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to do after that till the drying-down process was to keep fire under. When it was boiled enough and the steam driven off, it was black salts. How it became so Rood never knew any more than he knew what the black and green crystals were good for after he got them to the railroad station twenty miles distant. It cost little, was easy to make and brought a fat price. That the manufacture of it hastened the advent of the plough was small concern of Rood's. He was par excellence a maker of black salts and left crops, and cattle alone. In former times he had many a prototype in Canada. But his craft is now all but obsolete; and the lonely fascination of his life amid the dead things of nature is rapidly becoming an antiquity.

Rood Gabb's clearing was practically an independency. Up and down the concession, past the bush corner each way, rose in the course of time houses and barns enough. Across it was a thick slashing of jampiles leading up to the more distant woods like foothills to a mountain—a vast wilderness swarmed over in summer with raspberry bushes. It was enough like an Indian jungle for anybody but Rood. He had rather his own stump fifty were ten times as wild, instead of the English landscape he fancied it, with not a combustible thing left on it but a thousand or two black stumps. It was a black waste; not only the stumps, but the earth, as if night had made a camping-ground there and left Rood sentinel. The only exception was a glaring one, viz., the white cemetery of ash-heaps behind the wigwam, round the buttonwood gums, almost into the logged-up dirty pond. The log hut with the stovepipe in the roof hugged so close the left wood that you looked twice at the wigwam before you noticed it.

One midsummer evening Rood was drying down. Steam burst from all the sides and chinks of the wigwam, choked it inside and all but dimmed the fire that leaped and crackled up the side of the black caldron. Under the steam the red glow rested faintly on the buttonwood gums outside, one dry, the other starting a black drip for the next batch of salts into the yellow slab trough. Promiscuously about on the chip-strewn clay floor lay the short trough coolers, blacker than the poles and rafters that dripped with dark beads of sweat. In one corner lay a flabby round basket, battered shovel and wooden scraper; opposite, and nearer the fire, the big wooden lye bucket used also for watering the leaches; nearer yet a pile of dead limbs and between them and the caldron, catching the full light on his hard, red leg-boots, his head and shoulders plunged in steam, the old pot-boiler himself baling. It was the second hour of the drying-down and the swell not yet over. About every five minutes Rood stooped, still baling, and, while for a moment his parched brown visage caught the light, whisked with one hand a limb or two from the heap, kicked them into place around the kettle and stood erect again. From the moment the tawny brew in that kettle foamed to the edge and heaped itself in the middle till the swell was over and it began to turn black as it settled again, Rood never ceased to bale. Every stroke liberated a fresh cloud of steam. One stroke missed might mean a bushel of ashes lost. It was the object of the drying-down to drive off the steam. The baling facilitated the process. Gradually as Rood baled, the mixture turned a darker brown, foamed less and began to blister. The steam that formerly raised the entire mass now broke in minute puffs from the little pustules that broke out on the surface like bubbles on a whirlpool. The swell went down. The poles and rafters began to show their beads of sweat in the red light. The old pot-boiler's head and shoulders became visible as he ceased baling and sat down to stoke the fire. Stars were now beginning to show in the old pond behind the leaches. Rood preferred to sit by the fire and smell the choking aroma that grew more pungent with every stick he threw into the blaze. Now and then he got up and peered

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into the caldron by the light of a hickory bark torch.

The mixture gradually settling grew darker. Later it ceased to blister and began to swirl again. Afterwards it turned as black as the kettle. Then it started to run to the centre. Rood stopped firing, whisked into place the trough coolers which he had previously cleaned and began to dip out.

The job was soon done—the troughs full of a hot, black liquid about the consistency of boiling tar, the pot empty, and the low fire making the old wigwam look, from the stumpy concession, like a moonrise in a dry time, with the man moving. Rood took the bucket and went out to the pond. On his way across the white ash-heaps he stopped. He could just catch the faint, slow drip of that one leach he had filled the day before. He stooped, dabbed his finger in the drip he couldn't see, and put it to his tongue. As he leaned over the log curb of the pond behind the gums the bullfrogs ceased piping. They began again when Rood poured the last bucketful on the leach and entered the ashery. And as the old pot-boiler bent over the coolers for a last look and a parting whiff of the precious stuff for which he had laboured so long, he smacked his lips still. That lye, starting from the left gum, was good lye, and he knew it.

All the way across the stumpy clearing towards the forest Rood re-called the smack of that lye, and with it the odour of his latest batch of black salts. In the morning the trough would be full of lye, and the scarcely blacker stuff in the coolers gathered into hard crystals that looked at one way would be as green as winter moss. Rood knew it.

Presently a light flared out of a square hole in the side of the wood. It went out soon. A knot of stars hung over the lonely wigwam then. When that knot was tied in the treetops the big slashing across the concession began to light up. First it was a single shaft near the woods, like a bare arm shot up in a mob, and fingers snapping. Then all the arms went up, all the fingers snapped, and a weird, hazy lustre spread over the dark wilderness. Rood's burnt fifty was black and silent then, except for the bullfrogs that piped in the pond among the ash-heaps. That was nothing to the low, smothered crackle of the big slashing that got redder every minute, as if any second the moon might rise out of it.

Quick leaped a blaze into a jampile. Another followed soon, and another, here, there, crackling, spreading, with red light on the far leaves, and a faint flush on Rood's wigwam among the black stumps. Rood never knew it. He didn't even hear the bullfrogs.

When the sun rose a heavy smoke hid the raspberry bushes that yesterday swarmed over the jampiles. Out of the smoke came Rood.

Augustus Bridle.

THOUGH WHITE DRIFTS BAR THE DOOR.

LET the blue streams of summer
Go singing down my rhyme,
The little rapids clamour,
The silver shallows chime;

Let the soft sound of poplars
That whisper all day long,
The solemn croon of pine-trees,
The thrush's evening song,

Make music by my hearth-side,
Where the dark shadows loom;
And one dear face beside me
Lean nearer through the gloom.

Then the wild storms may rage
From some forsaken shore,—
Love has come in with winter,
Though white drifts bar the door!

Elisabeth Roberts MacDonald.

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SOME ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

Second Paper

THE SHAKESPEAREAN EXPERIENCES OF MISS JULIA ARTHUR.

IF the question were asked: of the many Canadians who have risen to a high place on the roll of renown what name has been uttered by most lips, the answer, without a doubt, would be the name of the brilliant possessor of all the world covets: brains, bullion, beauty—Miss Julia Arthur. For the feminine portion of theatrical America may now be divided into Julia Arthur and other actresses. And that this youthful artiste has decided to devote so much of her talent and wealth to the adequate presentation of the plays of Shakespeare speaks in underlined words of her belief in the supremity of our greatest dramatist and her confidence in the taste of the reigning public.

Mr. Hoyt, or some of his witty employees, last season evolved a very interesting decoration for the dead walls of Gotham. A large twenty-four sheet stand represented a street in New York, with bill-boards on either side, with posters pasted thereon announcing the attractions at the various theatres of the metropolis: Miss Maud Adams in "The Little Minister," by J. M. Barrie; Mr. John Drew, in "A Marriage of Convenience," by Sydney Grundy; Mr. Herbert Kelcey and Miss Effie Shannon in "The Moth and the Flame," by Clyde Fitch; Miss Julia Arthur in "A Lady of Quality," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. And there were others. Walking up the street with a grip in one hand, some swords in the other, and a questioning look in his big eyes full of wonderment, was Mr. William Shakespeare. The picture was labelled "A Stranger in New York." Of course it was a very telling advertisement of Mr. Hoyt's farce, but, as the old proverb says, there is many a true word spoken in jest.

Knowing of Miss Arthur's decision to play the works of this stranger, I interviewed her on the subject for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

"My first effort on any stage," said Miss Arthur, in answer to an inquiry, "was as Portia, in 'The Merchant of Venice,' presented when I was a mere child in Hamilton at the benefit of my tutor, Mr. John Townsend. Shortly after that Bandmann came to town. Anxious to appear on the professional boards, I recited for him."

"Something from Skakespeare?"

"No. But something nearly as old if not so classic—'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night.'"

"With the result?"

"That I was engaged, and soon made my début as the Prince of Wales in 'Richard III.' Then I played the Queen in 'Hamlet.' By the way, this took place in Detroit, which has since proved so eventful a place to me. Then I did Nerissa, in 'The Merchant of Venice,' and Audrey, in 'As You Like It.' But the peasant girl didn't eat many of the stage carrots, for this comedy was played only one consecutive night."

"Then you did Juliet, did you not?"

"Yes, on two hours' notice. And I was only fifteen years of age. You see, we worked in those days."

"Evidently. You then continued doing heroines and other parts that fall to the lot of leading ladies?"

"Not yet. My next part was a Lady-in-waiting in 'Macbeth.' But the Thane of Glamis rose to that of Cawdor and King of Scotland for only one brief evening."

"You next became a Venetian?"

"Yes, as a Page in 'Othello,' and soon afterward as Emilia in the same tragedy, then as Desdemona. This was my last appearance in a Shake-

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spearean play until I joined the company of Sir Henry Irving."

"With him you first impersonated?"

"Hero in 'Much Ado About Nothing' and also understudied Miss Ellen Terry's role of Beatrice."

"Were you in the cast of the 'Merchant of Venice?'"

"No. But as a favour to Sir Henry, when Terry's daughter was ill, I played Jessica."

"After that?"

"Lady Anne in 'Richard III.,' and Imogen in 'Cymbeline.'"

The greatest are the smallest. This was some time a paradox, but when in London I learned that it accounted for the comparatively brief runs of these two pieces, though given productions so sumptuous and so lavish. The young girl from Canada was outshining the elder luminary, and was making too much stir in London, and indeed throughout England.

"What Shakespearean plays do you intend producing, Miss Arthur?"

"First, 'As You Like It,' which Professor Dowden calls the sweetest and happiest of Skakespeare's comedies; then, 'Romeo and Juliet,' which begins the third group of Shakespeare's work as arranged in conjectural chronological order by Professor Delius of Bonn, and is bound together not by force or comedy of errors, but by strong emotion and richness of fancy, picturing that passion which is lawful in woman and man."

Miss Julia Arthur will give an ideal portraiture of that glorious figure of girlhood, with all her southern beauty, venturing out for scarcely two days from the winter of her loveless home into the summer and sunshine of love; then sinking back into the chill and horrors of the grave.

"Next?"

"'Much Ado About Nothing,' in which the poet, having just written 'Henry V.' passes from history to fiction, from the green plains of France to the glowing shores of Sicily, from the clash of arms to the clash of tongues, giving us a radiant example of his rich humour and merry raillery."

"Afterwards?"

"'The Winter's Tale,' the last complete play of Shakespeare's, with the sweet country air all through it, with Perdita brightening all, and Hermione ennobling men's minds and lives."

"Will that be your entire repertoire?"

"Possibly, 'Antony and Cleopatra,' with its superb picture, as if painted by Veronese or Titian, of the Egyptian meeting the Roman upon the river of Cydnus, and present my conception of the enchantress of the Nile who was, perhaps, the most wonderful woman of any age."

Cleopatra is the character which Miss Arthur is most fitted to perfectly impersonate. She would be the resistless Egyptian queen absolutely and beyond peradventure.

"When a child in Leipsig," she went on, "I saw 'The Winter's Tale' done with a very interesting and novel innovation: instead of an orchestra between the acts a symbolic ballet crossed in front of the curtain on the wide apron that is customary in Germany."

"Do you think of introducing that effect?"

"Oh no! My aim shall be to have nothing in the productions that Shakespeare does not suggest."

"That is a sweeping canon."

"Assuredly. But one that is not easily swept away," smiling at the turn she had given to my epithet.

"I shall endeavour to make each production of Shakespeare as simple as possible, though as beautiful as consistency will permit. The text itself will be the only limit to the splendour of the costuming and mounting."

When it is remembered that Miss Arthur is the happy wife of Mr. B. P. Cheney, it will be understood that it is quite possible, even apart from her financial successes, to realize all her artistic dreams.

"Shakespeare's plays," she added, "are fine enough without any attempted improvements by me."

"Or anyone else in this decade," I thought, as she continued:

"They are jewels that just want an appropriate setting. I have never

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written poetry though I have attempted doggerel."

"So it will not be 'As You Like It' by Julia Arthur?"

"By no means. The Bard of Avon will get full credit for the works of his genius —" turning from the serious, as she has a habit of doing, "though I regret that owing to circumstances he will not get his royalties."



It is worthy of note that throughout her career Miss Arthur has always gone in for the correct dressing of the various *rôles* in which she has appeared, even though such accuracy has not been for the enhancing of her beauty. She first essayed ugly old women. To smother those features and those marvellous eyes with grease paint, and appear disfigured and ill-shapen with deformity and decrepitude, is no small thing for a woman whose personal attractions have exhausted the supply of adjectives in the English language and been raved about in almost every newspaper and magazine in the world.

There are those who believe that the progress of the drama and the evolution of theatric construction is indicated by the three S's: Sophocles, Shakespeare, Sardou. But Miss Arthur is not one of them. She is convinced that the Anglo-Saxon is as far above the Greek and the Frenchman as he is apart from them in centuries. Considered coldly and practically, quite apart from individual preferences and the aspirations of enthusiasm, Miss Arthur feels sure that there must be a large rising generation both in Canada and the United States, who, (as a prominent Canadian remarks in a letter which I showed to her) having studied





JULIA ARTHUR AS IMOGEN.

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AS LADY ANNE.

Shakespeare's plays in school and college, are anxious to see these matchless creations worthily represented by artists fitted for the work by nature and education—and in fact that the stage may be an advantageous handmaiden or ally of every institution of learning, and that the programme of a theatre may be made a valuable addition to the curriculum of a university. It is hoped that the approval of the better public, the final arbiter of all things, will be as generous and unbounded as is deserved by the ambitions and endeavours of this foremost exponent of all that is highest and most admirable in the drama.

Not long ago I was asked: "What do you consider the most remarkable trait about Miss Arthur?"

"Her failure," I answered.

"Her failure!" my interrogator exclaimed in repetition and surprise.

"Yes," I agreed, "—to regard herself as a marvel. It would be excusable under the circumstances; they are so remarkable. The things that have come to her, to almost any other woman would be dizzying. But, instead, with all her acquisitions of gratifying fame and riches great as those of Monte Cristo, she is just as simple and unassuming as ever."

W. S. HART.

W. S. Hart, Miss Julia Arthur's new leading man, was born near New York just thirty-two years ago. In 1888 he made his début with Daniel Bandmann—a peculiar coincident with his present star. In four weeks he was advanced to leading man, and appeared in the support of Lawrence Barrett, Robert



JULIA ARTHUR.

As Rosalind in "As You Like It."

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Downing, Marie Prescott, Mlle. Rhéa, Madame Modjeska and Margaret Mather.

One of Mr. Hart's greatest hits was as Napoleon in "Josephine, Empress of the French." Then he originated the heroes in the New York productions of "The Great North West" and "Under the Polar Star." Last season Mr. Hart starred with his own company in "The Man in the Iron Mask" and "The Bells." Mr. Hart is now rising high in critical and popular esteem for his careful and convincing impersonations of Sir John Oxon in "A Lady of Quality," the title-role in "Ingomar" and Orlando in "As You Like It."



MR. W. S. HART.

As Gaston D'Orville in "The Man In The Iron Mask."

MISS LORRAINE HOLLIS.

By dint of innate talent and an in domitable will, Miss Lorraine Hollis has risen from the ranks to the position of owning a company of her own. But perhaps her exceptional beauty and magnetism had something to do with her rapid advancement, though she has learned her art under such masters as Lewis Morrison, Augustin Daly, Wm. H. Crane and William Terriss. Her versatility is doubtless the result of her careful and arduous training, for Miss Hollis is equally convincing in strong emotional roles, and in the brightest comedy. Her greatest hits have been in the leading female parts in "Nancy & Co," "Forget-Me-Not," "The Tigress," and "Mr. Barnes of New York." A new play is being especially written for this young Californian, and she will give it a production and be seen as the heroine, probably the latter part of this season.

MR. LONGLEY TAYLOR.

Longley Taylor was born at Warthill, Yorkshire, England, and is the third son of the late Rev. Robert Taylor, for many years vicar of that place. He received his education at Haileybury College, Hertfordshire.

Always a wanderer at heart, he left England in favor of Australia, there trying most of the occupations open to an adventurous young Englishman, until he had the good fortune to meet the well-known author, Mr. Guy Boothby. Cattle droving was soon forgotten for a life behind the footlights. Mr. Tavlor made his début in the "Jonquille," playing the part of Goupie. He has been a member of the companies of Lionel Brough, Dion Boucicault, and John Hare.

Coming to America, Mr. Taylor was engaged to play Major Blencoe in "The Tree of Knowledge" with James K.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PITTAWAY, OTTAWA.

MISS LORRAINE HOLLIS.

Trackell's Co. His impersonation of Blencoe is receiving exceptional praise everywhere, many of the foremost newspaper critics saying he rivals the star. Mr. Taylor, who is an accomplished gentleman and a gifted actor, is certainly one of the most promising young character men of the day, and will make an enviable place for himself in future metropolitan productions. His remarkable versatility has already been manifested in the character study which he contributes in Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau," as presented by Mr. Hackett.

SADIE MARTINOT.

"*Une vraie artiste et gentille a croquer*," the famous French critic, Francisque Sarcey, wrote of Sadie Martinot after viewing one of her performances in London a few years ago. The Parisian's characterization accurately fits Miss Martinot's craft and personal charm in her latest scenic creation—that of Léonie in "The Turtle." It is not too much to say that the presentation of this audacious farce on the American stage would be almost impossible were it not for the deftness of this actress's skill and the winsome grace of her peculiar individuality. The delicacy with which she carries the heroine through daring episodes, the veil of romance and sentiment that she contrives to throw over the author's impudence achieve the theatric marvel.

Few actresses of the day surpass Miss Martinot in variety and worth of professional experiences. Of the thirty-six years of her life, twenty-two have been passed in the realm of footlights, calciums, paint-



SARONEY, PHOTOGRAPHER.

MR. GEORGE WOODWARD.

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ed seas and skies, and trees and all the paraphernalia of mimic ambiency. And within that mutable domain she has worn guises sufficiently diverse and numerous to compass a strikingly broad range of dramatic expression.

"I cannot sing at all," Miss Martinot says, with cynical candour, "but I have sung prima-donna rôles for years." Indeed, it is said that one of Miss Martinot's finest successes was as Bettina, the heroine of "The Mascot." It was after a three years' sojourn in Europe—most of which time was passed in Italy and France—that the actress engaged to show her Bettina to the patrons of the German theatre in Irving Place, New York. She made a really notable hit and promptly became a great favourite with the habitues of the German playhouse—"though, of course," Miss Martinot hastened to add, "I do not speak German. I learned the words of Bettina's rôle in the foreign tongue, word for word from the lexicon."

When the beautiful Garden Theatre was opened, Miss Martinot resumed her place in the interest of metropolitan playgoers. A season or two later she made her first starring venture, appearing with pronounced success as the Marquise de Pompadour in Charles Fdc. Nirdlinger's exquisite and brilliant play of the Louis XV period. Her next success was as Dora in the Coghlans' revival of "Diplomacy" with an "all-star" cast. This was followed by "starring" tours with "The Passport" and in revival of the Boucicault dramas, in which the great Dion's place was taken by his son Aubrey.



SARONEY, PHOTOGRAPHER.

MISS MARTINOT.

As Hattie in "A Stranger In New York."

MR. GEORGE WOODWARD.

Mr. George Woodward was born in Cleveland, but came to New York when ten years of age and was educated at Dr. Chapin's Collegiate Institute, and after being graduated taught there for three years. During this period he gave several public readings in New York. From childhood the dream of his life had been the stage. After countless struggles and disappointments he finally secured an engagement, making his dèbut in 1879 with Rose and Harry Watkins. The palmy days of stock companies were then in their decline. But he was fortunate enough to receive some valuable training of that old school in Columbus, St. John's Newfoundland, and Halifax, N.S. After that he played in "Our Boarding House," in "Kit" with Chanfrau, also a round of parts with Mrs. Chanfrau, with Neil Burgess and Mlle. Rhéa. It was in the latter company where he met and married his gifted wife, who is herself a talented actress and is the adapter from the German of "The

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MR. LONGLEY TAYLOR.

Countess Valesta," now played by Miss Julia Marlowe. Not wishing to separate, he took a company through Canada which proved such an artistic success that he returned to New York in the spring a poorer but wiser man. In 1887 he played the schoolmaster in "Little Puck" with Frank Daniels. The following season the minister in "The Henrietta" with Robson and Crane. When they separated he played Mr. Crane's parts for four years. After leaving Mr. Robson he did Maverick Brander in "A Texas Steer," then Sir Lucius O'Trigger with Sol Smith Russell; and afterwards supported Miss Georgia Cayvan and Miss Julia Arthur, achieving a pronounced success for his unctuous portraiture of Sir Geoffrey Wildairs, the father of Clarinda in "A Lady of Quality." Mr. Woodward has this season made another hit for his wholly artistic impersonation of Archdeacon Wealthy in Hall Caine's play, "The Christian," with Miss Viola Allen.

W. J. Thorold.

MORGANA MIA.

THERE is a fruit that shineth
With rich hues, o'er and o'er,
And the hungry man repineth
To find an ashen core!

There is a tone that thrilleth
The longing listener's ear,
And his heart with gladness filleth—
As if it were sincere.

There is a blush that playeth
From dimpled cheek to chin,
And nothing that betrayeth,
The cruel art therein.

There is a gleam that stealeth
From soft'ning eyes and bright—
Too late the mocked heart feeleth
How false that fairy light!

And there is one who mourneth
A joy that may not be,
Whose hopelessness returneth
At every thought of thee.

F. Blake Crofton.

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THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

Third Paper.

BY CAPT. J. J. BELL, AN OFFICER IN LORD WOLSELEY'S EXPEDITION.

IT would extend this narrative to too great a length to describe in detail the many lakes, rivers and portages passed over. To give an idea of the country it may be divided into three sections—from Lake Shebandowan to Fort Francis, thence to Fort Alexander at the mouth of the Winnipeg, thence to Fort Garry.

The first section was a dreary region, a succession of water, rock and stunted trees. The surface was in many places covered with moss, so thick that the men slept on it as on a feather bed. Lac des Mille Lacs, the third through which the route passed, is a large expanse of water with numberless bays and islands. Some of the brigades which were without efficient guides lost their way for hours. It lies immediately beyond the height of land, and after leaving it the current was with us all the way to the mouth of Red River.

The only difficult and dangerous rapids in this section were on the Sturgeon River. A number of Indians were there stationed to take down the boats, which they did with the loss of only one. Their skill in managing the boats in the seething waters was remarkable, their coolness and courage when a false stroke with the oar or an error in judgment would end in destruction, called forth many expressions of admiration.

So the journey was continued through Lake Shebandowan and a succession of lakes and rivers very similar in character. Rainy Lake is one of the largest bodies of water on the route, being 46 miles long and 30 to 40 wide, with numerous arms. Its outlet is the Rainy River, and two miles down this stream is Fort Francis.

The first detachment reached Fort Francis on the 4th of August. It had travelled 200 miles in 19 days and had made 17 portages. The remaining brigades were scattered over a stretch of 150 miles, treading on each other's heels, and working like beavers in friendly rivalry to see who could make the best time and establish a record for rapidity in crossing the portages. Col. Wolseley was going back and forth in his bark canoe with his crew of Indians, encouraging the men and issuing such orders as were necessary. The order of march was, first the 60th Rifles, accompanied by the Artillery and Engineers, then the Ontario battalions with the Quebec battalion bringing up the rear.

At Fort Francis the leading company of militia was left behind to form a small garison. An officer of the commissariat and a surgeon were also stationed there, and provision made for a field hospital, should such be necessary. A quantity of surplus stores were left as a reserve, and for the use



THE LAST OF OLD FORT GARRY

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FIELD MARSHAL, VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.

In 1870, as Colonel Wolseley, he was in command of the Red River Expeditionary Force. His conduct of the campaign was masterly.

of the regulars on their return. Fresh bread was baked and supplied to the brigades as they came up, an agreeable change from wet hard tack and pancakes.

Fort Francis is a great meeting place for the Indians. They had assembled there a short time before, holding their White Dog and other feasts, in expectation of being liberally fed from the government stores. As the expedition was delayed in reaching this point they had become impatient, and dispersed to seek food elsewhere. This was fortunate, for a lot of hungry Indians would have made serious inroads on the stores, which could ill be spared.

At this Fort the entire volume of Rainy River tumbles over a ledge twenty-three feet in height, forming the beautiful Chaudiere Falls. The portage was facilitated by a cart which the officer in charge of the post had constructed after the pattern of the Red River carts, but with solid wheels. It was all of wood, creaking loudly as it went along, and was drawn by an ox harnessed like a horse with buffalo hide harness. A canal and lock have since been built, giving uninterrupted steam navigation through Lake of the Woods, Rainy River, and Rainy Lake.

The Fort, which was a collection of buildings surrounded by a palisade, stood on a high level flat, commanding a fine view of the falls and down the river. At one time there was a good farm in connection with this post, but it had become neglected. There were some cattle, and the commissariat having secured a few head, served a ration of fresh meat to the men.

Near the fort was an Indian grave-

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yard, in which the bodies were placed in boxes on elevated platforms. Many of these had fallen down, exposing the skeletons with their accompaniment of guns, knives, and other trinkets for use in the happy hunting grounds. The white man's method of burial had been adopted in later burials, and it was pathetic to see a toy canoe and a child's paddle carefully laid beside a little grave. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."







FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES.

SCENES ON THE ROUTE.

In Camp—Along the Road—Tracking and Poling up the Kamanistiquia.

Previous to leaving Prince Arthur's Landing Col. Wolseley had issued the following proclamation:—

TO THE LOYAL INHABITANTS OF MANITOBA:

Her Majesty's Government having determined upon stationing some troops amongst you, I have been entrusted by the Lieutenant-General commanding in British North America to proceed to Fort Garry with the troops under my command.

Our mission is one of peace, and the sole object of the Expedition is to secure Her Majesty's sovereign authority.

Courts of law, such as are common to every portion of Her Majesty's Empire, will be duly established, and justice will be impartially administered to all races and all classes; the loyal Indians and Half-breeds being as dear to our Queen as any other of her loyal subjects.

The force which I have the honour of commanding will enter your Province representing no party, either in religion or politics, and will afford equal protection to the lives and property of all races and all creeds.

The strictest order and discipline will be maintained, and private property will be carefully protected.

All supplies furnished by the inhabitants to the troops will be duly paid for.

Should any one consider himself injured by any individual attached to the force his grievance shall be promptly inquired into.

All loyal people are earnestly invited to aid me in carrying out the above mentioned objects.

(Signed) G. I. WOLSELEY, Colonel,
Commanding Red River
Expeditionary Force.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING,
THUNDER BAY, June 30th, 1870.

Copies of this proclamation were sent to the settlement and had a good effect, as the loyal people were becoming impatient over the delay of the expedition. Monkman, the loyal half-breed who had accompanied Dr. Schultz in his flight from prison, met Col. Wolseley at Fort Francis, bringing letters from the settlement up to July 20th, with the information, that, to all appearance, Riel intended to resist the entrance of the troops. Lieut. Butler of the 69th Regiment, a bold and dash-

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COLONEL FIELDEN.

Who commanded the Regulars—First Battalion 60th Royal Rifles.

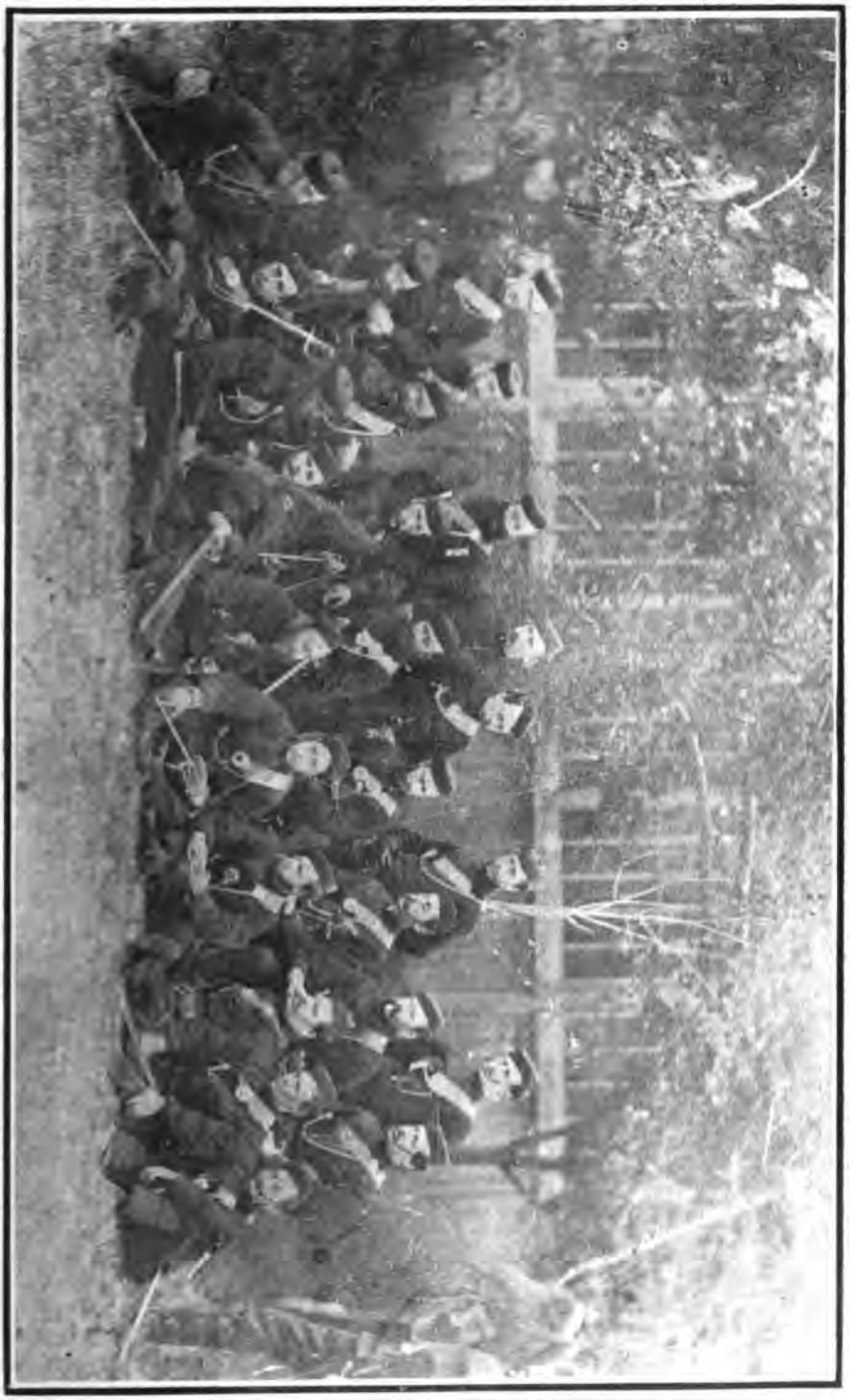
ing officer who afterwards distinguished himself in the Ashantee and other wars, and also as an author, had been sent as intelligence officer through the United States to Manitoba to investigate, and brought the commandant much valuable information. The gist of the messages was this: "Come as quickly as you can, for the aspect of affairs is serious, and an Indian outbreak is imminent."

Col. Wolseley had also written to the governor of the Hudson's Bay Co. urging him to push on the construction of a road from Fort Garry to the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods, a distance of about 90 miles. The first 60 miles was across the prairie, but the remaining 30 miles was through swamps of an almost impassable character. This step was taken, not with the hope that the expedition could use the road, but for the purpose of misleading Riel with the idea that the troops were coming that way. The ruse was successful, and from this time until the soldiers were actually in sight of Fort Garry Riel seems not to have been aware of their movements.

Having learned the condition of affairs in the settlement, Col. Wolseley speedily made his plans for the further progress of the expedition.

The second section of the route was now entered upon. From Fort Francis the expedition proceeded down Rainy River, a large stream, 70 miles long. Its navigation is unbroken except by two rapids which were easily run without breaking bulk. In order to save time the men did not go ashore to camp, but slept in the boats, which were fastened together in twos and allowed to float with the current, two men remaining awake to steer and keep guard. The river forms the boundary between Canada and the United States. On the south bank it was heavily wooded; on the north there was a strip of fertile land, from half a mile to ten miles wide, bounded by a vast swamp which joins the shores of Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods. This strip has the appearance of English park lands, with scattered oak trees. Patches of potatoes and Indian corn, planted by the tribes which frequent the river, were to be seen. The garrison which remained at Fort Francis had numerous pow-wows with these Indians, which always ended in a great feast, the expectation of which doubtless led to their being held. In some cases it was with no small difficulty that the natives were restrained from being troublesome. Had they been so disposed they might have offered serious opposition to the

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THE OFFICERS OF THE 2ND (OR QUEBEC) BATTALION OF RIFLES, 1870.

The only copy of this very rare photograph which "The Canadian Magazine" was able to obtain was very much faded, and hence a satisfactory reproduction was impossible.

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DRAWN FOR "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE" FROM AN 1870 PHOTOGRAPH.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE 60TH AT FORT GARRY.

This view is from the South Bank of the Assiniboine River. The pontoon bridge which Riel broke down when leaving is seen in the foreground, and beyond are the boats used by the 60th. St. Boniface Cathedral and Schools are seen in the distance.

expedition, not on account of their numbers, but by their knowlege of the country, and by attack from ambush such as Indians know how to employ; while to have pursued them over the lakes or through the woods would have been madness. Previous to Col. Wolseley's arrival they did hold a meeting to discuss the advisibility of opposing the passage of the troops, but Mr. Simpson, the Indian Commissioner sent by the Government, advised them not to do so. "Crooked Neck," a cunning old chief, was one of the most difficult to deal with. On one occasion he haughtily refused presents in the form of gaudy shirts, and coats and caps in which Indians delight, with the indignant remark: "Am I a pike to be caught with such a bait as that? Shall I sell my land for a bit of red cloth? We will let the pale-faces pass through our country, but we will sell them none of our land, nor have any of them to live amongst us."



BISHOP TACHÉ.

Rainy River empties into Lake of the Woods, at a Hudson's Bay post known as Hungry Hall, now Fort Louise. In the neighbourhood are some curious banks of sand, miles in extent, which guard the entrance to

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the river. The lake is 75 miles long and averages 70 wide. The southern portion is comparatively open, the northern part is filled with islands, forming a perfect maze, in which several of the brigades lost their way. Even Col. Wolseley, with an experienced guide, went astray for two days. The water is lukewarm and filled with green confervæ. It is wholly unfit for use till strained. The mosquito nets furnished to the men were turned to good account for this purpose. The islands have become a favourite summer resort for the people of Winnipeg, and on some of them valuable gold mines have been discovered, the celebrated Sultana being here. At the north end the Winnipeg River has its beginning, flowing out of the lake by numerous channels, which do not unite for miles. Rat Portage, then a Hudson Bay post of some importance, now a flourishing town, is at the north end of the lake. The vegetable garden of the officer in charge supplied an agreeable variety to our bill of fare. There guides were obtained, and the expedition was met by Rev. Mr. Gardner and a party of loyalists from Red River, in Hudson's Bay boats, who had come at their own charges to pilot the leading brigades and encourage the little army.

The passage of the Winnipeg River is attended with great danger, even to experienced boatmen, owing to the numerous rapids, whirlpools and eddies and the swift current. The river is 163 miles long and in that distance descends 350 feet. The volume of water is enormous and the approach to some of the portages dangerous. The banks are composed of rounded granite rocks where poplar and small pine find precarious sustenance. It is a marvel that the expedition passed through this dangerous stream without loss of life or serious accident, though there were many thrilling escapes. There are twenty-five portages in the descent, at one place seven within two miles. The rapids are grand in the extreme. Silver Falls and Slave Falls, two of the most beautiful, will compare favourably with any similar scenery in the world. No one who has made the trip can ever forget it.

The descent of the river was accomplished by the leading brigade in nine and a half days, instead of twenty, which the Hudson's Bay officials, little knowing what British soldiers are capable of accomplishing, predicted it would take.

Fort Alexander stands near the mouth of the Winnipeg River, and is an important Hudson's Bay post. After a brief rest there the expedition set out for the third section of the journey, through Lake Winnipeg. This lake is half as large again as Lake Ontario, covering an area of 9,000



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. FRED C. DENISON.

This portrait shows him in Egyptian Uniform; in 1870 when a lieutenant he was Orderly Officer to Colonel Wolseley.

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square miles. It is 350 miles long and from 6 to 60 miles wide. The course lay for 18 miles north-west to Elk Point, then south for 20 miles to the entrance of Red River. The south end of the lake is very shallow, especially near the mouths of Red River, and sudden and violent storms frequently occur. For some miles after entering the river the country is low and flat.

As the force proceeded up Red River it was greeted on all sides with demonstrations of joy. The church bells were rung, and the people turned out, cheering, waving handkerchiefs and firing guns. The Swampy Indians and their chief, Henry Prince, who occupied an extensive reserve, were specially exuberant in their manifestations.



ENLARGED FROM AN 1870 PHOTOGRAPH.

CAPT. ALLAN MACDONALD, OF THE QUEBEC RIFLES, AND SUBALTERNS.

On reaching the Stone Fort, 26 miles from the mouth, it was learned that Riel still occupied Fort Garry. He was anxiously awaiting the arrival of Bishop Tache, who he expected would bring an amnesty for those who had taken part in the rebellion, in which event he hoped to hand over the reins of office as if he had an acknowledged right as president of the provisional government. But the temper of the people was such that no amnesty could be proclaimed then, though it came afterwards to all except Riel.

The militia were still some distance in the rear, and Col. Wolseley determined to push on without them. All surplus stores were discharged so as to lighten the boats. One company of the 60th, mounted on ponies and in carts—and a sorry looking lot of cavalry the mounted men were, with their trousers patched with pieces of canvas cut from empty flour bags—were extended as skirmishers on the left bank, with orders to keep well in front but in constant communication with the boats. Lieut. Butler was sent up the right bank on horseback to guard against surprise on that side. No one was allowed to pass through the lines towards Fort Garry and any coming from that direction were held. Being detained by the rapids four miles above the Lower Fort, and by a head wind, the force was obliged to bivouac for the night six miles from Fort Garry by road. Sentries were placed and scouts sent forward to the village (now Winnipeg but then nameless) to gain information, for it was the intention to march on the fort at daybreak. Riel was still in ignorance of the whereabouts of the little army. It was afterwards ascertained that he, with O'Donoghue, his secretary, and Lepine, his adjutant-general, rode out that night in its direction, but on account of heavy

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rain coming on as they approached the pickets, and fearing capture, they turned back without any definite information.

A miserable night was spent in the rain and the mud. Everyone was wet through, and only the prospect of a fight kept up the spirits of the soldiers. After a hurried breakfast the advance was again ordered. The boats moved towards Fort Garry in three columns, the skirmishers making their way as best they could through the mud and water on the prairie. A landing was effected at Point Douglas, where the river makes a great bend, two miles from the fort by land but six by the river. Some tools and ammunition were placed in the carts and the two mountain guns attached by their trails. The people in the village, which was about 800 yards from the fort, still thought Riel would resist. The gates were shut, the guns were pointed in the direction from which the troops were advancing, but the air was so thick with the falling rain that nothing could be made out with the field glasses. The 60th were extended to the west so as to enclose the angle between the Red and Assiniboine rivers, where the fort stood. But the puff of smoke and the whizz of the round shot did not come. At last some of the staff were sent galloping round, who found the south gates open and the fort evacuated. Riel and his companions had made a hurried exit! Crossing the floating bridge over the Assiniboine they found a refuge with their French half-breed friends for a time and then went to the United States. So hurried was their departure that their breakfast was still on the table, and clothing, arms and papers were scattered about in the utmost confusion.



1 2 3 4
1. STAFF-SERGT. DOUGLAS, ONT. RIFLES; 2. BRIGADE-MAJOR JAMES F. MCLEOD, STAFF; 3. MAJOR GRIFFITHS WAINEWRIGHT, ONT. RIFLES; 4. CAPT. W. J. PARSONS, ADJUTANT ONT. RIFLES.

(Enlarged from an 1870 Photograph taken by Davis of Collingwood.)

This termination was a sad disappointment to the soldiers, who, having gone through so much to put down a rebellion, wished to be avenged on the authors of it. Their victory, though bloodless, was complete. A salute was fired from the rebel guns, the Union Jack was run up where for so many months had floated the rebel flag, and the men were temporarily lodged in the buildings from which Riel's deluded followers had so suddenly departed.

Col. Wolseley now found himself in a difficult position. No civil authority

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had been conferred upon him by the Government, and it was not in his power to issue warrants for the arrest of any of the ringleaders, who might easily have been captured, and whom



FROM AN 1870 PHOTOGRAPH.
MAJOR ACHESON G. IRVINE.
Now Warden of Stony Mountain Penitentiary, Manitoba.

the loyal inhabitants were extremely anxious to have punished. It was expected that the new Lieut.-Governor, Hon. A. G. Archibald, would arrive either with or immediately after the troops, but he did not appear for nine days, and no provision had been made for the interregnum. Col. Wolseley was urged to assume the functions of Lieut.-Governor, but to do so would have been illegal. He insisted upon the senior officer of the Hudson's Bay Co., Mr. Donald A. Smith, acting as Governor, as if there had never been a rebellion.

The condition of affairs was somewhat peculiar. There was no police, and those who had suffered loss of property or of liberty during Riel's regime were naturally anxious to have their oppressors punished, and were disposed to take the law into their own hands. Every precaution was taken by the military to preserve order. Armed parties patrolled about the fort and village, and a few special constables were sworn in. A good deal of drinking was indulged in, and more or less disorder prevailed. If military rule had been resorted to, quiet could easily have been maintained, but for political reasons it was considered essential to keep the military element in the background. In reality order was preserved by the moral effect of the presence of the troops and the knowledge that they would be used to put down any disturbance. On the 2nd of September Lieut.-Governor Archibald arrived, and immediately assumed his duties.

The first detachment of the regulars started from Fort Garry on their return journey on the 29th August, and all had departed on the 3rd September. One company went by road to the North-West Angle. They had all



FROM AN 1870 PHOTOGRAPH.
ENSIGN HUGH JOHN MACDONALD, ONTARIO RIFLES.

reached Lake Superior by the 6th October, and were in their barracks in Montreal and Quebec on October 16th.

To return to the militia which had not arrived at Fort Garry until a

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few days after the regulars. The company left at Fort Francis followed a little later, part over the road from the North-West Angle, part by the Winnipeg River with the heavy stores. The latter were supposed for some time to have met with serious mishap, as they were longer in arriving than had been anticipated, and a search party was sent out, but they were met a few miles down the river. They had been delayed by head winds and in making numerous repairs to their boat.

After being under canvas for some time the Ontario battalion was quartered in Fort Garry, except one company, which was sent to Pembina. The Quebec battalion occupied the Lower Fort. The following summer they returned, leaving on the 10th of June. Passing over the same route they reached Toronto on the 14th of July, and were disbanded. A small detachment was left behind at Fort Garry.

Before his departure Col. Wolseley issued a valedictory to the Canadian Militia in the following terms:

COL. WOLSELEY'S VALEDICTORY.

To the Soldiers of the Militia Regiments of the Red River Expeditionary Force:

"In saying 'good-bye' I beg that each and all of you will accept my grateful recognition of your valuable services, and my best thanks for the zeal you have displayed in carrying out my orders.

"I congratulate you upon the success of our expedition, which has secured to this country a peaceable solution of its late troubles. The credit of this success is due to the gallant soldiers I had at my back; upon you fell the labour of carrying the boats and heavy loads, a labour in which officers and men vied with each other as to who should do the most. Nothing but that 'pluck' for which British soldiers, whether born in the colonies or in the mother country, are celebrated, could have carried you so successfully through the arduous advance upon this place.

"From Prince Arthur's Landing to Fort Garry is over 600 miles through a wilderness of forest and water, where no supplies of any description are obtainable. You had to carry on your backs a vast amount of supplies over no less than forty-seven portages, making a total distance of seven miles, a feat unparalleled in our military annals. You have descended a great river esteemed so dangerous from its rapids, falls and whirlpools, that none but experienced voyageurs attempt its navigation. Your cheerful obedience to orders has enabled you, under the blessing of Divine Providence, to accomplish your task without any accident.

"Although the banditti who had been oppressing this people fled at your approach, without giving you an opportunity of proving how men capable of such labour could fight, you have deserved as well of your country as if you had won a battle.

"Some evil-designing men have endeavoured to make a section of this people believe that they have much to dread at your hands. I beg of you to give them the lie to such a foul aspersion upon your character as Canadian soldiers by comporting yourselves as you have hitherto done.

"I desire to warn you especially against mixing yourselves up in party affairs here; to be present at any political meeting, or to join in any political procession, is strictly against Her Majesty's regulations—a fact which I am sure you have only to know to be guided by.

"I can say without flattery, that although I have served with many armies in the field, I have never been associated with a better set of men. You have much yet to learn of your profession, but you have only to attend as carefully to the orders of the officer to whose command I now hand you over as you have to mine, to become, shortly, a force second to none in Her Majesty's service.

"My best thanks are due especially to Lieut.-Colonels Jarvis and Cassault, for the punctuality with which they have executed their orders.

"I bid you all good-bye with no feigned regret; I shall ever look back with pleasure and pride to having commanded you, and although separated from you by thousands of miles, I shall never cease to take an earnest interest in your welfare."

(Signed) G. I. WOLSELEY,
Commanding Red River Expeditionary Force.
Fort Garry, Sept. 9. 1870.

His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief subsequently issued the following order:—

"General order issued to the troops by His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief:—

"1. The expedition to the Red River having completed the service on which it has been employed, His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief desires to express to Lieutenant-General the Hon. James Lindsay, who organized the force, and to Colonel Wolseley and the officers, non-commissioned officers and men who composed it, his entire satisfaction at the manner in which they have performed the arduous duties which were entailed upon them by a journey of above 600 miles through a country destitute of supplies, and which necessitated the heavy labour of carrying boats, guns, ammunition stores, and provisions over no less than forty-seven portages.

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"2. Seldom have troops been called upon to endure more continuous labour and fatigue, and never have officers and men behaved better or worked more cheerfully during inclement weather and its consequent hardships, and the successful result of the expedition shows the perfect discipline and spirit of all engaged in it.

"3. His Royal Highness, while thanking the regular troops for their exertions, wishes especially to place on record his full appreciation of the services rendered by the militia of the Dominion of Canada who were associated with them throughout these trying duties.

(Signed) "R. AIREY,
"Adjutant-General.

"Horse Guards, November, 1870."

Who can be surprised that Col. Wolseley should have exclaimed, "Oh for 100,000 such men! They would be invincible."

If there was delay at the beginning there was speed at the end. Within seventeen days from the arrival of the force at Fort Garry, everything had been quietly and peacefully arranged, the Lieut.-Governor installed, the militia garrison settled down for the winter, and the regulars on their way back.

So ended the Red River Expedition, an undertaking that will long stand out in British military annals as possessing characteristics peculiarly its own. Comparisons have been instituted between it and the Abyssinian campaign of three years before, under the command of Sir Robert Napier. The force which landed at Massowah in 1867 had to march 400 miles inland, through an inhabited country, where supplies were obtainable, to rescue some British prisoners held captive by a tyrant. Europe was in profound peace, so that all eyes were turned in that direction. The expedition cost £9,000,000, and the nation regarded it as well spent. There was little fighting, and not a man was killed. The force which went to Red River had to advance from its point of disembarkation, more than 600 miles, through a wilderness of water, rock and forest, where no supplies were to be had, and where every pound weight of stores and provisions had to be carried for miles on the backs of the soldiers. It cost under £100,000, only one-fourth of which was borne by the British tax-payer. Happily its object was also accomplished without loss of life. But a great war was raging in Europe at the time, and all eyes were directed to affairs on the Rhine. Hence, what was a very important campaign for Canada and the Empire was almost entirely overlooked.*

As to Riel's subsequent career, he was elected to the Canadian Parliament for the French constituency of Provencher, but never allowed to take his seat. After living for some years in obscurity at St. Joseph's, near Pembina, he was again called upon in 1885, by his half-breed friends on the Saskatchewan, to lead them in another rebellion against constituted authority. Being captured, he was tried and condemned to death, and after several reprieves executed at Regina on the 16th of November, 1885.

*It has been determined this year (1898) to bestow a Canadian medal upon those who took part in the Red River Expedition.

[THE END.]

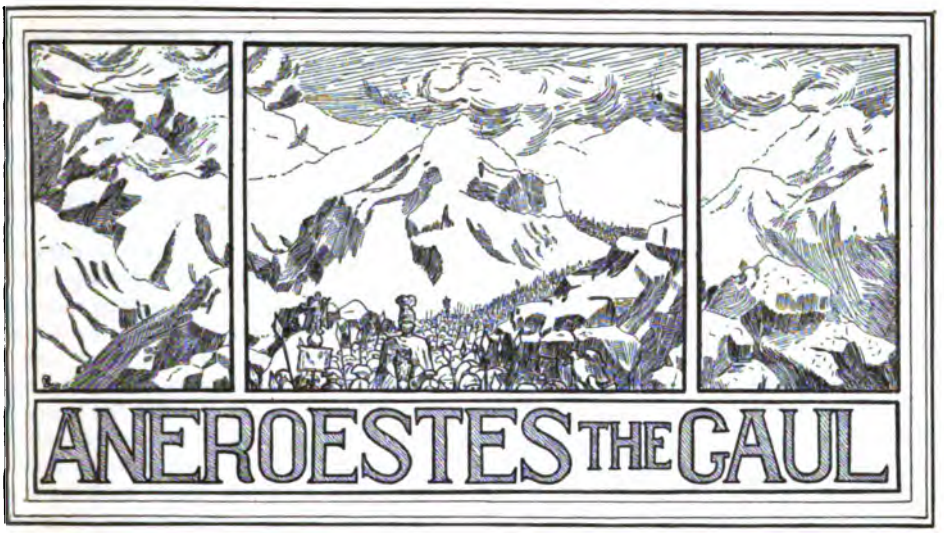
GOOD-NIGHT.

WHEN thine eyes are closed in sleep,
When the dews of Dreamland steep
Soul and sense in heaven's own light,
Peace be with thee, and Good-night!

When thy busy thoughts have rest,
When repose hath stilled thy breast,
May good angels in their flight
Pause, and kiss thee a Good-night!

J. R. Newell.

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A Fragment of the Second Punic War.

BY EDGAR MAURICE SMITH.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The story opens in the year B.C. 218, a day or two after Hannibal had crossed the Alps into Gallia Cisalpina (Northern Italy). To arouse his worn and weary soldiers, Hannibal chose two captured Gauls to engage in gladiatorial combat, the prize being freedom, a warhorse and the full equipment of a cavalryman. The winner is one Aneroestes, who, his home having been destroyed by Hannibal's troops, enlists in the Carthaginian cavalry for service in the war against Rome. The Army sets out on the march to Rome, but stops to lay seige to Taurasia. Hannibal sends Aneroestes into the city as a spy, with instructions that he is to open a rear gate when the front wall has been broken down. He pretends to be a deserter and obtains admittance, has a chat with Agates, the chief of the inhabitants, and falls in love with his daughter, Princess Ducaria. The next day, Hannibal commences the assault, using two rams to batter down the walls. On the second day an opening is made, and Aneroestes starts to open the rear gate for Himilco, Hannibal's lieutenant. As he is doing so, Ducaria appears on the scene. Himilco fancies her and orders Aneroestes to take her to his tent. Aneroestes disobeys; disguises her as a youth and retains her as his servant.

CHAPTER XI.

DISCOVERED.

THE second day after his victory over the Taurini, Hannibal moved eastward with half his army and left the remainder to follow later under the command of Himilco.

The Consul Scipio was pushing forward in all haste, and a complete subjugation of the unfriendly tribes north of the Padus was deemed necessary by the Carthaginians before crossing arms with the Romans. Hannibal wished to superintend this work in person with the aid of Maharbal, and he expected that the continued presence of Himilco at Taurasia would be sufficient to keep in check the inhabitants of the traversed country.

Aneroestes had hoped that he would be among those to accompany the General, but Maharbal preferred that the Numidians and cavalry from Lusitania should do the work of ravaging the country. The Gallic troops were therefore left behind.

True to his promise Hannibal personally released all the captive Centrones, and while Aneroestes stood by he eloquently explained to them the reason for his clemency.

"This man of your own tribe," he said, "has served me truly and well. But for him we would have lost many more soldiers in yesterday's battle. He

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entered yonder city at the risk or his life and remained there two days. In the midst of the storming, when the breach was made, he opened the rear gate and admitted some of my soldiers who were lying in wait without. As a reward for this brave act he asked not for riches or personal gain, but only for the liberty of his kinsmen. Therefore, thank him and not me for the breaking of the slave chains that bind you."

At that announcement the emaciated captives raised a shout of joy. When their limbs were freed they clustered about their deliverer and endeavoured to express the gratitude with which they were filled. Some sank to the ground before him and wept; while others laughed and became wildly hysterical. But Aneroestes said little and appeared indifferent to the homage offered him. He had sacrificed much to obtain the freedom of his captive brethren, and though at the last he had drawn back it was only for love of Ducaria. His thoughts were ever with her. He cursed his stupidity for not having appealed to Hannibal instead of practising deception. But it was now too late.

Ducaria trusted her protector implicitly. His extraordinary devotion overcame every doubt that arose in her mind. He had saved her from Himilco and for no selfish purpose. On all sides she saw her unfortunate sisters dishonoured, and she shuddered at her own escape. But even yet her position was uncertain, as an unwise step would sweep away the protection she now enjoyed. Thinking thus she crouched in a corner of the tent during the absence of Aneroestes.

The warmth of her welcome always moved him deeply and he would whisper encouragement to her so that for the time she would forget her surroundings.

The danger was nevertheless great. Many Taurinian women and a few youths were prisoners in the camp, and as they were allowed considerable liberty, Aneroestes feared that some might come face to face with Ducaria. The result of such a meeting would, perhaps, prove disastrous. And yet publicity could not be avoided, for in order to have it appear that she was his male servant Aneroestes was obliged to impose duties on her. This necessitated a certain mingling with the soldiers.

There had been some comment over the strange behaviour of the mountaineer, and curious eyes often followed Ducaria as she led the horses to the stream. When in the camp he always accompanied his captive under the pretext of seeing that she did her work to his satisfaction. But in the early part of the second day after Hannibal's departure he was called away with several hundred others to accompany Mago on an expedition. He knew he would be absent until evening and cautioned Ducaria to exercise the greatest prudence.

"For," said he, "remember that Himilco is in camp and his eyes are sharp."

"I shall but water the horse," she answered, "and the remainder of the day I shall abide in the shelter of the tent."

Disguised though she was in the costume of one of the opposite sex, Ducaria constantly feared discovery, and it was with unusual anxiety that she awaited the time when Aneroestes should return. Never had it been necessary for him to absent himself for so long before. During the morning she remained within the tent and polished the arms and the trappings of his horse. The day seemed unending. She wondered when escape from the vigilance of the guards would be possible, for Aneroestes had promised to fly with her at the first safe opportunity. It would not now have satisfied her to depart alone. She felt the need of this strong man, and his devotion had awakened responsive feelings within her.

Early in the afternoon a fine rain began to fall and the two occupants of the tent who had not accompanied Mago quickly sought shelter within. Both were Gauls. After watching

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Ducaria for awhile they entered into conversation with her Their questionings became awkward.

"Why," asked one, "did your master seize you when beautiful women were plentiful?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Surely he had opportunities," continued the speaker.

"Ask him. He may tell you."

She noted with pleasure that her remark disconcerted the man, who would have feared to anger the mountaineer. To avoid further trouble she explained that the time was at hand for her to attend to the horse.

Though the weather was unpleasant she led the animal to the river and sat on the bank while he drank.

A cutting wind blew raindrops into her face. It was very cold, but she felt more at ease than in the tent where her every movement was watched. Her eager eyes sought the opposite bank of the Padus, gray and forbidding in the semi-mist, but representative of safety. Some day soon she and Aneroestes would escape thither.

Suddenly her musings were interrupted by the arrival of a score or more of soldiers with their horses. Ducaria noticed with some alarm that nearly the whole number were Gauls. She arose and seized her steed. The new comers gazed at her angrily and muttered threats, for they wished no male enemy to live.

"It is the youth taken by Aneroestes," said one.

"A strange choice."

"He first had the corpse of a woman, but that would hardly satisfy him."

This elicited a laugh, and the speaker added: "So he took a youth unto himself."

"He would ape the Iberians," sneered another.

"The Iberians have no such youth as that; none so gentle appearing or finely modelled."

The man was examining her closely, and Ducaria saw with alarm that he was one of those who had accompanied Himilco when he entered the city. He was called Magilus.

She hastily prepared to depart from such dangerous company.

"He does seem fragile," exclaimed a swarthy warrior who stood close at hand.

"I care not for your criticisms," she retorted. "My master is powerful enough to protect me."

"But he is not here."

"He will return soon, and if aught has harmed me his vengeance will be terrible."

Jeers answered the threat.

"His voice is as delicate as his form," cried Magilus. "And see how he colours as though he were a maiden."

Ducaria blushed the more. She had, however, succeeded in mounting the horse, and with a quick movement attempted to force a way through the circle that had been formed about her. But Magilus seized the bridle and the others laughed. By this time, too, other soldiers had been attracted by the commotion, and the unfortunate girl recognized that escape was hardly possible. Still she did not despair. Leaning forward she smote the man before her. He staggered, and the horse dashed forward, but only a few feet. Angry hands again laid hold of her and she found herself a prisoner, hemmed in on all sides.

It was useless to struggle, but she ceased not to do so while her strength lasted.

"Give me justice," she cried. "I am no coward and will gladly fight any man singly."

"And gladly would I see thee fight," hissed Magilus, who advanced near to where she stood and gazed searchingly into her face.

"Then have me released."

"I would have you fight as do the warriors of your tribe," and his gaze seemed to pierce her disguise.

"How mean you?"

"Naked to the waist."

"Think you he has no muscle?" asked one near by. "Surely the blow you received should be sufficient to prove otherwise."

The crowd laughed, but Magilus was determined.

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"I care not for the muscles," he replied, "but I will wager my horse that his breasts are larger than a man's should be."

"It is false," shouted Ducaria, and she attempted to reach her tormentor. But she was held back and her increasing confusion seemed to bear out the truth of Magilus's words.

"Will you bare yourself?" he asked mockingly. "'Tis but a little thing for a man to do."

"Why should I?" retorted the girl. "I can fight as I am and overcome you."

"It would be a pity to scratch that delicate skin. Your master would spurn you and your occupation would be gone."

All this vastly amused the audience, and some one called out: "In truth, his breasts heave like a woman's."

Another added: "I wonder what the mountaineer wanted with a youth when the opportunity was his to pick the finest woman in the city."

"His taste is good," remarked several.

"The face seems familiar to me," said Magilus. "I cannot be mistaken."

"You are all liars," cried Ducaria, though her whole bearing belied the strong words. "And you are cowards," she added as the crowd jeered loudly.

The noise attracted the attention of soldiers of various races who came hurrying forward to learn the cause of the excitement. These did not understand what was being said, and concluded that a Taurinian youth was to be put to death. Their faces betokened no intelligence as the indignant speaker addressed her persecutors, but they patiently awaited developments.

"I offer to fight any one of you," persisted the girl, "but you all fear a single combat."

"I will willingly fight if you strip to the waist," retorted Magilus, who still bore the mark of her hand.

"I shall fight only as I am."

"Then others can rid you of your upper garments, and the multitude here assembled will judge of your sex."

"Yes, yes; disrobe him," shouted the Gauls in the rear, for the girl's strong opposition to so simple an act convinced those heretofore in doubt.

Eager hands instantly started the work, and though she resisted with unlooked-for strength it was in vain. She was pinioned and rendered helpless. Her jacket was quickly ripped off, then the tunic beneath. That was all. A shout arose as her magnificent breasts were revealed to view. She attempted to sink to the ground, but she was held up so that all might see.

Surprise was mingled with the admiration of those who were awaiting a bloody denouement. Some advanced nearer with blazing eyes and breath steaming with passion. One called out that he was willing to purchase the prize, but in the excitement and commotion none heeded him.

"She is the same whom Aneroestes declared killed," shouted Magilus in exultation, "but she will not escape now."

Ducaria longed for death, and the eyes that a short time before had been brave in anger, now dropped tears. She saw in her discovery nothing but shame and degradation. Without raising her head she was conscious of the hundreds of eyes greedily fastened upon her. As in a dream she heard the quarrelling between the men who had been instrumental in disclosing her true sex. Some wanted to draw lots for her; others were in favour of a joint ownership; while a few of the more wealthy suggested disposing of her to the highest purchaser.

But as they argued, a commotion on the border of the crowd disturbed the proceedings. Horsemen were advancing at a smart pace. Even the most absorbed among the spectators gave way before the plunging animals and the shouts of their riders.

Ducaria looked up, then started in horror. Immediately in front of her, surrounded by his horsemen, was Himilco.

"What means this disturbance?" he asked, and his voice was as harsh as the expression on his white face.

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"We have found a woman in man's attire," replied one of the principals. "She denied her sex and we proved it in the manner you see."

The Carthaginian drew nearer and gazed admiringly upon the semi-nude form that quivered under his inspection.

"It is a pity she should conceal such charms," he said, "for she is certainly most favoured by the gods. How comes it she escaped detection before?"

"She is the same," explained Magilus, "whom you ordered Aneroestes, the mountaineer, to convey to your tent. But he lied to you and said she was dead. He robed her as a youth and she passed as his servant. I suspected her and soon discovered the trick."

Himilco's face brightened and he commended the Gaul for his discernment. Then bending towards Ducaria, he said:

"I recognize you now. You still live and your lover deceived me. It was craftily done, but you are at last delivered into my hands and I will keep you."

"Praise be to the noble Himilco!" cried Magilus.

"I shall take the girl for myself," said Himilco, "and you shall all be amply rewarded."

At this announcement all faces brightened, for it had been at first feared that the officer would possess himself of the prize without considering the claims of his inferiors.

Instigated by Magilus, the crowd shouted: "Praise be to the noble Himilco."

The Carthaginian acknowledged the demonstration with a smile. Then turning to his guards, he said:

"Keep a look-out for this Aneroestes and see that he is restored to the slave-chains that formerly bound him. As for the girl, take her to my tent. Bind her, though not too tightly, and watch her closely. I have yet much to inspect about the camp before my return."

Those within hearing grinned and the shout again arose: "Praise be to the noble Himilco!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE ESCAPE.

Late in the afternoon Mago and his troop returned. The rain had ceased, but thick clouds still hung low in the sky, and a further fall was probable.

Though chilled and tired, Aneroestes pressed forward none the less quickly. He longed for Ducaria. When the camp was reached he surprised his companions by galloping ahead between the irregular rows of tents. Some expected to see the horse stumble, but the rider guided it with safety.

Two of the Gauls who shared his tent were within when the mountaineer appeared at the entrance.

"Where is my youth?" he asked.

The warriors were those who by their questionings had driven Ducaria to seek solitude elsewhere. Neither, however, had suspected her of being a woman, and her presence impressed them but little.

"He has not been here for some time," answered one.

The other added: "He went to water the horse."

"And has not yet returned?"

"We have not seen him."

Aneroestes hurried away without questioning further.

"Surely," he muttered to himself, "none could have discovered her sex."

But he feared otherwise. Arriving at the bank of the river he saw his horse in the possession of an Insubrian. Though many others stood by he could not discern Ducaria. For a moment he thought she had suffered death at the hands of these violent men who hungered after the blood of every male enemy, but as he approached one raised a shout of laughter, in which the others readily joined. While they individually feared the mountaineer their numbers gave them confidence.

Aneroestes dreaded the significance of this mockery, but asked with feigned curiosity: "Why do you laugh?"

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They became more uproarious, and slapped each other on the back to emphasize their mirth.

"Surely you must all be fools," he continued, and at this show of anger the laughter became more violent.

"Have you seen Himilco?" asked one.

"Where is your captive maiden?" queried Magilus. It was he who held the horse.

The mountaineer came nearer and snatched the bridle out of the other's hand.

"My horse," he growled.

"Even so, it will be of little use when Himilco encounters you."

"Himilco is naught to me, and I understand not your remarks, for I have no captive maiden."

"Himilco is naught to him—he has no captive maiden," mocked Magilus. "In truth, he has no maiden now."

This last remark caused a fresh outburst of merriment, and Aneroestes glared at the crowd.

"Where is my youth?" he shouted. "I find the horse here in your hands without him."

"Your youth has become a maiden," explained one, "and has been honoured by Himilco. While he inspects the camp she awaits him in his tent."

"And that is why you shout and laugh like fools?" cried the mountaineer.

Magilus smiled.

"We must laugh," he said. "It is so strange. We discovered the youth's sex. The face was familiar, for I was with Himilco when he entered the city. I there saw the maiden you held captive and she was beautiful. I suspected your choice. The heaving bosom could not be hidden beneath the man's raiment. Though she protested—yes, and smote me in the face—it was useless. We tore away the lying dress. And then Himilco came up and ordered her to be taken to his tent."

While the man disclosed the fate of Ducaria the eyes of the mountaineer had become ablaze with an awful fury. He took a step forward, but said nothing. Magilus felt for his knife, though he relied on his companions to guard him from attack. But Aneroestes sprang at him with the rapidity of a wild animal and buried his fingers in the other's throat. There was a short struggle, then the man fell to the ground with face discoloured and a bloody froth on his lips.

At this the rest became silent, and none interfered with the avenger as he led his horse away. Some would have liked to follow him, but the foreboding look on his face intimidated them, and the sight of the throttled warrior at their feet restrained their impulsiveness.

"Himilco will see to the fellow's punishment," muttered one, and with this assurance all were forced to be content.

Aneroestes did not return to his tent, for he felt that Himilco might already have stationed some one there to await his coming. He followed the bank of the river a considerable distance till a bend in its course hid him from the view of the curious. Evening was drawing in and the trees that fringed the water's edge afforded him a temporary hiding place.

He had gathered from the gibing remarks hurled at him that Himilco had sent Ducaria to his tent under the guidance of soldiers, and that it would be after nightfall before he would return from his duties.

Twilight was short-lived and soon the camp fires shone out brilliantly clear against a background of growing darkness. Occasional stars peeped through rents in ragged clouds and the shrill cries of the east wind rose and fell mournfully. The moon was due to rise some hours later and Aneroestes wished to save Ducaria before its white light illumined the surroundings. He had halted about four stades beyond the extreme line of tents at a small grove of trees that suggested a suitable hiding place. Here he tethered his horse. Then throwing himself on the wet ground, he watched the restless Padus.

He had decided on a most venturesome move, but it was necessary to wait

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a little for the black reign of night. When the time arrived, he rose to his feet and hastened quietly back to the camp. No sentry noticed him.

Himilco's tent was in the midst of the African infantry who had been assigned a choice plot near the river and farthest removed from the city. Consequently Anerœstes was not obliged to penetrate far into the interior. But great caution was nevertheless necessary in order to avoid awkward questioning, for he spoke not the language of the soldiers thereabouts.

The darkness enabled him to reach the rear of the tent without arousing the attention of the guard on the opposite side. An intense joy possessed him at the thought of again rescuing the woman he loved from the embrace of the Carthaginian.

No movement came from within though he listened patiently. He attempted to creep under, but there was insufficient room and he feared to pull at the base too violently. He inserted the point of his dagger in the canvas covering and made a slit. It tore with a rasping sound and he expected that an alarm would be raised. But the silence remained undisturbed and he regained confidence. Cautiously he pushed his head through the opening, but he could discern nothing. Ducaria might not be there. Himilco might have had her conveyed elsewhere. The possibility of such a thing caused him to tremble violently, and without further hesitation he crept through the aperture. His every movement was silent, but this he did not realize. The darkness of the place was impenetrable. He paused motionless for several moments, but his alert hearing was conscious of no breathing save his own.

Outside the wind moaned fretfully.

Stealthily he crawled on hands and knees, first in one direction, then in another, feeling his way as he advanced. At last his hand came in contact with the skin of some animal. His nervous fingers groped about the covering and touched a form. Instantly a startled cry almost paralyzed him with surprise.

"It is I—Aneroestes," he whispered, for he recognized Ducaria's voice and secreted himself beside the couch.

He was none too soon, for the guard hearing the noise entered the tent. He held the flap open to admit some light from the fire without. Had he brought a torch the rent would surely have been discovered.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

But he was a Libyan and Ducaria could not understand him. She attempted to explain by signs that the cords were paining her wrist, but the man only shrugged his shoulders and retired.

Aneroestes made no movement for some little time, and when he ventured out Ducaria murmured his name. He seized her in his arms and rapturously kissed her. It was the first time; but she made no resistance for she loved him

"I thought you were gone from me forever," he said, "but I have found you, I am not too late."

"Free my hands and feet," she commanded in a soft voice.

"No, no: it would be unwise. We must wait."

"But you will save me, good Aneroestes?"

"Yes, when the camp sleeps We will seek your kinsmen beyond the Padus and you shall be my wife."

"But Himilco," she exclaimed, "do you forget that he will soon be here?"

"He may be late."

"I fear he will be here soon."

"Even so we must wait," said Aneroestes with determination.

"And do you not fear Himilco?"

"No; I shall kill him."

"But he will call the guard."

"He will not have time. When he comes I shall kill him. Our escape will not then be known before morning."

There was confidence in the tone, but Ducaria feared, and she whispered:

"There is much danger in the plan. Let us not wait. Free my limbs and we can escape at once."

But the mountaineer was obdurate.

"Himilco may soon return," he explained, "and if he finds you gone the camp would be at once roused to pur-

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sue us. We would surely be captured. So be patient and all will be well."

"Where will you conceal yourself?"

"I shall have to stay without."

Ducaria tightened her hold on him and he continued:

"It is necessary. If I remain I may be discovered. The hole in the tent would be seen in the light of the torch. I must be outside to hold the pieces together. When Himilco approaches the couch his back will be turned to me and I shall creep in. While he talks to you I shall stab him with my knife."

"And if you should fail? If you are seen and prevented from coming to my assistance? Must I submit without a struggle?"

"No, no: I would not have it so. I place this knife in your bosom. He will surely unbind you and if my stroke should fail there is still one way for you to escape him.

"Now I shall be more content, but what weapon have you?"

"I have a larger knife but I may not need it. I can strangle him as I did the Gaul to-day—the foul Magilus who disrobed you."

"You killed him!" ejaculated Ducaria. "It is well. He deserved to die, and I rejoice that you did the deed. But what noise is that?"

"It is time for me to retire. Fear nothing." And before she realized it, he was gone.

The camp had gradually relapsed into quietude. All save the sentries seemed to sleep. The watchers had not long to wait, for shortly after Aneroestes had secreted himself footsteps were heard.

Himilco had returned. He entered the tent preceded by a man who carried a pine torch.

"Has she been quiet?" asked the Carthaginian.

"Once she cried out. I hastened to learn the cause. She held up her hands as if the cords were hurting her."

"Did you loosen them?"

"No, they seemed not overtight."

"Was she searched to see if any weapon was concealed about her person?"

"Yes. Two Insubrian women searched her."

"It is well. You may go; and see that I am not disturbed."

The guard retired.

After relieving himself of his coat of mail Himilco approached the couch. His face was flushed and his eyes shone.

"So the thongs hurt you," he said, seating himself beside Ducaria.

"Yes."

"And will you love me if I free you?"

"No, for I hate you."

She almost hissed the words, but Himilco laughed.

"I shall unbind you, notwithstanding," he said, "and afterwards you will learn to love me."

His sword was near at hand, and seizing it he severed the cord that bound her feet.

"You are still a youth," he remarked, but the costume is less becoming than the one I will give you."

"You have not freed my hands."

"A kiss first," he murmured.

"No, no," she answered. "I am in your power, but at least allow me what little strength I have."

Himilco was amused at the girl's spirit.

"You are not overtamed," he said, "but I can quickly conquer you."

While speaking he freed her hands.

She attempted to rise, but he held her down.

"Am I not a more pleasing master than your mountaineer?" he asked, and in his passion he pressed her hands until she cried out.

She hoped this would bring Aneroestes.

"He is coarse and uncouth," continued the Carthaginian, "and unfit to mate with one of your beauty. He will be restored to slavery for having kept you from me, but I shall honour you. The women of my country live in ease and luxury, and I shall give you all that they enjoy. Your beauty attracts me and I shall not tire of you

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soon. Will you, then, yield willingly to me, or must I possess you by force?"

Ducaria shook with excitement. Why did not Aneroestes strike? She did not know he had encountered great difficulty in entering the tent without attracting attention. Neither could she see that he had at last succeeded, and with slow, stealthy steps was advancing towards his prey.

While the passionate words were being poured into her ear she nervously fingered the knife secreted in her bosom. Suddenly Himilco bent down and kissed her. The contact with his lips roused a maniacal rage within her. With a quick movement she drew the weapon. He took no heed of the action, for his burning lips still sought hers, and in an instant the blade had pierced his throat. He started back gasping, and Aneroestes, not realizing what had happened, seized him from behind with iron fingers that soon completed the work. No sound was made, and when satisfied that life was extinct, the mountaineer lowered the body to the ground.

"I did not mean that you should strike the blow," he said, "though it was well aimed."

He stepped over the corpse and took Ducaria in his arms.

"And I had not thought to do so until he kissed me. That maddened me and I was not afraid."

"I was near at hand."

"Yes, but I could not see you, and you were long in coming. See," she added, "my face is covered with his blood."

"It matters not, for the night is dark. But we must not wait longer. Put this cloak about you and keep the knife."

"Is he not dead?" asked Ducaria, as Aneroestes suddenly knelt beside the body.

"He is quite dead. I am but taking his ring. If we are stopped it may be of service. I am ready now. Come."

But Ducaria threw herself into his arms.

"If," she whispered, "aught happens, I would have you know that I love you."

The mountaineer's face glowed with happiness and he crushed the clinging form to him.

For awhile there was silence, then he bade her follow him through the slit in the tent. The night was dark and the fires had burned low, but vigilant sentries paced to and fro within easy distance of each other.

After creeping from the vicinity of Himilco's tent Aneroestes found it would be impossible to get away unobserved, so he whispered to Ducaria and both rose to their feet. They passed the first guard with a nod, but when they reached the outskirts and thought the worst danger over, the man there posted accosted them. He was a Celtiberian and managed to understand Aneroestes, who professed to be a bearer of news from Himilco. For evidence he produced the ring.

But even then the sentry blocked the way.

"You are Aneroestes, the mountaineer," he said, "but who is your companion?"

"My servant—a Taurinian youth."

"The same you have had with you since the city fell?"

"Yes, the same."

The man rested on his spear and roared with laughter.

"It is said that your youth did today become a woman and was taken by Himilco. So I will not let you pass, for——"

Ere he could fiinsh Aneroestes was upon him, and both went to the ground. But the Celtiberian, being of powerful build, was not easily overcome. He clasped his assailant and shouted the alarm in a strong voice that re-echoed on all sides. Aneroestes attempted to wrench himself free, but it was no easy matter and he could make little use of his arms. Plunging about as they were, it was some time before Ducaria could render any adequate assistance. But presently the Celtiberian rolled on top and she plunged her dagger into his back. It was

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sufficient, and her companion, thus relieved, sprang to his feet.

"To the river," he said, and seizing her hand he hastened forward into the darkness.

Cries now arose on all sides. Not only had the warning of the sentry been heard, but Himilco's guards had discovered the fate of their master. The camp was in an uproar, but much time had been lost before an organized search was begun.

The moon had just risen and, emerging from behind some clouds, was proceeding with rapidity across a narrow patch of clear sky. The whole country became bathed in the powerful light, and the pursuers raised a loud shout at this unexpected assistance, for it revealed the fugitives to them.

Aneroestes and Ducaria knew they were discovered, but they quickened their steps and soon reached the river. It was broad at this point, but both were strong swimmers, and their sole hope lay in gaining the opposite bank. They struck out boldly and made rapid progress, but a shower of stones and arrows warned them that the danger was great.

None swam after them, as it was felt that one of the many missiles would do the work. Presently the mountaineer was seen to toss up his arms and sink slowly. A savage shout went up from those on shore, and as they yelled the moon burrowed its way into a cloud bank and shut out the scene.

And in the darkness of the night Ducaria struggled against the waters with her burden. For life remained with him, and that life was dear to her.

[THE END.]

DR. PARKIN'S LIFE OF THRING.*

A Review.

DR. PARKIN'S "Life and Letters of Edward Thring," the famous Headmaster of Uppingham School, England, has, though only a few weeks published, been already reviewed with much favour in a score or more of leading English publications. The book has, however, a special interest to Canadians, and will be viewed by us in an aspect in some degree peculiar to ourselves. Here we have one of the most famous Headmasters of his age and an educationist of the highest repute both in England and America, finding in a Canadian, himself the Headmaster of the largest boarding school in Canada, a more congenial spirit apparently, in respect to educational ideas and theories, than he was able to find at home. At all events, to Dr. Parkin, Mr. Thring, by a sort of testamentary bequest, left the task of writing his Life and of recording therein his views upon the subject of teaching. All who are interested in the welfare of Canada must be interested in the subject of the instruction of her sons, and therefore, I take it, many who may not see the book itself may be glad to know something of what manner of man this was who found in Dr. Parkin so much sympathy with, and understanding of, his own views in respect to education.

"Since Friday," writes Mr. Thring in his diary under date March 23rd, 1874, "we have had ——, a Canadian schoolmaster here, and his hearty enthusiasm and hope to do something good out there in the school way has cheered me very much. The New World is opening for the work which I have lately looked to. I feel in talking with him the difference between talking with the blind and one who sees." And again in the entry of the next day: "I feel more and more the bright cheering effect of that Canadian.

*Life and Letters of Edward Thring. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

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It is like a fresh breeze let into a sick-room to have had him here. I think his talks with —— and others will have done both them and me good, as giving an outside, enthusiastic, thoughtful view. I have always looked, of late years, to the work and the cause rooting itself in new lands." Dr. Parkin takes good care to drop no hint as to who that Canadian was, but it does not require much thinking to arrive at the conclusion before finishing the second volume, by comparing hints as to dates and places to be found in various pages, that it was Dr. Parkin himself.

Few readers of this article, if any, will require to be told that the word "Public School" as used in England means something radically different from the sense in which the term is used here. What we call public schools are called Board Schools in England. The great Public Schools of England, as everyone knows, are large boarding schools containing, as a rule, from 400 to 600 boys, and are of royal or private foundation, in many cases richly endowed, and of great antiquity. Some, indeed, by reason of their antiquity and general standing arrogate to themselves a peculiar right to the title. Everyone knows the story of the Eton cricket captain who, on receiving a challenge to a match from Marlborough, replied: "Harrow I know, and Westminster I know, but who are ye?" Uppingham, with which we are here concerned, was an old foundation, but it was Mr. Thring who raised it to its present rank among the great Public Schools. Numbering 25 boys when he first became Headmaster, within 20 years he had raised it to 400; while almost entirely at the financial risk of himself and of those masters whom he was able to gather round him and inspire with a like enthusiasm, he had constructed buildings and appurtenances appropriate to such a school. Dr. Parkin records the history of this achievement, and the ideas and principles upon which the work was done; and there can be little doubt that his book will take its place as a literary monument of English Public School life of the second half of the century, as Stanley's Life of Dr. Arnold, or perhaps we should rather say Tom Brown at Rugby is of that of the first half.

In the great Public Schools of England with their honourable traditions and the esprit de corps which animates them, a large portion of the flower of England's youth learns much which could never be derived from books alone, and upon them it can scarcely be disputed, the maintenance of the honour and glory of England at home and abroad in no small degree depends. "There is no point," writes Mr. Thring in a letter to Dr. Parkin, "on which my convictions are stronger than on the power of Boarding Schools in forming national character. There is a very strong feeling growing up among the merchant class of England in favour of Public Schools. The learning to be responsible and independent, to bear pain, to play games, to drop rank and wealth and home luxury, is a priceless boon. I think myself that it is this which has made the English such an adventurous race; and that, with all their faults, and you know how decided my views are on this side, the Public Schools are the cause of this manliness." Everyone knows the story of the Duke of Wellington pointing to the playing fields of Eton, and saying hat it was there that the battle of Waterloo was won. And if we are ever to have in our national life in Canada any schools reproducing worthly the traditions of the great English Public Schools, we must encourage such institutions as Upper Canada College; and I may, perhaps, not inappositely quote here an extract from another letter of Mr. Thring's published in this book, where he says: "It is as much a parent's duty to provide mental as bodily food, and it would be as absurd for a parent to be content with what a tax-paying community thinks a good education, if he can afford better, as to be content with the workhouse rations of a tax-paying community."

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The ancient Persians who, as Herodotus tells us, taught their boys three things, to ride a horse, to shoot with the bow and to speak the truth, would seem to have understood the duty of educators of youth better than it appeared to be understood in most English schools little more than a generation ago. They evidently saw that physical and moral training had more to do with true education than the mere communication of what is ordinarily understood by knowledge. But in England, at the time I refer to, to pick out a few of the cleverest boys, to cram their minds to the utmost with such knowledge as would best conduce towards University and Army examination honours, to the greater glory and emolument of the schools in which they were trained, would seem to have been the object mainly kept in view by schoolmasters, while for the rest little more was attempted than to urge the mass of boys in droves, with voice and whip, some little way along the road of learning. That the idiosyncrasies of the individual boy should be studied or that the stupid boy had an equal moral claim to attention with the clever boy, were ideas which scarcely seemed to have occurred to masters of large schools. From the first Thring set his face against any such view of the duty of a teacher. In the first place, he by no means identified education with mere book-learning. "Better fifty years of living than a cycle passed in books," writes Thring; and with that sententious wisdom which makes his diaries and his letters such good reading, he says in one place:

"Pouring out knowledge is not teaching.
Hearing lessons is not teaching.
Hammering a task in is not teaching.
Lecturing clearly is not teaching.
No mere applying of knowledge is teaching.
Teaching is getting at the heart and mind, so that the learner begins to value learning, and to believe learning possible in his own case."

He very fully recognized the value of that part of a boy's education that is to be picked up in the playing-fields, and the benefit of recreation to everybody. "My text is," he says in one of his letters, "good amusement for the people is the most religious work that can be done in modern England." I have it from an old Uppingham boy now living in Toronto that Thring used to be fond of saying to his boys:

"The first thing you come to school for is to work, the second thing is to be good at games. If you are not good at work, then you ought to be good at games. But if you are good neither at work nor games, then God help you."

So great sympathy did he show with the many sides and varying needs of boy life that he well deserved to be called "The King of Boys," as he was in the following lines written by one of his old pupils:

"A scholar reared beside the Thames and Cam
Built up an Eton at his Uppingham.
Whence this success? To make all teaching real
Was, with this King of Boys, life's beau ideal.
So, though his bow had many strings, this one
He plied, this always. Thus his work was done.
This made him famous. All should learn from Thring
That he does well, who does his life's one thing."

Truly Thring's bow had many strings. Thus he was one of the first to introduce music into his regular system of education. "This morning at the master's meeting," he writes in his diary, "T. (who is a good fellow) blurted out that 'fellows were doing music when they ought to be doing mathematics.' This was apropos to nothing, but simply a bit of the old-fashioned Spartan brutality theory versus true education. I said I had studied the subject for fifty years both as a matter of human nature and of experience, that a very small part of the day, comparatively, could be given to learning really hard subjects, and that I gave it as my judgment that the study of hard subjects was greatly helped by occupying the mind with other culture of a less serious kind." Then he had also a keen appreciation of the influence of externals upon the mind. He placed great faith in what he quaintly called "the almighty wall."

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By this he referred to the importance of appropriate structure in regard to the school buildings and the proper decoration and adornment of the rooms where the boys lived and were taught. "There is no law," he says, "more absolutely certain than that mean treatment produces mean ideas; and whatever men honour they give honour to outwardly. It is a grievous wrong not to show honour to lessons and the place where lessons are given." "I have got," he writes triumphantly, "twenty-six magnificent autotypes of ancient art in upper school now, and I mean to turn out by degrees all the mean furniture of the room, and I hope this will make the low views and meannesses connected with learning and lessons drop off by the mere force of fine surroundings, just as good surroundings have made the whole domestic life of the school higher, and freed it from tricks and petty savagery." And the following enthusiastic language makes one feel that old Uppingham boys are indeed without excuse if they are numbered among the Philistines:—

"Now I unhesitatingly assert that my own work has succeeded with the many just because God gave me a spirit of wisdom to attend to fringes, and blue, and purple, and scarlet ribands, and Pompeian red, and autotypes, and boys' studies, and the colour of curtains to their compartments, and a number of little things of this kind. And I lay claim to have been great as a schoolmaster on this, and on this only, in the main—on having had the sense to work with tools, to follow God's guidance in teaching beginners by surrounding them, as He did, with noble and worthy surroundings, taking care that there was no meanness or neglect; getting rid, as circumstances allowed, of name-cutting in school, which means rebellious inattention, combined with mischief and vanity; or ink-splashing, which means careless dirtiness, and contempt for the great thought-work; and all the little vilenesses which drag the boy-mind down. It is a slow process, but it is a true one; it is not grand, but it is practical; it needs patience, but it works by degrees higher life. May men think of me as one to whom God gave a spirit of wisdom to work all manner of work of the engraver, and of the cunning workman, and of the embroiderer in blue, and in purple, and in scarlet, and in fine linen, and of the weaver, even of them that do any work, and of those that devise cunning work. I take my stand on detail."

But the point on which, perhaps, Thring laid most stress, as is abundantly shown by Dr. Parkin, was the duty of the schoolmaster to the average boy, and to the average boy considered individually. "I am very strong," he writes to an applicant for mastership, "on the matter of teaching, by which I mean applying knowledge to the average boy, however stupid he may be. I consider it a great science of infinite interest." And again: "I want a master with go and teaching power for a low class. By teaching power I mean that a man looks on the boys as his subject, and on his books as things to be adapted to them, and accepts as his motto, 'the worse the material, the greater the skill of the worker.' Thus a low class is not low work." And once more: "We schoolmasters," he says, "have this mission, if we are true—a mission to give every one, be he clever or be he stupid, a fair chance in life, and not to be, as has been too much the case, murderers,—for it is nothing less,—of the higher life of the great majority of mankind. Power-worship and contempt for ordinary minds, and putting knowledge above thought, is the modern Moloch." He became so famous for this view of his duty that, he tells us in one place, it became very much the custom in England to send the dull and difficult boy of the family to Thring, and the other boys to other schools.

To carry his theory into practice, however, Thring most conscientiously, and though it constantly involved him in financial difficulties, persistently restricted the number of his school, quite refusing either to allow the whole number of boys to exceed 400 or to allow each house-master to have more than thirty boys in his house. For I should, perhaps, have mentioned before for the benefit of those who may not already know it, that one distinguishing feature of the great Public Schools of England is that the boarders are not all housed in one large building as is the case at present, as I understand, in Upper Canada College, but are divided up in various houses, each presided over by

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a house-master. The benefit of this system and the advantages it possesses over the other are too obvious to need pointing out. Each house, if the numbers are confined to between thirty and forty boys, may partake of something of the character of a home, and the master who presides over them can easily become acquainted with the qualities and needs, mental and bodily, of each individual boy in a way which is impossible if they are all herded together, and if no master is specially responsible, out of class, for the general welfare of each boy.

But space compels me to leave many points of a very notable book, and many aspects of Thring's life and work and character, unnoticed. It must, no doubt, always be difficult for a strong man not to be somewhat domineering, and Thring was, perhaps, not altogether free from that spirit. He thinks a schoolmaster's life would be pleasant if one could only get rid of the under-masters, and records that he told one of the latter—"That I did not like fighting, but if I fought I liked being licked still less, and have stood at bay here against the world and masters, too, with ruin at my feet, and did not fear, I thought, the face of living man." But though among his boys he seems to have had a reputation for coldness, which interfered with his popularity, many an example of the real tenderness of his nature comes to light in Dr. Parkin's pages. One entry in his diary which illustrates this is so charming that I cannot refrain from quoting it. "This morning," he writes, "I was greatly delighted at hearing that little Francis Harmon, who was ill last term, burst into tears at seeing his brothers coming back to school, because he was not yet allowed to go. Truly, to have drawn tears from a little boy's eyes because he could not come back to school, is something worth having lived for, when I think what bitter tears I shed at having to go back at his age."

Then the living sense of religion which animated the hero of this book is most conspicuous. Generally, he ends the record in his diary of important incidents in the life of the school with some such expressions as "Laus Deo." And in one place he writes: "One thing I feel more than I have ever felt, that a great shaping power is round about me, guiding and ruling and making and moulding this fierce crucible work, and fiery rush of evil and danger and friendship, and help all round about one, and that some strange birth of strange, good and marvellous Divine purpose is to come out of all." This is in connection with a wonderful achievement most interestingly described by Dr. Parkin, namely, the temporary removal, pending a period of epidemic at Uppingham, of the entire school, bag and baggage, to the seaside village of Borth in North Wales. But I must refer, readers, to the Life itself for the account of this successful and novel experiment which gained for Thring the name of the "Mobilizing Headmaster;" as I must also do for two of its most interesting features, a correspondence with the late R. L. Nettleship, and the story of the fervid, and one might almost say romantic attachment which Thring conceived for Horatia Ewing from a perusal of her books. "My Queen," he used to call her, and for nine years corresponded with her without having ever had the much-desired opportunity of a personal meeting, which finally came to him when she was on her death-bed. If, however, I have conveyed in this article some idea of the educational theories which animated "Uppingham's Great Headmaster," I have succeeded in effecting the main object I have had in view, and in advancing what is obviously the main object of Dr. Parkin's book

A. H. F. Lefroy.

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THE TRANSITION OF CONSTANCE.

CONNIE.

"YES! It will be quite the match of the season! Let me congratulate you, Miss Blake," making an elaborate courtesy, showing a flash of dazzling teeth and a fleeting dip of dimples, as she smiled at the pretty reflection in the tall silver-framed mirror that hung in the innermost recess of her maiden sanctum sanctorum.

"It is quite true," she went on, still speaking softly to the dainty young person before her, "that Corson would never have proposed if I had not compelled him, but no one knows that but you and me," nodding sagely to the now sober little face in the glass, "not even Corson himself.

"A dear, stupid fellow," she went on, with something very like a pout of the rosebud lips, "but, oh!" clasping her hands and admiring the while her latest acquisition, a hoop of fire-flashing brilliants, "but, oh! of such good old stock and with lots of 'spondulix,' too.

"Ugh! you vulgar girl! Will you never cease to talk slang, I wonder," shaking a slender forefinger admonishingly.

"Dear old Guardy! How very solemnly he said it—'Connie, child, are you sure you love this young man?' and I said, 'Sure, Guardy.' 'Then the question is already settled,' he answered.

"Good old Guardy! He looked ill. Maybe that was the reason he sent me away without another word.

"I think my conscience did give just the littlest bit of a twinge, though, when I answered him, and then my good sense came to my rescue. I just gave myself a shake, and said 'Connie Blake! behave yourself. Isn't Corson Weyland passable looking as young men go? Isn't he rich? Isn't he from one of the very first families? Isn't he fond of you? Pray don't begin to talk any absurd nonsense. Of course you love him!'

"He isn't so nice as Don, to be sure, but, dear old Guardy! there are none that are like him!

"Well, it is late," stretching her arms above her head, and making a distracting little moue at the face gazing earnestly at her from the glass, "and my list for to-morrow is a fearfully long one,—so, good night. On the whole," nodding her head in a sage little fashion, "I think you a very sensible sort of young person."

DON.

Below stairs, in his own particular den, Donald Orton sat crouching over a fire, and although the nights were not yet cold, he shivered. Gaspingly he pressed one hand over his heart, and with an inarticulate cry sank back in his chair. Slowly, very slowly, the colour flowed back to his bloodless lips, and the man straightened himself.

"These attacks have not troubled me for a long while now," he murmured. "Well, maybe it is best they should come now and end it all. My occupation will be gone when I lose her—my wee white Blossom. She must never know the effort it all cost me.

"An old fellow like me seems quite a patriarch to her, no doubt. Thirty-nine and nineteen. No—she must never know of that wild impulse, that insatiate longing to take her in my arms and claim her mine—all mine! by right of long years of love and watchfulness and care. To the child I have been a father—nothing more—oh God! nothing more."

CORSON THINKS IT OVER.

Leaning lazily over the side of the "Eurydice," her white sails bellying above her head, and looking far out to where

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"The great tides of the tumbling bay
Swing glittering in the golden day,
Swing foaming to and fro,"

Corson Weyland communed with himself.

"By Jove! Wonder how I came to do it! Always thought it would be a hard thing to do—propose to a pretty girl. It just sort of slipped out; she had accepted me and it was all over before I realized it.

"Sober duffer, that Orton—good sort, too, I guess. Settled the whole business for me in a dozen words without making things awkward either.

"Well! the Mater will be satisfied now. I will settle down, and the best thing I can do, too.

"She's a dear little girl, pretty as a picture and quite exceptional. Even the Mater will acknowledge that.

"Heigh-ho! I'll go home now—tell the glad tidings and be rejoiced over accordingly."

HER RUBICON.

Connie, in her bridal robes of heavy ivory satin, stood again before the tall, silver-framed mirror in her dressing room. Around her stood her maids, picturesque in nile and helitrope, azure and rose, great picture hats and long gloves of black, making sharp contrast with the dainty gowns.

Since nine of the clock Connie had been in the hands of her dressers. The dainty filberts of nails were polished and pink, the refractory curling locks were piled high on the proudly poised little head. Everything was in readiness but the filmy veil, and it was as yet only eleven by the clock. Connie glanced uneasily at the tiny silver timepiece and gave a sigh of relief.

"One whole hour yet," she murmured; then, turning to her attendants, "I shall not have the veil arranged till the very last minute. Baxter, tell Mr. Orton I should like to see him in my boudoir.

"Dear girls," to the admiring group in their dainty gowns, "you look beautiful. I am glad I insisted on that colour scheme. It is certainly picturesque. Now leave me. Go and see the rooms; Baxter says the florists are gone."

Left alone, Connie still stood before the glass. It was a troubled and a pale little face that looked back at her to-day. Overwhelmed for weeks with trousseau and what not, it had not been till the very last night of her girlhood that she began to feel, as she tossed restless and wide-eyed, the gravity of the step before her. Oh for a reassuring mother-love to enfold her in soothing arms and quiet her fears! It was the first time she had ever missed a mother's care. Don had been so good to her, so good through all the years; he had been father, mother, brother, friend. Life without Don was a something she had never faced before, and only last night he had talked of a long journey — had spoken vaguely of Abyssinia and Afghanistan and Ashantee.

She stood looking at her reflection in the mirror, feeling strangely alone in the great empty world. A wild longing for comfort seized the girl and unnerved her. A well-known step in the outer room caused her to turn swiftly and move forward. With outstretched hands and pleading, troubled eyes, she half-sobbed as she went:

"Oh, Don! Don! take me in your arms and comfort me as you used when I was only your little 'Blossom' for I am afraid! afraid!"

"Connie! Blossom! my darling! my darling wee girlie! you are mine—by every right of God and man. You are mine and not this other man's. I claim you! by my overpowering, consuming love!" he exclaimed, raining all the while passionate lover's kisses on throat and eyes and lips, on hair and cheek and chin.

"Oh, Don! Don!" she exclaimed, a flood of rosy joy overspreading brow and neck. But the man, loosing his hold of her, pushed her roughly from him and raising his hands in a bewildered way to his head cried,

"My God! my God! what have I done?" Then, throwing himself on his knees, prostrating himself before

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her, ringing his helpless hands, he sobbed,

"Forgive me. Forgive me. Forgive me."

Her woman's wit came quickly to her rescue and she grew quiet. She was very white, but the hand she laid on the man's shoulder was firm.

"I have been wicked—wicked! but I did not know—I could not guess. See, my Don—you are always good and brave. We must be brave now, you and I."

They had changed places these two. It was the man who needed comfort most. A moment before it was a child who cried out for sympathy—now it was a woman who sympathised, so quickly does one pass that Rubicon that lies just beyond girlhood.

A SOLEMN SERVICE.

There was a low murmur of admiration as the bride, leaning on the arm of her guardian, passed slowly up the aisle of the flower-embowered church.

The last note of the organ swelled out on the perfumed air and ceased. The Bishop's sonorous voice rolled forth the words of the old solemn service:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this congregation to join this man and this woman in holy matrimony." On and on, and at last to the old question,

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

Donald Orton, stepping back after the presentation, was seen to stagger and press one hand quickly over his heart. There was a stir far down the aisle, the swift approach of quiet feet, a shuffling noise for a minute or two as some persons went towards the vestry, but the Bishop's voice still rolled on and the group at the altar stirred not.

When the last sonorous "Amen" sounded a buzz of excited talk and the pealing chime of bells sounded through the building. Attention was divided between the procession winding down the aisle and the closed door of the vestry.

The bridal group passed but the crowd waited, talking excitedly the while. Quickly the word passed from lip to lip, "Dead! How shocking! Heart trouble, the doctors say. Oh, poor Constance! Poor little bride."

THE WOMAN.

Clad in the simplest of white breakfast gowns, Constance stepped from her dressing room, for the second time that day holding out pleading hands for sympathy to the man before her.

"Dear little wife, let me comfort you," said Corson, touched to the depths of his simple nature by the solemn service and more solemn afterscene.

For a few moments she stood still, her head on his shoulder; then, looking earnestly in his face,

"I will be a good wife to you, Corson. God will help me, and indeed I will try hard."

"Yes, yes darling. A far better wife than a useless fellow like I deserve," he said, feeling vaguely a something above and beyond him in the tense quiet of her voice.

And so, to earth's long list was added one more of those dear uncanonized saints, who, overcoming self and inclination, take up dun threads of duty, and one by one weave them faithfully into life's warp and woof, that the completed web beyond the vale may shine with the light of the Throne.

And so standing, her husband's arm encircling her, her vacant eyes seeing only the things of the far future, from somewhere, the depths of her innermost conscience mayhap, Constance heard a voice, and the voice said,

"There be harder things in life than burying our dead; there be greater strifes in living than in dying; but for him who overcometh there awaiteth a crown of victory."

E. Ray Lounsbury.

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CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

THE treaty of peace has been signed at Paris and the United States are at length the owners of foreign possessions. This forms, by all odds, the most remarkable event in these latter days. The plenipotentiaries and the attaches, we are told, struggled for the possession of the pens that signed the treaty. Let us hope that on none of them, hereafter, will it be possible to engrave the words, "This instrument contributed to the ruin of the United States." Indeed it is not necessary to take so gloomy a view of it, because the policy of the country is mobile enough to enable it to retrace ill-advised steps. That in the meantime the expansionists are in the majority there can be little doubt, and, although the section of the nation which ought to be its leaders is set against hurrah experiments in colonization, it is to be feared that the unthinking element which is numerous and has votes will have its way.

A man needs have courage who tries to stem the expansionist current. He is far more likely to be met with abuse than argument. The tyranny of the mob which will tolerate no opinion but its own is the worst form of tyranny which can afflict a free community. The spirit which met the strictures of President Norton is a hateful spirit and a people can hardly expect to grow wiser or better when self-criticism is so brutally repressed as in the case in question. President Norton's criticism may have been ill-founded or exaggerated, but surely the proper way to meet it was to controvert it. America should be jealous of liberty of speech. It should not be forgotten that Chatham and Burke stood in a hostile community for the rights and privileges of the mutinous colonies across the Atlantic. There can be no doubt that the impassioned sentences of the two statesmen were quite as unwelcome to the ears that heard them as President Norton's utterances are to the Americans of to-day. Yet how happy would it have been for Britain if some good angel had prompted her to listen to them? The speech on conciliation should be the vade mecum of Colonial Secretaries to-day. At all events the principles which it inculcates are the foundations of the relations which now exist between the colonies and the Mother Country. When they were uttered, however, they sounded to the advisers of George like treason. It would have been well if that voice had been heeded. America is in a similar position to-day. The people are inclined to be angry with anyone who counsels prudence, or quotes the maxims of the fathers or the spirit of the constitution. Yet there can be little doubt that what the minority is arguing will be recognised in the future to be the voice of wisdom just as truly as Burke's was more than a hundred years ago.

It would be fruitless to enumerate in detail the various problems that will arise to vex American statesmen in connection with the new possessions. We may be sure that they will all ultimately be overcome, but in the meantime they will involve an amount of labour and planning that might well be better applied at home. It is easy to say, let us have a large standing army and a powerful navy, but the realization is not so easy, although a large standing army and, still more, a powerful navy are indispensable accompaniments of foreign possessions. In time of danger and with a conflict in sight there will never be any difficulty in getting 100,000 or for that matter any number of men prepared to fight for the nation. It is altogether different in times of peace. The standing army amongst our neighbours was supposed to consist of 25,000 men. The fact is that it was not anything near that number. Almost every regiment was

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from 30 to 40 per cent. below its full strength. When war broke out there was not much difficulty in recruiting up, but the injection of this large infusion of raw material among the trained soldiers was deleterious and the regiments were greatly weakened thereby. Now, if it was difficult to keep up an army of 25,000 men to its normal strength, surely it will be much more difficult to keep it up to 100,000.



JUDGE DAY.

Head of the United States Peace Commission.

The prospect of serving in the fever-haunted tropics, where 50,000 of them, Gen. Corbin says, will be required, can scarcely be an attractive one. Certainly, after a man has put in his term of enlistment there, he will not be eager to renew it. The difficulty previous to the war of keeping the navy fully manned was freely commented on and now that peace is restored the same difficulty will crop up again, accentuated by the greater number of vessels to be supplied. A great army and a great navy will contravene the ideas of the Fathers in more than one respect. Standing armies and bristling war vessels they regarded as instruments of despotism. Still further will their ideas be contradicted, however, if it is found possible to man a great navy with free-born American citizens. Dr. Johnson used to express his wonder that men could be found to be sailors, for he used to argue that any man could get into jail, and it was better to be in jail than to be aboard ship. Allowing for the doctor's exaggerations and for the wretched conditions of sailor life in his day, there is a sense in which his assertion is true. The lot of a sailor is by no means an enviable one any more than that of a soldier, and when a large number of Americans can be found to adopt either it will be a proclamation that the era has arrived when desirable occupations are getting scarce in the great Republic and that European conditions have arrived. It is true that we did not need such an intimation to be aware of the near approach at least of such a day, but this would be a public notice that the hour had come.

It is stated in some quarters that all difficulties about getting a full supply of men for either branch of the service can be overcome with money. Raise the pay is their remedy for slackness of enlistment. This is, undoubtedly, a remedy, and perhaps a rich community like the United States can stand it, but it is just well to remember that Secretary Gage's statement of the condition of the finances by no means indicates a healthy condition. The year of a deficit, with a still greater one in view for next year, is not a happy time to be making light of still further calls upon the taxpayer.

The pension-list that remains as a

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memory of the Civil War, amounts to nearly $150,000,000 a year. It is calculated that before all is done, the Spanish-American War will swell it to $170,000,000 a year, which is only $20,000,000 short of the annual cost of maintaining the British army and navy, including all pensions and retired pay. The United States army, which in an exigent emergency could only furnish 15,000 men, nevertheless cost the country $55,000,000 a year in time of peace. If it is increased to six or seven fold we may presume that the cost will go up proportionately. The navy in a year of peace cost the country $29,000,000.

United States finance is buoyant enough, doubtless, to bear all these burdens for a time at least. The man with splendid physique and abounding health thinks his strength exhaustless, and makes reckless drafts on it until the collapse awakens him to his folly.

This is looking at the matter from the standpoint of an American citizen who cherishes the older traditions of the homogeneousness and unity of his country. His neighbour may point to the fact that in their present expansionist mood the United States is encouraged by Great Britain. Now, there can be little doubt that in the Spanish-American war the sympathies of England and her colonies were with the Cubans. They were unquestionably badly governed. In the efforts to suppress their protests against ill-government terrible cruelties were practised. Whatever faults the Anglo-Saxon may have he cannot be charged with callousness to oppression or suffering. Cuba's woes awoke his sympathy, and to that extent he gave America his godspeed in undertaking the task of liberator.

English public men seized the opportunity of promoting a better understanding between Britain and America. Following this idea, they have adhered to the United States view of things through thick and thin, although there is now undoubtedly a pretty general feeling that the Yankee has shown no overplus of generosity in dealing with his helpless victim. This feeling is probably repressed because in the advent of Uncle Sam in the Philippines Lord Salisbury and his colleagues see a possibility of having a powerful ally in the maintenance of the principle of the open door in the East. Is it not just possible that the official class in England perceive that in expanding the United States actually weaken themselves? In the event of a quarrel with a strong naval power the United States will be a more vulnerable power with Porto Rico, Cuba, Hawaii, Guam, Alaska and the Philippines to defend than when she stood four-square to all the world within the invulnerable confines of her original solidarity. Machiavelli is still perused by modern statesmen. It is seldom that we see much enthusiasm among the various states of the world when a sister state is visibly strengthening herself and looming up in portentous proportions, overshadowing and darkening all that stand about her. If I were an American I would regard the genial encouragement which England extends to the expansionist movement with some suspicion.

There need be no apology for devoting so much space to what may be called the evolution or devolution of the United States. It is certainly one of the most remarkable events of the century and while one feels that they are making a mistake from their own point of view there can be no doubt that the islands which are now passing under their sway (for we may as well dispense with the Cuba Libre fiction at once) will benefit materially to an enormous degree by their closer connection with one of the great nations and the energy that will be applied to their hitherto but feebly developed resources. That there will be many difficulties we may be sure, but that they will all eventually yield to the ingenuity and indomitableness of our neighbours we may well believe.

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An odd but inevitable event of the month is the evacuation of Crete by the Turks. What the feelings of the Sultan must be is not hard to conjecture. He is compelled to leave Crete and sees the son of the man whose armies he chased across the classic ground of Northern Greece, take up a position as practical ruler of the Island which furnished the nest-egg of the quarrel. Spain's loss of her colonies and Turkey's loss of Crete shows that the "decaying nations" are beginning to drop to pieces.



DREYFUS.

Sir Edward Monson's speech seemed like an unnecessary aggravation to a power which has had unpleasant things "rubbed in" to it frequently of late. It is not without astonishment that we see the country of the Grand Monarque and of the first Napoleon baited and bullied as if she were a second-class power. She certainly drew the Fashoda humiliation on herself, and we may hope that her people, and especially her public men, may do some earnest thinking on the annals of the last few months.

Sir Wm. Harcourt's letter and John Morley's sympathetic reply to it are the sensations of domestic politics in Great Britain. A reforming party comprising men in all stages of reforming zeal from moderate Conservatism to ultra-Radicalism, requires a dominant and stirring spirit for leadership. This Sir William Harcourt does not supply, and it is questionable if an occupant of the feudal chamber can supply what is wanted any better. During the high tide of Imperialism Lord Rosebery may, and probably will, eventually fill the breach, but the leader of the Liberal party must be in the House of Commons. A party which is constantly in a state of hostility to the House of Lords and led by a peer would be an anomaly.

John A. Ewan.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

WHATEVER history may say of the man, whatever critics may decide as to his style, whatever there may be of weakness in his arguments and conclusions, Kingsford's "History of Canada" is a greater monument than any Canadian of recent years, with perhaps one exception, has been able to raise to his own memory. Sir John Macdonald was a great man and Canadian Confederation is his monument, though he alone did not erect it. Kingsford gave the most mature twelve years of his life to a ten volume history of his adopted country, and passed away a few weeks after the completion of his task. Mr. Shannon's estimate of him in this issue is fair and candid, and is well worth a serious reading.

But just here it may be well to consider what is historical research and what is not. Some time ago a gentleman living near one of the old historic forts of Canada, sent THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE an article on the Fort. It was composed mainly of quotations from Kingsford and other writers, the only original work being the photographs which accompanied it. That man was not an historian, although he certainly thought he was. An historian must use much from his predecessors, but he must use more from the original documents—official correspondence, official reports, contemporaries' writings and printings. Kingsford went to original sources, hence his work is truly historical.

W. H. P. Clement writes a history of Canada which entailed very little if any original research; J. Castell Hopkins writes a "Life of Gladstone," though he never saw his private correspondence, and probably never heard the aged statesman speak; R. T. Lancefield writes a "Life of Queen Victoria," though he could never have spent more than a few days in England. These gentlemen write very readable books, but they are not historians—do not claim the title. Parkman devoted his life to a study of the French Regime in North America and produced history. So did Christie and Garneau and John Charles Dent. Adam Harkness wrote the "History of Iroquois High School," and wrote history in the true sense. So did Calnek in his posthumous work, "History of the County of Annapolis." Sir John Bourinot, D. B. Read, George Stewart, Benjamin Sulte, Abbé Casgrain, and a few others have done or are doing genuine historical work; but there are a number of other so-called historians who are merely clever purloiners of facts which have been worked up by other and much more conscientious men.

We cannot all be great historians, but we can all appreciate the work which one of them does. There are various kinds of appreciation of true historical labour. Mr. W. C. Macdonald, of Montreal, a man of considerable wealth, has endowed a William Kingsford Chair of History at McGill. Mr. Macdonald has probably seen enough of inferior workmen to recognize genuine and superior effort when it comes in sight. He has gone farther than the mere endowment of a university chair. Knowing that the late Mr. Kingsford made no profit out of his work, Mr. Macdonald has asked the widow to accept an annuity of $500 a year. This is a noble gift—and I confess my appreciation of it,

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though I am opposed to the accumulation of large fortunes by single individuals or by corporations. This is one kind of appreciation of historical research—a rare kind. The other varieties are more common, and require no special comment.

Mrs. Kingsford is also in receipt of a present of £150 from the Royal Literary Fund of Great Britain. This is the result of the kind interest taken by the Marquis of Lorne in the deceased historian, and in the country of which the Marquis was once Governor-General.

Canadian short story writers cannot complain of lack of appreciation these days. The New York syndicates give Canadian writers an equal opportunity with United States writers; it has not required a new reciprocity treaty to secure that. The London market is also open to Canadians. Parker, Barr, Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. Cotes, Phillipps-Woolley, W. A. Fraser, Grant Allen and one or two others find a ready sale there for all that they write. Any Canadian with a fair local reputation receives generous treatment in both these great Anglo-Saxon cities.

At home, too, the market is expanding. Never were there published so many short stories by native writers; and, as a corollary, never were there so many bright Canadian stories offered to the publishers. While the writers with the best reputation get, in London and New York combined, from $200 to $400 for their best short tales, the price paid by native publications runs from $10 to $50. This is a considerable difference. Nevertheless, Canadian publications are paying more than they ever did, and the outlook is very encouraging. Already several newspapers and magazines are paying a cent a word for good work of this kind.

The Christmas numbers have used a great deal of this abbreviated fiction. *The Gentlewoman*, published by Alex. J. Warden, in Arundel Street, Strand, has issued an Imperial Christmas number contributed entirely by colonial writers and artists. The Jubilee has opened new fields to colonials. Canada's representatives are W. A. Fraser and William Wilfred Campbell. The Canadian artist is Louis Knight, who seems to be a makeshift. His Canadianism depends on his having spent at one time a few weeks in this country, and his drawings indicate that he knows as little about Canada as about art.

The Christmas number of the Toronto *Globe* easily takes first place among Canadian issues. The stories are contributed by Charles G. D. Roberts, Joanna E. Wood, Duncan Campbell Scott, W. A. Fraser, J. Macdonald Oxley, William McLennan and John A. Ewan. The letterpress, the illustrations, the cover and the coloured plates are, everything considered, the best productions of this kind that have ever delighted the Canadian reading public.

The *Saturday Night* Christmas issue is also very praiseworthy. Stories by Mack, W. A. Fraser, Mrs. Lawson, Marjory MacMurchy and Charles Lewis Shaw, and other tales and articles make up a generous and readable issue. The illustrations are plentiful, and show that Canadian illustrators are rapidly learning what is required of them.

The Christmas Special of the Toronto *Mail and Empire* is accompanied by several coloured plates of special merit. The cover and text of the issue are not so well printed as might have been expected, but are passable. The stories and the illustrations are exceptionally good considering that they are all contributed by the staff. Kit's Irish story is a charming piece of literary work, as is Mr. Charlesworth's fragment of drama.

The Montreal *Gazette's* five cent Christmas Number is, considering the price, equal to any of the foregoing. A poem by Dr. Drummond, stories by Louis Frechette and William McLennan are among the specialties. The cover is rough-and-ready, but rather striking.

Many of the smaller dailies through-

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out the country have issued special Christmas Numbers, all of which indicate great progress in the mechanical arts connected with publishing, and a growing appreciation among journalists of art and literature.

There is no more striking evidence of the growth of Canadian nationality than the increased attention paid to native art and literature. The rate of progress is not phenomenal, but it is appreciable and hence encouraging.

Speaking of the Council of the City of Toronto, the Evening Telegram says: "The point is that a Council is never better and seldom worse than its constituency." This is wisdom. And the same may be said of our provincial legislatures and of our federal parliament. An M.P.P. or an M.P. cannot be expected to be strictly righteous and honest in his legislative or parliamentary duties, if his constituency contains a large number of voters who demand pay for their support, and a smaller number of party hangers-on who are clamouring for offices and jobs. The revelations which from time to time result from the trial of election protests, show clearly that there is a percentage of voters who are barefacedly dishonest. Their lack of common decency, of public spirit, and of intelligence of a superior order, is something which must make an independent citizen sympathize very keenly with the men who must appeal to these pseudo-citizens for their suffrage. In the Philadelphia schools they teach, once a month, a lesson on the duties of citizenship. It is quite apparent that some teaching of this kind is required not only in our schools, but in our newspapers, our social gatherings and our lodges and clubs.

Canada is still without an adequate population in spite of all our writing, talking and immigration expenditures. For years we have been pursuing the senseless course of going to Europe for settlers, instead of trying to retain those we have. We have paid large prices for young Russians and young Galicians, and seem never to have thought of buying young Canadians. There are hundreds of young farmers in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, who could be bought to settle in the North-West. If they were each given a free farm and $200 a year for five years, under certain conditions, they would go out there and cultivate the land. And one young Canadian is worth five Galicians or five Russians.

There are millions of Canadians in the United States, and there are scores going there every week. A large percentage of these could be retained if the Government would spend its money on them instead of on the riff-raff of Europe. Mr. Sifton should send for me to re-organize his immigration department. Under my scheme, no politician would get a free trip through Europe as a reward for party service.

The St. Thomas *Journal* is finding fault with Canada's independent journals and incidentally says that independent journalism is a delusion. It should not confuse the two ideas. Canada's independent newspapers may have faults, but that does not prove that independent journalism cannot be justified. I quote a few lines:

"So it is with other so-called independent papers. They pick their favourites, enthrone them and ask the public to fall down and worship them; always, of course, taking care to provide something to abhor as well. The main difference between the party and the 'independent' journal seems to be that the public helps to select those to receive favourable attention from the former and the editor or proprietor does the choosing for the latter. Anyone can see which would be the easier influenced by designing persons."

If our independent press is not really independent, not judicially impartial, it should be criticized. But independence in journalism still stands as the beau-ideal—the goal at which all newspapers, writers and publishers should aim. The blind adhesion to one party, on the part of either a newspaper or a voter, must give way before the steady advance of broader ideas of citizenship.

John A. Cooper.

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WE do have occasional bursts of genuine criticism in this country. Martin J. Griffin, writing in the Montreal *Gazette*, has this to say of George W. Steeven's new book, "With Kitchener to Khartoum":

"It is one of the smartest pieces of journalism published in our time. Published originally in the *Daily Mail*, as letters, it was issued in book-form before the troops had returned from their battlefield. It is eloquent, and shrewd, and spirited. But it has been received by even some staid critics as a supreme piece of literature. That is insincere exaggeration. The volume is marked by faults of taste and temper inseparable from the difficult and exciting conditions under which it was written. And the exaggeration in description of men and movements is very obvious. There is a very marked attempt to out-Kipling Mr. Kipling in strong crudities of phrase. And there is a too evident attempt to coin epigrams and to out-shout the man in the street. The campaign is exaggerated, and the commanders are wildly overpraised. We are told that the fights at Atbara and Omdurman are the great feats of the century, and so on. Now, the most elementary knowledge of even the history of Egypt would have prevented this exaggeration. An army of some 30,000 men, well equipped, with a railway behind them, defeated some 50,000 rather ill-armed but desperate and heroic barbarians. Well and good. But in the days of Napoleon, in the first year of the century, an army of some 12,000 British soldiers, fresh to battle, and just landed from ships, fought two bloody and victorious battles against the heroes of the army of Italy, captured Cairo and Alexandria, and caused the surrender of some 24,000 of the bravest troops of warlike France. We will back Sir Ralph Abercromby and his generals against all the modern heroes in the ultimate verdict of history. The man in the street does not dictate that verdict."

NEW FICTION.

"The Golden Age in Transylvania,"* by the author of "Black Diamonds," is a picture of Austro-Hungary in the seventeenth century, when there was no Austro-Hungary—one of the many pictures of the past which modern novelists paint for those of us who live too close to nineteenth century civilization to see its romance. But Maurus Jokai is no mean painter, and there is enough of common humanity in this piece of work to make it a masterpiece among modern historical romances. It has not the daring of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and, perhaps, less grace of style; but it is fully as realistic and possesses much more of the quiet dignity which impresses.

"Father and Son"† is the name of a novel which has been running serially in the London *Times*, and now appears in book form. It is the tale of a son whose father was a returned convict, the two living in close business relations, but unknown to each other. At least, the father knew the boy, but the latter did not know his father under his assumed name. The plot is very simple, hardly a plot at all, in fact. The author's style is very similar to the plot—plain, unassuming, straightforward, almost commonplace. With all due deference to the editor of the greatest paper in the world, I must say that I believe that I have read fifty recent novels fully as clever. The only reason why it should have

*The Golden Age in Transylvania, by Maurus Jokai. Translated from the Hungarian by S. L. and A. V. White. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25. Toronto: George J. McLeod.

† Father and Son, by Arthur Paterson, author of A Man and His Word, etc. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25. Toronto: George J. McLeod.

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been published is that it has the aroma of London and of business, and is not varnished with the sentimentalism and exaggerated romance which make the names of Doyle, Weyman and Hope the heroes of the hour. Of course, this sentimentalism and exaggerated romance are wrong; but Arthur Paterson neither uses them nor offers anything as a substitute.

The Zulu is a fresh character in the realm of fiction, but Bertram Mitford makes good use of him in his new novel, "The Gun-Runner."* He describes one of the black man's characteristics, after exhibiting him buying a candle and a box of matches:

"For to-night this child of Nature will set up that candle on the floor of his hut, and he and his kinsfolk and acquaintances will squat around to watch it with intense and absorbing interest until it burns down to the last fraction of an inch."

And in this and less formal ways he draws the bronze warrior's picture. Yet his leading character is a renegade Britisher. Lorraine, the Gun-Runner, is a man who was engaged in the dangerous business of supplying the snuff-consuming natives with firearms. One of his schemes was to import a cottage piano, which was filled with rifles instead of steel strings and sounding-board. His life is a strange, startling, wonderful drama, and the man who tells it misses no point in the wonderful tale. The war between the Zulus and the British is one of the most stirring that the nineteenth century has seen, and the particular part played by this desperado and outlaw is even more stirring.

"Windyhaugh,"† by Graham Travers, is a cleverly written book. The author of "Mona MacLean, Medical Student," has a very thorough knowledge of human nature, and exhibits it in a most pleasing and assuring manner in this new novel. Wilhelmina lives with a religious grandmother who is very anxious that she should be converted and become one of the elect. The child is worried with religious problems, and becomes moody on account of the religious atmosphere which the over-anxious grandmother creates. The story of Wilhelmina's life before and after her grandmother's death is interesting and at times pathetic. The characters are cleverly drawn. Mr. Darsie, the grocer, is very quaint indeed. He was a religious man, in a way, but as the author says:

"Mr. Darsie's was hardly a devotional nature. It may almost be said of him that he collected theological books and theological views as other men collect butterflies or stamps or rare china. Among the green pastures and beside the still waters he wandered as far as he readily could, but his tether was short."

"The Duenna of a Genius,"‡ by M. E. Francis, has a certain crispness and freshness which makes it pleasant reading. Valerie, the Genius, is a violin player, but her genius is not equal to her idiosyncrasies. Margot, the sister, cares for this genius, acts as business manager and is "Bon Pappa." Both fall in love fittingly, the genius with a great musician, the Duenna with a practical Englishman; and the author has them both happily married before the last leaf is turned. From this point of view, the novel is very successful and satisfactory.

Edna Lyall is a fair, but not a strong writer. Her latest story, "Hope, the Hermit,"§ is an English domestic tale of the latter part of the seventeenth century, told in the language of the latter part of the nineteenth century. It is interesting, but not phenomenal, either in its entirety or in any particular part.

* The Gun-Runner, by Bertram Mitford. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25. Toronto: George J. McLeod.

† Windyhaugh, a novel, by Graham Travers, author of Mona MacLean, Medical Student. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

‡ The Duenna of a Genius, by M. E. Francis. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25. Longman's Colonial Library. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

§ Hope, the Hermit, by Edna Lyall. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25. Longman's Colonial Library. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

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The opening chapter describing the birth of the hero and the death of his mother is perhaps the strongest part of the book.

Two of the latest issues in Unwin's Colonial Library are "Love is not so Light," by Constance Cotterell, and "Ricroft of Withens," by Halliwell Sutcliffe. The former is an English love story, epigramatically told; the latter is a Scotch tale strung out to great length.

"Dwellers in Gotham" * is a romance of New York, and the author is Annan Dale, who is, I believe, a critic on one of the New York papers. The book's worst fault, perhaps, is its clumsiness, its lack of grace, its ponderous formality —for all these are but one fault. The story is a very fair one, and social problems are considered incidentally, yet to a considerable degree. The author is undoubtedly a thinker, and to some extent also a phrase-maker, but thinking and phrase-making do not necessarily result in good novels. To these must be added the quiet grace which comes from years of education, good society and hard study. It is this quiet, unobtrusive grace which this book does not possess. Otherwise it is a very fair novel.

DOMESTIC 'SCIENCE.

VERY soon, parents will have very little responsibility in connection with the education of their children—in the Province of Ontario, at least. Our public schools teach temperance, which means that alcoholic liquors have a chemical action on the stomach and bowels which prevents a man having an opportunity of getting into Heaven. They teach, also, under the curriculum, that smoking tobacco is a practice which will cause sudden death in a very few weeks—months, at least. They instruct the children that if a person lives five minutes in a room with all the doors and windows closed, he will be poisoned; if the child finds by experiment that he doesn't die under such circumstances, and thus loses his faith in "temperance and hygiene," that is no fault of Ontario's school system—the grandest educational system (on paper) in the world

The kindergarten takes the place of the mother by taking the four-year-olds and the five-year-olds and teaching them to draw and paint, how to cut up newspapers, and how to amuse themselves while their minds are developing.

In all the schools there is religious teaching—not very much, but enough to include the rhythm of the Psalms and the words of the Lord's Prayer. The clergy of the two Catholic churches—the Episcopalian and the Roman—are moving for a development of this. They desire separate and voluntary schools which will be one-half "Sunday-school" and one-half "Day-school" in character. The parents are to be relieved of all religious training.

Recently another step has been taken in this grand and noble work of relieving the parents of responsibility. The children are now to be taught sewing and cooking. The young ladies who are taking courses in the Normal schools of the Province with a view to qualifying themselves for high-grade public school teachers are compelled to take lectures in sewing and cooking, and to write on papers on these subjects. To be sure, they are not "plucked" if they do not answer well; but that only shows that a wedge must have a thin end, and this must be inserted first.

In addition a text-book, entitled "Public School Domestic Science,"† has

* Dwellers in Gotham. by Annan Dale. Toronto: William Briggs.
† Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.

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been compiled, and is authorized by "The Education Department of Ontario." On its title-page is the significant phrase: "This book may be used as a Text-book in any High or Public School, if so ordered by a resolution of the Trustees." Again, the thin edge. The Department is not sure that it is a right and proper book, or a necessary part of the curriculum; but the trustees will decide that.

Let us consider the book itself. It is written by Mrs. J. Hoodless, of Hamilton, who seems to know a great deal about her subject. She says in her Preface:

"The aim of this text-book is to assist the pupil in acquiring a knowledge of the fundamental principles of correct living, to co-ordinate the regular school studies so as to make a practical use of knowledge already acquired."

Mrs. Hoodless supplies to education the linch-pin, the key-stone. She has come, after long decades of ignorance and incompleteness, to "co-ordinate the regular school studies." Hereafter there are no fragments; everything is in the blended whole. All other studies are to be subsidiary to domestic science—the crowning glory of an educational system. She does not confine her study to the girls, but apparently it is to be indulged in by boys; therefore the "new man" shall share in the crowning glory—the knowledge of domestic science.

This "primary text-book" with its noble aim, its unifying and completing mission, might reasonably be expected to be impressive. And it is. Chapter I is entitled "The Relation of Food to the Body," and the first piece of information in that chapter is the approximate analysis of a 148-pound man: The analysis is given thus:

Oxygen	92.1	pounds	Sodium	0.12	pounds
Hydrogen	14.6	"	Iron	0.02	"
Carbon	31.6	"	Potassium	0.34	"
Nitrogen	4.6	"	Magnesium	0.04	"
Phosphorus	1.4	"	Silica	?	"
Calcium	2.8	"	Fluorine	0.02	"
Sulphur	0.24	"			
Chlorine	0.12	"		148.00	

Then an even more technical explanation follows. What a sensible array of facts to set before a child of ten, or even of fifteen! The table and the explanation thereof presumes a university course in chemistry; yet, it is set down in the opening chapter of a text-book for public and high schools!

On page 5 is the rule: "To obtain the carbon in proteid food multiply by 0.535." I wouldn't like to be asked to teach that rule to a class of fifteen-year-old pupils.

On page 6 we learn all about fats, protein, proteids, albuminoids, gelatinoids, carbohydrates, celluloses, tissue-builders, and force-producers.

On page 10 she tells the pupils that "it is not within the scope of this book to deal with the science of nutrition." Poor boy! Poor girl! "Science!" "Nutrition!"

On page 48 she states that "tannin is an astringent of vegetable origin which exists in tea." And again: "Tea is a preparation made from the leaves of a shrub called Thea." I am glad I am not growing up; that sort of teaching would bother more than the old master's rawhide.

There are 56 pages devoted to this "crowning glory" study. Then follow many pages of recipes, suggestions for infants' diet, menus, young housekeepers, other beautiful chapters and the inevitable appendix.

R.

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HOODOO McFIGGIN'S CHRISTMAS.

This Santa Claus business is played out. It's a sneaking underhand method, and the sooner it's exposed the better.

For a parent to get up under cover of the darkness of night and palm off a ten-cent necktie on a boy who has been expecting a ten-dollar watch and then say that an angel sent it to him, is low, undeniably low.

I had a good opportunity of observing how the thing worked this Christmas, in the case of young Hoodoo McFiggin, the son and heir of the McFiggins, at whose house I board.

Hoodoo McFiggin is a good boy—a religious boy. He had been given to understand that Santa Claus would bring nothing to his father and mother because grown-up people don't get presents from the angels. So he saved up all his pocket money and bought a box of cigars for his father and a seventy-five-cent diamond brooch for his mother. His own fortunes he left in the hands of the angels. But he prayed. He prayed every night for weeks that Santa Claus would bring him a pair of skates and a puppy dog and an air-gun and a bicycle and a Noah's ark and a sleigh and a drum—altogether about a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of stuff.

I went into Hoodoo's room quite early Christmas morning. I had an idea that the scene would be interesting. I woke him up and he sat up in bed, his eyes glistening with radiant expectation, and began hauling things out of his stocking.

The first parcel was bulky; it was done up quite loosely and had an odd look generally.

"Ha! ha!" Hoodoo cried gleefully as he began undoing it. "I'll bet it's the puppy dog, all wrapped up in paper!"

And was it the puppy dog? No, by no means. It was a pair of nice, strong number-four boots, laces and all, labelled, "Hoodoo, from Santa Claus," and underneath Santa Claus had written "95 net."

The boy's jaw fell with delight. "It's boots," he said, and plunged in his hand again.

He began hauling away at another parcel with renewed hope on his face.

This time the thing seemed like a little round box. Hoodoo tore the paper off it with a feverish hand. He shook it; something rattled inside.

"It's a watch and chain! It's a watch and chain!" he shouted. Then he pulled the lid off.

And was it a watch and chain? No. It was a box of nice, brand new celluloid collars, a dozen of them all alike and all his own size.

The boy was so pleased that you could see his face all crack up with pleasure.

He waited a few minutes until his intense joy subsided. Then he tried again.

This time the packet was long and hard. It resisted the touch and had a sort of funnel shape.

"It's a toy pistol!" said the boy, trembling with excitement. "Gee! I hope there are lots of caps with it! I'll fire some off now and wake up father."

No, my poor child, you will not wake your father with that. It is a useful thing, but it needs not caps and it fires no bullets, and you cannot wake a sleeping man with a toothbrush. Yes, it was a toothbrush—a regular beauty, pure bone all through, and ticketed with a little paper, "Hoodoo, from Santa Claus."

Again the expression of intense joy passed over the boy's face, and the tears of gratitude started from his eyes. He wiped them away with his toothbrush and passed on.

The next packet was much larger and evidently contained something soft and bulky. It had been too big to go into the stocking and was tied outside.

"I wonder what this is," Hoodoo mused, half afraid to open it. Then his heart gave a great leap, and he forgot all his other presents in the anticipation of this one. "It's the drum!" he gasped, "It's the drum, all wrapped up!"

Drum nothing! It was pants—a pair of the nicest little short pants—yellowish-brown short pants—with dear little stripes of colour running across both ways, and here again Santa Claus had written "Hoodoo, from Santa Claus, one forty net."

But there *was* something wrapped up in it. Oh, yes! There was a pair of braces wrapped up in it, braces with a little steel sliding thing so that you could slide your pants up to your neck if you wanted to.

The boy gave a dry sob of satisfaction. Then he took out his last present. "It's a book," he said, as he unwrapped it. "I wonder if it is fairy stories or adventures. Oh, I hope it's adventures! I'll read it all morning."

No, Hoodoo, it was not precisely adventures. It was a small family Bible. Hoodoo had now seen all his presents, and he arose and dressed. But he still had the fun of play-

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ing with his toys. That is always the chief delight of Christmas morning.

First he played with his toothbrush. He got a whole lot of water and brushed all his teeth with it. This was huge.

Then he played with his collars. He had no end of fun with them, taking them all out one by one and swearing at them, and then putting them back and swearing at the whole lot together.

The next toy was his pants. He had immense fun there, putting them on and taking them off again, and then trying to guess which side was which by merely looking at them.

After that he took his book and read some adventures called "Genesis" till breakfast time.

Then he went downstairs and kissed his father and mother. His father was smoking a cigar, and his mother had her new brooch on. Hoodoo's face was thoughtful, and a light seemed to have broken in upon his mind. Indeed, I think it altogether likely that next Christmas he will hang on to his own money and take chances on what the angels bring.

Stephen Leacock.

THE QUEEN AND THE INDIAN CHIEF.

A traveller in northern British Columbia tells the following story:—"An incident was recounted to a few of us at Lowe Inlet that is worth remembering, as it contains a sentiment which shows that there are Indians who really deserve the term 'noble red men,' so frequently uttered in a sneering way by the whites.

"Chief Shakes of the Kitimaats, who has a very good house at Lowe Inlet, also owns the fishing privilege below the falls on a stream close by. It seems that during one season the chief sold 60,000, for which the manager of a cannery paid him $5,000. In the exuberance of his spirits and loyalty the chief conceived the idea of sending $100 as a present to Queen Victoria, and handed the sum to Indian Agent Todd, to be forwarded, which was done.

"In due time her Majesty caused to be sent to Chief Shakes a letter showing her appreciation of his loyalty, and she asked him to accept a very fine steel engraving of herself, set in a beautiful frame, together with two plaids of sheep's wool, just of the kind to delight any native chief. These were forwarded through Mr. Todd for presentation to the venerable chief. Shakes called his people together on the day of the presentation. Mr. Todd read the Queen s letter, which was interpreted to the old chief. When Mr. Todd handed the queenly gifts to the chief the old man, in responding, said it made his heart glad to know that an humble individual residing so far away from his good mother had not been forgotten by her, and that he would continue to love and revere our great Queen. He added that although he could never expect to see her here on earth, he would try to lead such a life as would enable him to meet her in heaven. And then, overcome with emotion, he burst into tears."

CAUSE FOR CORRECTION.

It was evident when the man rapped at the door of the backwoods cabin that he felt that he had a grievance.

"Somethtn' wrong, stranger?" inquired the man who came to answer his knock, noticing his excited condition.

"Wrong!" exclaimed the stranger. "Wrong! Well, I should think there was. I met a boy about half a mile up the road that I think belongs to you."

"Long, gawky boy with a coon-skin cap?" asked the man in the cabin.

"That's the one," returned the stranger. "He had a gun and was evidently out after squirrels."

"Big, old-fashioned, muzzle-loading gun?" suggested the native.

"Yes; a big gun about half a foot longer than he is," answered the stranger. "I didn't stop to see whether it was a muzzle-loader or not, but I guess it was. It didn't look new enough for anything else."

"That was Ike all right enough," said the native. "What d'ye want of him?"

"I want him thrashed," replied the stranger, with emphasis. "I want him thrashed good and hard so that he'll have a little sense."

"That's takin' a purty big contract, stranger," said the native, doubtfully. "He's a right lively boy, an' there ain't any one in these parts has licked him yet, except his dad, which is me."

"Well, you're the one that I want to thrash him."

"Oh, that's differ'nt. I thought mebbe you was goin' to try it yourself. I don't mind lickin' him when it's needful, jest so's to keep him in line an' teach him that the ol' man has some consider'ble yet. What's he been doin'?"

"He shot at me as I came along the road," replied the stranger.

"Sure about that?" asked the native doubtfully.

"Sure! Of course I'm sure. He yelled out that I'd scared a squirrel he was after, and he was going to wing me just to teach me to keep out of the way. Then he took deliberate aim and fired."

"An' you're here to kick about it!" exclaimed the native. "Well, don't you worry no more about that boy, stranger. I'll tan him good and plenty, and don't you forget it. Aimed at you delib'rate an' never hit you, did he? Why shootin' like that'll disgrace the hull family. Glad you spoke of it, stranger. If you hear any yellin' as you go down the road you kin know I'm teachin' that boy of mine that he can't ruin the reputation of two generations without havin' to suffer fer it.—*Chicago Post.*

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FEBRUARY, 1899.



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THE TOMB OF AGRIPPA. Nicholas Flood Davin.

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ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON.

This magnificent building was destroyed by fire on the morning of January 1st. It was built on this site in 1825, and, as may be seen, was modelled after St. Paul's, London. With it were destroyed the Colours of the 100th Regiment and many valuable tablets and other memorials.

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PLACE-NAMES OF CANADA: THE CARLETONS.

GO into "dear, dingy, old Halifax," as Charles Dudley Warner called it and by so doing won the affections of all true Haligonians—the word of endearment, acting like the Recording Angel's tear and blotting out the sin committed by terming the city "dingy," —and you will find a Carleton Street and a Carleton House.

Take a trip to bustling St. John, and you will see a Dorchester Street, and notice a Guy Ward, and, on crossing the river by the ferry boat *Ouangondy** you will find yourself in a part of the city called Carleton.

Extend your visit to Fredericton, the "Celestial City," and conspicuous among its tree-adorned streets you will observe Carleton Street.

Cross the Straits of Northumberland to Charlottetown, P.E.I., and a Dorchester Street presents itself to your observing eyes.

Visit picturesque old Quebec city, and you will discover that its cabmen are well acquainted with Carleton Avenue and Dorchester bridge and street.

Take the railway to Montreal and you will find in that city of imperial quays, without much trouble, a Carleton Road, a Dorchester Street and a Guy Street.

Run up to Ottawa by rail or by river and you may be transported pleasurably by the excellent elecrict railway to Carleton Street in the suburbs. As you walk through Sparks Street, you will note that one of its finest buildings is Carleton Chambers.

Go west to London and that duplicate in miniature of the original London will supply you with a Dorchester Street and a Carleton Avenue.

Toronto and Winnipeg have each a Carlton Street, but that these street names commemorate the same person as those in the other cities named is more than doubtful.

Leaving out, however, the doubtful two, eight cities of Canada preserve, by means of fourteen street names, the memory of Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, by the use either of his Christian name, his surname or his title, and in the cases of four of the eight, of both family name and title.

But these are by no means all the memorials of Carleton that have been set up by the people of Canada to perpetuate his fame.

His family name is memorized in several of the provinces of the Dominion. There are Carleton County, Carleton Place and Carleton Island in the province of Ontario; Carleton parish and Carleton village in Bonaventure County, P.Q.; Carleton Post-office in Prince County, P.E.I.; Carleton Cape and Carleton village in Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia; and Carleton township in the electoral district of Selkirk, Manitoba.

His title has been utilized as a place-name tablet in Dorchester Port, Town

**Ouigoudi* is the Indian name for the original Indian village which stood where St. John now stands. Thos. Haliburton (Sam Slick) misspelled it *Ouangondy*, and the misspelled word has been handed down as the name of one of the ferry-boats there as far back as I can remember.

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and Crossing, in Westmoreland County, New Brunswick; in Dorchester County, Province of Quebec; and in Dorchester Township and Station in Middlesex County, Ontario.

His Christian name has not been overlooked, though it does not readily lend itself to such uses—suggesting Guy Fawkes and grotesquely-dressed persons. Grateful Loyalists, who were harshly driven out by successful rebels or who voluntarily abandoned their homes for their principles, named Guysboro township, in Queen's County, and Guysboro County, Town and District in Nova Scotia after the man whose guiding hand had directed and protected them in their exodus. Ontario, also, has a Guysboro post-office and village in Norfolk County. St. John, N.B., narrowly escaped being called "Guy;" that name being urged by a prominent man† in the exuberance of his admiration for Sir Guy Carleton.

Not content with thus establishing tablets to his memory, the people of Canada have seized on the names of other persons or places connected, in one way and another, with Sir Guy Carleton. His wife's Christian name was Maria, and she is perpetuated in the memory of the warm-hearted French-Canadians by Maria parish and village, and Maria Cape in the County of Bonaventure.

His father-in-law's title was Earl of Effingham, and Effingham is the name of a village in the County of Monck, Ontario. The place in which Carleton's father resided at the time of his death was called Newry. Because of his famous son's transient connection with that Irish village, Canada has among her place-names Newry Station, a village in Perth County, Ontario. Sir Guy was born in the village of Strabane, County Down, Ireland. Hence Canada has Strabane post-office in Wentworth County, Ontario. During his first term of official life in Canada, Sir Guy was appointed governor of the fortress of Claremont, in Ireland. The name was adopted in Canada, as Claremont in Sombra township, County of Bothwell, attests. The first regiment to which the lad of eighteen years old, fresh from the tutorial skill of his excellent stepfather, was appointed, was the Earl of Rothes' regiment, and Rothes' settlement in Ontario County is the memorial tablet of that fact which Canada has set up.

After forty-four years of active service he retired to Basingstoke, England, and the place-name givers of Wentworth County, Ontario, have duly celebrated his connection with Basingstoke by bestowing the name on one of the post-offices of Grimsby township.

Since Oxford County, Ontario, received its name during Lord Dorchester's term of office and was given it by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe in 1793, I am inclined to believe, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, that it, too, is upon the map of Canada, because the Dorchester from which Sir Guy took his title is in Oxfordshire, England. Burford, Woodstock and many other place-names, which are in what was the original Oxford County of Ontario, are found on the map of Oxfordshire and were bestowed on our Oxford County because Governor Simcoe had reproduced on this side of the Atlantic the Old Country name of Oxford.

It would be interesting to follow out this line of investigation and find out how many place-names have been planted in Ontario indirectly, because the name of Oxford was in all likelihood selected by Simcoe out of compliment to Sir Guy Carleton on account of his connection, through his title, with Oxfordshire, England.

Very few men and women associated in any way with Canada have had their names transformed into place-names to the extent that Guy Carleton has had

†Major (subsequently Judge) Upham, in a letter to Colonel Winslow, Sept. 12th, 1784, wrote: "I beg you will use your influence that the district of country to be settled by the Provincials, or Loyalist regiments be erected into a county and called by the name of CARLETON, and that the principal town on the river St. John be called Guy. Surely no man has so effectually contributed to the settlement of that country as Sir Guy Carleton."

Quoted by Rev. W. O. Raymond, in Canadian History Leaflet, No. 2.

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his names and titles and other belongings and surroundings.

Indeed, the number of place-names given in recognition of famous men and women in any age and country rarely exceeds the number, directly and indirectly, on the map of Canada because Sir Guy Carleton lived and laboured here.

Queen Victoria has contributed fourteen Victorias and sixteen variations, such as Victoria Beach, Dale, etc., to the list of Canadian place-names, and probably many more than that number in other parts of the widespread Empire during her long reign of over sixty years, besides a dozen or more in the United States.

In this last named country some of the Presidents have been embalmed in hundreds of place-names. "Lippincott's Gazetteer" gives 267 places within the United States which bear the name of Washington, and in addition 26 variations, as Washington Corners, Washington Four Corners, Washington Gulch, and Washington Hollows, to say nothing of the innumerable squares and streets named after the "Father of his country." There are, according to the same authority, 141 places called after Lincoln, 132 after Jackson, 104 after Grant, and 86 after Jefferson, while Monroe and the Harrisons (father and son) have respectively to be content with 71 and 62 places named in their honour. Polk is commemorated in 54 place-names, including Polk Patch and Polk Run.

Wellington is a popular place-name, "the Gazetteer" giving 21 Wellingtons in different parts of the Empire (not counting the Wellington streets) and, in addition, several Wellesleys and Morningtons. The cognate family name of Wesley, strange to say, is employed only fourteen times, principally in the United States. Evidently the Parson is "not in it" with the President.

But Guy Carleton holds a unique place owing to the fact that nearly every person and place* connected with his life, that could possibly be utilized have been appropriated by Canada for place-names, among the few exceptions being the place of his burial; Nately-Scures I have not found in Canada. We do not run to double or hyphenated place-names in this country to anything like the extent they do in Europe, excepting in the case of the saints. We have culled from the Roman and Saxon hagiologies the names of over 500 saints, male and female.†

Whether or no there are more than the ones mentioned, the place-names given number over 40, directly or indirectly, on Canada's list of place-names because of the regard in which our forefathers held the man Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, during the period 1759-1796. In several capacities he had much to do with moulding the destinies of this Canada of ours and preparing her for her full development into a country whose people vie with each other to express, in two languages, their love for the Sovereign Lady in whose name run all the processes of law, all the Acts of Parliament and all the administrations of government.

What the people of Canada owe to Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, has been told in history, and should be kept in the memory of the people by the presence in Parliament Square of a statue of the man.

To Carleton's sagacity our French-speaking co-workers in the development of the Dominion owe the Quebec Act of 1774, and the preservation of their laws, their language, and their customs; for he took strong ground in favour of conciliation and went to England to fight their battle, winning for them, despite powerful opposition, the distinctive characteristics which they justly prize to-day as among their greatest treasures.

*Greywell, the county seat of the Dorchester family, does not appear among our Canadian place-names. Neither do Odiham, Rossfad, and Moyston and some others that might be appropriately added to our list.

†Sir James Le Moine in "Legends of the St. Lawrence" gives a list of 42 St. Annes and is satisfied there are more of them. My own list includes 55 St. Annes and St. Anns. The early Breton navigators are responsible for many of these names.

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He was the saviour of Canada on the St. Lawrence River. Had he not escaped (in the disguise of a fisherman) from Montreal when the American general, Montgomery, entered that city; had he been unable to evade the enemy's vessels that closely sentinelled the river; had his own and Captain Bouchette's presence of mind failed them, when, as he slept, a body of American soldiers filed into the adjoining apartment and were fooled by the nonchalance of the governor and his faithful aide—the province on the St. Lawrence would have become the property of the Congress. To his skill and energy we owe the defeat of Montgomery and Arnold before the ramparts of Quebec City. The night of Dec. 31st, 1775, when an attempt was made to storm the weakly-garrisoned citadel (the only remaining part of Canada not then under the control and in the occupancy of Congressional troops) resulting in the death of Montgomery, the wounding of Arnold and the discomfiture of the American forces—that night is one of Canada's memorable dates, because the event was the first of a short series which hurried* the revolutionary forces back to the place whence they came and preserved Canada to Great Britain.

Carleton who had saved Quebec by doggedly holding on through the winter of 1775-76, waiting for English ships to force their way up the river—in the meanwhile infusing his own courage and resolution into the hearts of the handful of young soldiers, raw militia and sailors he had found in the citadel when he landed from Captain Bouchette's boat — followed up the retreating foe, who rapidly fled in the greatest confusion when on the 6th of May the long-expected reinforcements arrived and H.M. frigates "Surprise" and "Isis" anchored under the shadow of Cape Diamond and sent 200 men ashore. By the 18th of June Arnold's men had been forced back from Canadian soil to Lake Champlain. By the 1st of July Carleton was in Chambly with all his plans ready for the mastery of Lake Champlain. By prodigies of labour he created and equipped, in three months' time, a fleet of fighting vessels that swept the Americans off the lake in three days and opened the gateway for British troops in their final attempt to put down rebellion—an attempt brought to naught by the malignity of Lord George Germain and the incapacity of General Burgoyne.

Carleton had charge of the embarkation from New York of the grateful thousands who, in 1783, abandoned homes and friends and sought new homes along the forest-fringed bays and rivers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, preferring the Union Jack to the Stars and Bars.*

He it was who, in 1789, secured the passing of the famous Order in Council which embodied his "wish to put a mark of honour upon the families who have adhered to the unity of the Empire and joined the standard in America before the Treaty of Separation in 1783"—the "mark of honour" he established, being the grand one of U.E. (United Empire Loyalists) which survives to this day as a much-prized badge.†

Carleton was the man who initiated the policy of kindness in the treatment

*In the "Precis of the Wars in Canada," printed by desire of the Duke of Wellington in 1826 "for official persons," it is said "the Americans appear to have evacuated Canada very nearly as rapidly as they had entered it."

*Brook Watson (afterwards Sir Brook), writing to Rev. Dr. Brown, in 1791, and referring to the fact that "as Commissary-General to the army serving in North America it was his duty in 1783, under the command of Sir Guy Carleton, now Lord Dorchester, to embark 35,000 Loyalists of New York to take shelter in Nova Scotia," says, "they (the Loyalists) had great reason to bless the considerate mind and feeling heart of Lord Dorchester, under whose directions and provident care, ever awake to their wants, I had the pleasing task of liberally providing for them everything necessary to their transportation and settlement, with provisions for one year after their arrival.'

†During the meeting of the Dominion Teachers' Association in August, 1898, I sent the following telegram to A. McKay, the President of the Association:

"An Order in Council was passed on Nov. 9th, 1789, at the request of Sir Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, the first Governor-General of Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In it Lord Dorchester expressed a wish to put a mark of honour upon the families who adhered to the Unity of the Empire in 1783. Opposite their names were put the letters 'U. E.'—thus preserving the memory of their devotion to a United Empire. The germ of the United Empire movement of to-day is contained in that Order in Council. I suggest, as most appropriate, November 9th for 'United Empire Day' in the public schools of the Dominion. It is also the Prince of Wales' birthday." Nothing came of the suggestion.

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of our Indians, which, continued to the present time, has been claimed rightly as one of Canada's crowning glories.*

Carleton urged the adoption of the Constitution of 1791 as necessary, took an active part in promoting it, and was called to England to assist by his advice in perfecting the measure, which is associated in the mind of the general reader with the memorable quarrel between Fox and Burke, and in the mind of the Canadian student with the division of the Province into Upper and Lower Canada, thus marking an important stage in the evolution of Canada.

Carleton had broad views of the value of the North-West, and proposed in 1778 the exploration of the continent, thus becoming one of the forerunners of overland Arctic exploration, and giving direction to the thoughts of Canadians at an early period in their history—thoughts which in later years were to be tranformed into deeds, the memorial tablets of which are the acquisition of the North-West, the creation of Manitoba, and the construction of the interoceanic railway.†

He was the first Governor-General of British North America, and is numbered among the early grandfathers of Confederation; for in 1790, writing to Hon. W. W. Grenville (afterwards Lord Grenville), then Secretary of State administering the affairs of the Colonies, he "submitted the wisdom of having a general government for His Majesty's Dominions upon this continent (as well as a Governor-General), whereby the united exertions of His Majesty's North American Provinces may more effectually be directed to the general interests and to the preservation of the unity of the Empire."

As a man, high placed, always on the watch tower, Carleton kept his eye fixed upon the Unity of the Empire, conceiving it to be the star of destiny for Great Britain, and believing Confederation to be a most effective means for its accomplishment.

He successfully withstood Simcoe in his efforts to make London the great trade centre of Upper Canada, preferring Toronto. He thwarted the same Lieutenant-Governor's desire to make Toronto the military centre of the Province, preferring Kingston; and in both instances time has proved his superior wisdom.

In many other ways he secured a firm position in the love and esteem of the people of Canada. His strong sense of justice appealed to the French-Canadians and caused them to have an abiding faith in him. The story is told that on one occasion an army officer, driving out of Quebec in a carriole, found his way blocked by a *habitant's* team. The man of the sword ordered the man of the pruning-hook to get out of his way. Fired by the overbearing manner of the officer, the teamster refused to give more than half the winter road. The son of Mars blustered, and finally the two came to blows, the officer coming off second best. Guy Carleton heard of the fracas, and sending for the *habitant*, obtained from him his side of the story. The Governor asked the man of the tuque if he knew with whom he had fought; "No, sir, I have not the slightest idea," was the answer. "Well," said Sir Guy, "he is my nephew." The *habitant*, not in the least abashed, but full of confidence in Sir Guy's impartiality—or, perhaps, it would be nearer the truth to say, partiality for French-Canadians—replied, "I am glad to hear that, for I know now that he will get his just deserts for attacking me."

* Guy Garleton, in February, 1778, informed the Government of Nova Scotia that "Priest Bourg has already orders to proceed to Halifax to receive instructions for the establishment of his mission among the Indians of the St. John River, his (Carleton's) object being to employ the zeal and fidelity of the French priests to preserve the Indians by a policy of conciliation, to the English in their struggle with the Colonial troops." These Indians had been much incensed by the removal of their priest, Father Charles Bailly, by Lord William Campbell.

† Early in 1778 he wrote to Lord Shelburne: "I can easily find in the troops here (Quebec), many officers and men very ready to undertake to explore any part of this continent, who require no other encouragement than to be told that such service will be acceptable to the King, and, if properly executed, will recommend them to his favour Should His Majesty think proper to allow the traders to go up the Western Lakes, as formerly, I think a party might winter in one of their posts, set out early in the spring for the Pacific ocean, find out a good port, take its latitude and longitude, and describe it so accurately as to enable our ships from the East Indies to find it out with ease, and then return the following year. Your Lordship will readily perceive the advantage of such discovery."

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It would be impossible, in the space allotted, to give details showing fully the force of each of the reasons adduced for the treasuring by Canadians of Guy Carleton's name and fame. I take but one of those enumerated, viz., the sea-fight on Lake Champlain.

One of the most interesting sea-fights in our history is the curious contest between land-General Guy Carleton and land-General Benedict Arnold on the waters of Lake Champlain. After being compelled to abandon the siege of Quebec in the early months of 1776 Arnold had retreated to Montreal and, finding that he could not retain that city in the changed condition of affairs, had evacuated it and hastened to St. John's. Having abandoned all hope of holding any portion of Canada for the Congress, his chief concern during the summer months was to prevent General Carleton making his way up Lake Champlain to Crown Point and Fort Ticonderoga and thus be in a position to sever the communications between New England and the other States. To accomplish his purpose Arnold industriously collected a flotilla of sixteen vessels with an equipment of 100 guns and about 700 men. The latter he drilled incessantly during the months he was preparing his vessels and brought them to a fair degree of efficiency, as they were farmers and farmers' sons of New England stock and above the average seaman in intelligence; and, besides, they were making ready to defend their homes.

While at one end of the lake Arnold was getting his vessels, his guns and his men into good shape, at the other end Carleton was putting forth tremendous efforts to provide a flotilla equal to the task of sweeping the lake clear of the vessels of the Congress. Every vestige of vessel craft, big and little, had been carried off by Arnold. Carleton had to begin from the keel in every case. In three months he had succeeded in building a respectable fleet of vessels, three of them broadside vessels, and 20 of them gunboats, armed (in all) with 53 guns. These were manned with about 700 sailors from the men-of-war lying at Quebec, and on the 9th of October, 1776 he set sail. On the 10th it was reported to General Carleton that the enemy's vessels had been sighted near Green Island, which is in the widest part of the lake, where Arnold had been cruising for some time in expectation of grappling with Carleton for supremacy on the lake, under the most advantageous conditions, his great aim being to get the weather gauge, by hiding behind an island till Carleton's vessels with a fair wind sailed past. On the 11th, in a fight which took place on that day between some of the English gunboats and an American-manned frigate, the first blood was drawn. The frigate was the *Royal Savage*, originally a British vessel, the *Royal George*, which Arnold had found at St. John's and had carried off and rechristened, with a certain grim humour that found its complement in the *Loyal Convert*, which Arnold had left behind him at Quebec as the *Mary*, and which Carleton, after renaming her, had hauled via the Richelieu River to St. John's.

The *Carleton*, (schooner, 12 guns), sailing for the bay at the upper end of Green Island, discovered the entire fleet of the enemy posted in the form of a half moon, in a small bay of Valcour Island—an island from 120 to 180 feet high and two miles in length—the position being such that any vessel attacking them was exposed to the fire of the whole fleet. Without hesitation the English Captain, Dacres, stood directly in for the waiting fleet and anchored the *Carleton* with a spring on her cable, in nearly the middle of the half-moon. A tremendous cannonading on both sides opened. The *Carleton*, alone and without any assistance, stood the storm of cannon balls and though much damaged and with only one officer fit for duty—Dacres having been knocked senseless and another officer losing his arm—she managed to prevent the escape of the enemy till 8 o'clock in the evening when, the other vessels of General Carleton's fleet coming up, the American fleet were bottled up very effectively.

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The darkness of an October night closed in around the combatants and the English hugged themselves with delight over the prospect of bagging their game next morning. But during the night Arnold concluded to steal away from such hard-hitting foes and as his captains knew every passage and every island, he managed to escape with all his vessels, a dense fog aiding them. By daylight he was out of sight of the British.

When General Carleton found that his opponent was nowhere to be seen his rage was terrible. He started at once to follow the flying foe. But the wind which had been favourable to the American General in his night retreat was unfavourable to the British General in his day pursuit, and Carleton was obliged to return to the shelter of Valcour. By sending scouting parties along the shore he learned that the enemy were at anchor making necessary repairs behind Schuyler Island, at which point the lake begins again to broaden out. Remaining where he was through the day, repairing the *Carleton* after her battering of the day before, Carleton hoisted anchor at nightfall and, despite a contrary wind, sailed after the foe.

On the morning of the 13th he was rewarded for his night's efforts. He was within five miles of the retreating vessels, striving with sail and sweep to get beneath the guns of Crown Point, then 28 miles away. Carleton, in the *Maria*, 14 six-pounders (named after his young wife), had with him the *Inflexible* of 20 twelve-pounders and 10 smaller guns, and the *Carleton* much crippled after her plucky fight with the whole American fleet on the 11th—the other members of his flotilla being much too sluggish to keep up with the trio. With these three vessels, Carleton caught up with the *Congress* (Arnold's flag-ship) and the *Washington*, which two vessels formed the rearguard. A running fight began and continued till off Split Rock, and ten miles from Crown Point, when the *Washington* struck her colours. Three galleys ran ashore and were burned. Arnold ran his own vessel ashore and set fire to her. Four gondolas were also driven ashore, and of the 16 vessels that formed the American flotilla all were destroyed excepting three which escaped and reached Crown Point and safety.

A remarkable parallel to recent naval battles is seen in the fact that during the action of the 13th, which lasted from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m., not a single man on the side of the British was either killed or wounded, General Carleton only receiving a slight wound in the head from a splinter torn up by a cannon ball. Besides the killed and wounded on the American side, one hundred and ten men were taken prisoners by the British.*

* For this narrative I have relied upon (1) General Carleton's letter to Lord George Germain, "Principal Secretary of State for the American Department," written the day after the engagement of the 13th; (2) Captain Douglas' letter to Mr. Stephens, Secretary of the Admiralty, written 7 days after the fight; (3) Capt. Thomas Pringle's letter to the Lords of the Admiralty, written 12 days after the battle, and (4) General Phillip's account related to General Riedesel personally, and published in General Riedesel's journal, translated by Wm. L. Stone. (J. Munsell, Albany, N.Y., 1868.)

Of the competency of the first three as witnesses there can be no doubt, and as to the fourth, General Riedesel endorsed General Phillips' account, and Riedesel was on the spot a week after the engagement had taken place.

The account I have given differs somewhat from Capt. Mahan's account in "History of the Royal Navy of Great Britain," and very much from the florid account given by John L. Spears in "History of the United States Navy."

George Johnson.

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OLD AGE PENSIONS IN NEW ZEALAND.*

From The Australasian Review of Reviews.

Shillin' a day,
Bloomin' good pay,
And,—lucky to get it.
A shillin' a day!
—*Rudyard Kipling.*

PERHAPS the most striking characteristic of colonial legislation is its tendency toward experiment. Nor is thus unnatural. England, the mother of many colonies, is old and slow to change her ways, and public opinion takes long to form in a nation of thirty-eight millions of people. The chains of precedent are not easily shaken off in a land where civilization has been the slow growth of many hundreds of years, where pictures are dimmed, and statues and public buildings blackened with the decay of centuries, and where the whole environment speaks of an historic past. But in the colonies the naturally conservative feeling of Englishmen undergoes a reaction. Traditions have little hold upon us. Public opinion is more quickly formed, and the dream of a few quickly becomes the ideal of many. We live in an age of universal suffrage, and popular leaders are naturally appreciative of the aspirations of the vote-possessing multitude. Besides, it is only to be expected that colonists who have been thrown upon their own resources from the very outset, who have had to make homes with their own hands in a new country, should develop a constructive faculty, an originality, and habits of self-reliance which would lead them to form plans of action as bold as they are novel.

POLITICAL EXPERIMENTS.

New Zealand is a typical colony, and it must be admitted that its legislation is largely experimental. Some, pessimists for the most part, would have us believe that it is the happy hunting ground of the political faddist. Are we really rushing in where angels fear to tread, or are our laws simply a little ahead of the times? To illustrate the tendency of progressive legislation at length would be beyond the scope of this article; but it requires no far stretch of imagination to prophesy that, before many years are over, many of our laws, which now appear to contain new political principles of doubtful expediency, will be adopted in other colonies. The women's franchise is "coming." It is only a question of time. Our Conciliation and Arbitration Act is attracting attention even in England, and our Lands for Settlement Act, giving powers to the State of acquiring large estates by compulsion (as a last resort), is now recognized, even by those who were at one time most opposed to it, as not having been productive of any injustice in practice, and as having done much to promote closer settlement on the land.

Probably no measure passed in any colony has been so experimental, progressive, democratic (whatever it may be called) as the Old Age Pensions Act, just passed by the New Zealand Parliament, and it is for that reason, and because it is the first Act of its kind passed in any colony, that I consider some account of its provisions might prove interesting.

The idea of an old age pension arises partly out of a feeling of repugnance to a poor law, or charitable aid system, and partly from the spread of socialistic views which are directly antagonistic to the laisser faire principle, and are constantly urging on legislation tending to the equalization of wealth. Even those who are most energetic in preaching the virtues of thrift admit that in a civilized country we cannot allow our aged poor to starve.

* Mr. Montgomery, the writer of the article, is a member of the New Zealand House of Representatives.

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If this be granted, it is but a step further to say that we shall take care of our aged poor, not only so as to keep them from bare starvation, but in such a way that their declining years shall be passed in reasonable comfort, and that we shall do this at the expense of the strong, the active, and the wealthy in the community, any number of which may one day need the like assistance. This is socialistic, no doubt, but so is all charitable aid; and the day has gone by when a project could be condemned merely because it savored of socialism. All States maintain their aged poor in some way—grudgingly, for the most part; and if this has to be done, the question is, Why should it not be done cheerfully, and in such a way that the bitter pill of charitable aid shall at least be disguised as much as possible.

A LONG DEBATE.

The agitation in favour of old age pensions is little more than three years old in New Zealand. About the year 1895-6 it was a common question to ask aspiring candidates for political honours, "Are you in favour of old age pensions?" The reply almost invariably given to this, and generally considered a "safe" one, was "Certainly, if a practicable scheme can be devised" (there is great virtue in an "if"). The Premier (Mr. Seddon) was known to be in favour of the general principles of old age pensions, but it came as a surprise when, in 1896, he actually introduced an Old Age Pensions Bill. This was just before the general election of that year, and every politician knows that while some bills are introduced with the hope that they may pass, others are brought in in order that the Government may learn, from the discussion that takes place, in which way the cat of popularity is likely to jump. The Bill of 1896 was destined to die young. A crude measure at best, it was dropped after an amendment had been carried against the Government in favour of making the pension universal. A general election took place immediately after the session, and a scheme of old age pensions naturally became one of the planks of the Liberal Party. The Government came back with a reduced but considerable majority, and in the session of 1897 another bill, dealing with the same subject, was introduced. After an animated debate, during which every form and scheme of old age pensions was discussed ad nauseam, the bill, with many amendments, passed the Lower House, only to be rejected by the Legislative Council; an event which, if we admit the French principle of "reculer pour mieux avancer," was by no means an unalloyed evil.

A Bill similar to that which had been rejected by the Council in the previous session, but with some modifications and improvements, was introduced in the House of Representatives this session, and after being again amended, passed through all its stages. The Legislative Council (now reinforced by three members appointed by the Government during the recess) approved of the second reading by a majority of eight. The Speaker of the Council ruled that as the Bill was a money bill it could not be amended in committee, and so it finally passed in the same form as it had come up from the Lower House.

THE OLD AGE PENSIONS ACT.

There are hundreds of schemes for solving this difficult problem. They differ from each other in every possible way, but their points of difference may be classified under three heads:

(1) What should be the amount of the pension?

(2) Who would receive the pension? and

(3) How should the money be provided?

I propose to show how the New Zealand Act has answered these questions.

HOW MUCH SHOULD THE PENSION BE?

After long debates, and as the outcome of many opposing theories, the amount of the pension has been fixed at £18 a year, which works out approximately at a shilling a day. There are, however, many members

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who hold that a larger pension should have been granted, and that this should have been diminished, pound by pound, by all income accruing to the pensioner without any exemptions. Practically the amount of the pension is of less financial importance than the question of how far the fact that a person is in receipt of an income should affect the amount of his pension. The provisions of the Act dealing with this part of the subject will be explained later on.

WHO SHOULD RECEIVE THE PENSION?

Two ancient adversaries, Logic and Expediency, come into conflict immediately this question is raised. Logic champions the theory that every old man (or woman) should receive a pension out of the ordinary revenue because, (1) Everyone contributes towards that fund in the shape of taxes; (2) If a distinction is attempted to be drawn between the indigent and those in comfortable circumstances, and relief is given only to the former, such relief cannot be a "pension," but must be in the nature of charitable aid.

At one time there was a majority in the representative Chamber in favour of the principle that pensions should be given to all, but the difficulty of raising sufficient money, by taxation or otherwise, to carry out such a vast scheme, proved insurmountable, and member after member has reluctantly abandoned the universal pension as "a consummation devoutly to be wished," but impracticable. Logic may have been the guiding star of philosophers of the time of Socrates, but expediency is the goddess of the degenerate politician of the present day, and in 1898 Parliament reversed its decision given in 1896, and decided emphatically against the universal pension scheme.

After abandoning the project of giving pensions to all, Parliament fell back on the principle that pensions should be given only to those who were in actual want. This came so very near to charitable aid pure and simple, that it was felt that if it was intended to distinguish between poor law relief and an old age pension, some special qualification should be added. This distinction is made by insisting that a pensioner shall be a "deserving" person. The principle underlying the New Zealand Bill is, therefore, that pensions should be given to the aged deserving poor.

SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES.

Proceeding upon this foundation a number of problems presented themselves for consideration.

The age limit was the first. In connection with this, the Bill provides that "Subject to the provisions of this Act, every person of the full age of sixty-five years or upwards shall, whilst in the colony, be entitled to a pension as hereinafter specified."

While some considered that the age should be fixed at sixty, instead of sixty-five, it was generally conceded that the Bill should be made as economical as possible at first.

Having decided that the pension should be given to the aged poor, the question arose, "When is a man so poor that he should receive from the colony a pension in his old age?" The Act provides that he shall receive a pension if "his yearly income does not amount to fifty-two pounds or upwards"; and also, "the net capital value of his accumulated property does not amount to two hundred and seventy pounds or upwards."

Perhaps the most knotty point to decide was to what extent should any income a pensioner might be receiving affect the amount of his pension. To meet this difficulty pensions are fixed on a sliding scale, and a distinction is made between income derived from accumulated property and income received from any other source. To quote the Act again,—

"(9) The amount of the pension shall be eighteen pounds per year, diminished by, (1) One pound for every complete pound of income above thirty-four pounds; and also by, (2) One pound for every complete fifteen pounds of the net capital value of all accumulated property, computed and assessed as next hereinafter provided."

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In assessing the value of accumulated property an exemption is allowed of £50.

The effect of these provisions is that a person having an income of £34, and having no more than £50 worth of property, will receive the full pension of £18. If his income exceed £34, his pension will be diminished to a proportionate extent.

If a person holds property of the value of £50 he may still receive the full pension, but his pension will be diminished £1 for every £15 worth of property he owns in excess of the exemption, so that a person possessing £320 worth of property will not receive any pension.

As only the deserving persons are to receive pensions, it is important to ascertain

WHO ARE THE DESERVING?

It would be as well to mention at the outset, in case there are any old men in other colonies who have conceived the idea of hastily emigrating to New Zealand, that the people of this colony have no intention of allowing it to become a dumping-ground for the aged poor of other countries, and that a period of residence of twenty-five years is necessary before a claim to a pension can be established.

Aliens, Asiatics, lunatics and criminals, as would be expected, are excluded from the benefits of the Act. There are, however, degrees of criminality, and a criminal is not within the meaning of the Act unless "during the period of twelve years immediately preceding he has been imprisoned for four months, or on four occasions, for any offence punishable by imprisonment for twelve months or upwards, and dishonouring him in the public estimation; or during the period of twenty-five years immediately preceding such date he has been imprisoned for a term of five years with or without hard labour for any offence dishonouring him in the public estimation."

A crude definition, perhaps, but a line had to be drawn somewhere. The words "dishonouring him in the public estimation" are said to be taken from the Danish Act, and will probably need a good deal of judicial interpretation. Wife deserters (and husband deserters) are also disqualified.

Great efforts have been made to establish a distinction between those who are entitled to "pensions," and the recipients of charitable aid. The task was an almost superhuman one after it had been decided that poverty was a necessary qualification. With this object an attempt has been made to institute a "character test." The result is that anyone reading the Bill would almost imagine that it had been drawn up by a Parliament of Puritans, and that the pensioners would be numbered among the saints. Yet no one can deny that the object is a most laudable one, and it is to be hoped that, at any rate, some worthless characters will thus be excluded. To obtain a pension a claimant must show (to the satisfaction of a magistrate) that "he is of good moral character, and is, and has for five years immediately preceding, been leading a sober and reputable life." If a pensioner is convicted of certain offences (drunkenness in particular) the magistrate may forfeit any one or more instalments of his pension, and "if, in the opinion of the convicting court, any pensioner misspends, wastes, or lessens his estate, or greatly injures his health, or endangers or interrupts the peace and happiness of his family, the court may, by order, direct that the instalment be paid to any clergyman, Justice of the Peace, or other reputable person for the benefit of the pensioner, or may, by order, cancel the pension certificate." After this who shall say that the women's franchise has had no influence on our New Zealand legislation?

WHERE THE MONEY COMES FROM.

The amount of money annually involved can only be estimated approximately. New Zealand has a population of 750,000 people, and the Government estimate the cost of the pension at £120,000 a year. In nearly every country of the world this would be met

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by increasing taxation, and, indeed, this was proposed with the bill of 1886, but was omitted from the bills subsequently introduced. But in New Zealand our finances are in a remarkable position. For some years past there has been a surplus of revenue over expenditure; indeed, so large has the surplus been, that during the last five years over £1,000,000 has been transferred to the Public Works Fund, out of which roads, bridges, and railways have been constructed. Without entering into such controversial points as how much the annual surplus has been, it is generally admitted that there is every probability that in the future it will be more than sufficient to provide the amount required to pay the pensions given by the Act. In other words, our ordinary revenue will be sufficient to provide for the payment of the old age pension charge without additional taxation. The financial proposals of the Act are therefore of the simplest kind, and are contained in one clause—

"(58) The Colonial Treasurer shall from time to time, without further appropriation than this Act, pay out of the Consolidated Fund into the Post Office Account, by way of imprest, whatever moneys are necessary in order to enable the instalments specified in such schedules to be paid out of such account, and the Postmaster-General shall thereupon pay such instalments accordingly:

"Provided that this section shall continue in operation until the fourteenth day after the close of the second session of the now next succeeding Parliament, but no longer."

The proviso is important, since it ensures that the whole question must come before Parliament again within three years' time.

There are always two sides to every question, and the Opposition party held the view strongly that the pension fund should be derived partly from individual contributions (as in Germany). The strong argument in favour of this was that such a scheme would be a direct incentive to thrift (a virtue which is not encouraged by the Act). On the other hand it was argued that few would avail themselves of the advantages of a pension scheme which was merely voluntary, and an Act insisting on direct compulsory contributions would be impraticable. Many held that the proceeds of some special tax should be set apart to provide a pension fund, but as no one wished to add to our already heavy burden of taxation, the majority considered the simplest plan would be to make the pensions a charge on the general revenue, or Consolidated Fund.

THE MACHINERY OF THE ACT.

Having dealt with the main principles of the Act, a few notes may be added as to the details. Registrars and deputy-registrars are to be appointed to administer the Act. Their powers and duties, however, are not stated in the Act, but are to be such as the Governor from time to time determines. Every claimant to a pension must prove his claim before a magistrate in open court. He then will obtain a pension certificate, available for one year. At the end of the year he has to submit a statement of his income and of his property, and thus prove his right to a renewal of his certificate. Pensions are payable monthly at post-offices (with a few exceptions) on the personal application of the pensioner. In cases where pensioners are in receipt of charitable aid, the cost of their maintenance is to be paid out of their pension. As might be expected, there are extensive precautions taken to provide against fraud. Pensions are to be absolutely inalienable, "whether by assignment, charge, execution, bankruptcy, or otherwise, howsoever." The people of New Zealand have a considerable aversion to creating vested interests, and in order to provide against this it is declared that—

"Every pension granted under this Act shall be deemed to be granted and shall be held subject to the provisions of any amending or repealing Act that may hereinafter be passed, and no pensioner under this Act shall have any claim for compensation or otherwise by

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reason of his pension being affected by any such amending or repealing Act."

WILL IT WORK?

Such are the main provisions of one of the most notable Acts that has passed the New Zealand Legislature. The Bill, at all events, received full discussion. In the House of Representatives no fewer than 1,367 speeches were delivered in Committee. It was finally passed by a large majority. To say that those who voted in its favour were enthusiastic in praise of its merits would scarcely be true. The hostility of its opponents, who declared it was an attempt to pauperise the people by an extensive system of outdoor relief, cannot be denied. Many of those who, in its inception, were carried away by the benevolent idea of a "pension" for the aged, became lukewarm when they discovered that the scheme was but a glorified system of charitable aid. The Act is admittedly experimental, and will certainly require amendment. We have been sailing in an unknown sea, with no chart to guide us. But as an attempt honestly made to solve what has been called the "World's Puzzle"—a practical system of old age pensions—the Act should command the attention of statesmen in countries far distant from the little colony which has been the first to grapple with one of the greatest questions of the day.

W. H. Montgomery.

TO CANADA.

FROM the boundless prairies that wave in the West
To the East where the morning first beams,
The same love for Canada beats in each breast
While the same honoured flag o'er us streams.

Where Columbia's grand winter-capped summits arise
And tower o'er canyoned cascades,
Thy children as dearly their heritage prize
As they of Acadian glades.

From the Ocean of Strength to the Ocean of Peace,
From the Lakes to the Northern Sea—
Through thy length and thy breadth shall devotion increase:
To Canada loyal are we.

And though "Peace" be our watchword, should menace provoke,
United we'll stand by the land,
Whose forests have fallen a prey to the stroke
Of the pioneer home-winner's hand.

Our *Home* that once welcomed the Loyalists brave
And found heroes when danger was nigh—
May learn that across every patriot's grave
Another stands ready to die.

Frank Lawson.

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THE MAKING OF A RUGBY PLAYER.

THERE are few phases of athletics that offer more interesting study than the inquiry into the why and wherefore of athletic proficiency in any of the many branches of sport. Some games demand great endurance, others agility, and again others possess various mental and physical qualifications, but the popular game of Rugby football, above all, best combines the many good characteristics of the many others. The proficient player in this game must possess a certain amount of physical strength and endurance, quickness, coolness of head, perfect control over mind and body through the thickest of the fight and, above all, pure indomitable British pluck.

In the following quaint sentences a writer of 1602 tritely gives his opinion of Rugby, and it is interesting as being quite applicable to the game of to-day: "The play is verilie both rude and rough, yet such as is not destitute of politics, resembling in some sorts the feats of war. It puts courage into their hearts to meet any enemy in the face." It will thus be readily agreed that the qualifications for excelling in such a sport are many, high and admirable, but such that they cannot be attained to without great diligence and practice, and an inquiry into the metamorphosis of a young Rugby player at such a college as Upper Canada, from this state of excellence and experience until he reaches adult proficiency, as the member of the senior team at some such university as the University of Toronto, is very interesting, as showing what great diligence, practice and training are necessary towards achieving success in this king of sports.

The sole capital which a young fellow of fifteen or sixteen possesses, when he makes his initial bow on the college football stage, is likely to be merely his heritage of youthful strength of muscle and vigor of character. But whatever physical or other capabilities he may possess, unless he has added thereto a fair share of simple pluck of the "never-say-die" British brand he can never hope to excel, or even achieve a moderate success on the gridiron. This one characteristic, above others, is absolutely essential.

At college, differing thus from the university, there is practically no training. That is to say no professional trainer plays the part of athletic godfather to the players. The captain is the Czar of the college gridiron and fills several positions—that of trainer of his men, teacher of the game and finally the leader of his redoutable fifteen. As trainer it is his custom, at the beginning of the football season, to address his "men" somewhat after this manner: "Now, you fellows, I want every *man* 'to turn out' at half past three sharp every afternoon except Saturday, and from now until we *beat* Port Hope (Upper Canada's traditional football enemy) there's to be no smoking. Don't eat much pie and cake and 'stuff' like that, but eat plenty of meat. Don't drink too much water (all other liquids, of course, included) and take care to have plenty of sleep."

This is usually sufficient exhortation and advice for the young aspirant to the senior team, who has not yet won his colors. He feels the somewhat doubtful responsibility of being a possible member of the fifteen which will eventually be chosen to uphold the Rugby honour of his college, and that usually proves ample stimulus for every self-denial and all the hard, patient work which is demanded.

The young college Rugby enthusiast, it is true, does not train very scientifically or systematically, but he acquaints himself thoroughly with the rudiments, and later, with the intricacies of the game, works hard and makes up in youthful vigor and pluck what is lacking from careful training.

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Again, he hears his chums talk of how Upper Canada College has been beaten but twice in twenty years by such and such a team, and so often by another, and thus it is that he becomes saturated with an hereditary responsibility to assist in taking the football scalps of the sons of the fathers, who were his own father's opponents many years before. I mention this fact because this is the motive, along with the inspiring cheers of encouragement from his comrades on the touch line, which explains the great endurance and pluck that many a young fellow displays on the college football field, and which qualities allow him to excel on the more famous gridirons of the universities.

Usually a college boy's reputation precedes him to the university, and if he promises well there is little chance of him escaping the almost Sherlock Holmes instinct, which a university Rugby team manager possesses in ferreting out new players. These must be obtained each year to fill the vacancies caused by the graduation, or plucking, of some previous members of the senior team, and every man has every opportunity of showing what his Rugby powers or possibilities are, and is given every chance of proving his capability to satisfactorily fill a position on the team.

The old and new men at the University of Toronto, and most universities, are notified that the first practice will be held about the middle of September and then, or a short time later, some twenty or thirty aspirants report themselves to the captain and manager of the senior team. These two chiefs then give orders that every man must turn out every afternoon at four o'clock, work hard and "get into condition" as soon as possible. Every man, moreover, is warned that unless he does so, and also obeys all instructions, his chances of reaching the senior team will be materially affected.

The process of "turning out" merely consists in the player donning his football armour of jersey, padded pants, tightly-fitting vest, heavy stockings, shin pads and well-cleated boots, and reporting himself on the field at the captain's service.

The process of "getting into condition" may be briefly defined, as the attaining of that maximum of physical power, endurance and energy which will enable one to undergo the greatest amount of physical strain with the minimum of fatigue. With some, chiefly persons of corpulent tendencies, this is arrived at only after a great deal of hard work and the generous submission to vigorous exercise for several weeks. With others, who tend to develop muscle and sinew instead of fat, the process is very short because these men are, as a rule, athletes, and are almost always in fair condition.

As the season advances, however, these two genera of Rugbyites are carefully classified by the trainer, and the former unfortunate is kept at much harder work than his more athletic *confrère*, who, unless great care be taken, will become over trained. This consists in a certain enfeebling of the athlete's nervous energy, so that his muscles refuse to respond to the nervous stimulus with their usual quickness and precision. Thus it is, especially towards the end of the season, that you will often hear a trainer say to a man, "Look here, Smith, you're 'going stale;' you'd better 'lay off' for a day or two; you'll be the better for it." And Smith promptly obeys and takes a good rest.

At the first practice the captain makes the new men acquainted with the old, and begins at once the practicing of the rudiments of the game, and the work of getting everyone into condition. The first ten days are usually spent in having the men kick and catch the ball for awhile each day. Then they are placed in a line across the field, and made to run up and down, passing the ball from one to the other. This teaches them to pass the ball quickly and with precision, and also to receive it in the orthodox manner. Then the men are individually taught how to 'tackle' properly. By tackling is meant the stopping of an opponent having the ball, and it is not only one

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of the most important, but one of the most difficult things to be learned.

At the end of about three weeks two opposing fifteen are chosen, and a game is played for about twenty or thirty minutes. This is useful in allowing the old players to familiarize themselves with their old positions and the incomers with their new positions, or circumstances, and it also serves as an opportunity for the captain to select the first twenty men from whom the final fifteen will be chosen.

During the last week before the first scheduled game, these twenty or so men are subjected to more severe training, and are closely watched and cared for by the captain, manager and trainer, who leave nothing undone to have every man in the very best possible condition.

Each night when one of the chosen twenty comes in from the football field, he first takes a warm shower bath and then a cold one. The trainer, or one of his assistants, then places him stripped on a couch, and with the assistance of a strong liniment, thoroughly reaches and rubs every muscle of the young fellow's arms, legs, chest, and abdomen. The "rubber" usually takes some ten minutes for this; then he turns his subject over on his stomach, and proceeds to thoroughly knead and rub the muscles of his back and shoulders for five minutes. This severe rubbing and kneading is one of the essentials of modern Rugby training, and is one of the most effective means of get ting men into the best condition. It is astonishing what an invigorating effect this thorough massage produces, and, moreover, it tends to harden the muscles, to make them play over one another more easily, and finally it prevents any binding or stiffening.

When the first game has been fought and won, the captain proceeds to perfect the combination plays of the team, realizing that in unity he will have the greatest strength. At first less complicated plays or tricks are diligently practiced and rehearsed to given signals, usually numbers; and then the team through the next three or four weeks, if they have succeeded in winning, is gradually led up to more and more intricate plays, which are diligently practised every afternoon.

The captain now does not pay so much attention to getting his men into condition, but leaves it to the professional trainer to watch that no man gets over or under trained, the former, as I said before, being the most probable. The captain, for instance, will often hold a lecture instead of a long practice. He will take his "Rugby undergraduates" into a room, and marking each man on a diagram of the field on the blackboard, will deliver a lecture explaining the new combination play. He will then make each man familiar with the signal for it, and the part he is expected to play. Then the following day he will thoroughly practice on the field what has been learned in the "lecture room."

There are two things particularly which are strictly adhered too throughout the season. One is the rubbing process to get the men into good condition, and to keep them there, and the other is this: Every second or third night each man is weighed, and his avoirdupois recorded. This is one method for determining whether a player is becoming over-trained or not. If he steadily loses weight after an apparent minimum has been reached, it is almost certain that he is beyond his best condition, and a rest is absolutely necessary.

And what, you ask, is the reward which a young man finds for all this hard work and self-denial? Several things. In the first place, the honour of playing on his university team; secondly, the individual glory which that brings him; and, finally, his being brought into that perfect physical condition which makes him experience to the utmost the mere pleasure of living.

George William Ross.

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The Birthplace of Gray's Elegy.

By Henry C. Shelley.

With illustrations from photographs by the author.

GRAY'S Elegy is *the* Elegy of the English-speaking race. All its most characteristic and striking qualities are native to the sea-girt isle in which that race has had its central home. Many words and phrases in the poem only convey the full power of their emotion to the mind which can interpret them in the light and knowledge of English history and English rural life. The word "curfew" strikes a note mellow with memories of ages long gone by, and attunes the spirit to that pleasant melancholy which is the most profitable mood in which to read the poem. That "Glimmering landscape," too, that weary ploughman, that "drowsy tinkling" of the unseen sheep, that "moping owl" complaining from the church's ivy-mantled tower—all these things are English to the core. It is not difficult to understand why this Elegy holds its place of supreme honour among the people to whom it belongs. "It is a poem," writes Mr. Swinburne, "of such high perfection and such universal appeal to the tenderest and noblest depths of human feeling;" "as an elegiac poet," he says, "Gray holds for all ages to come his unassailable and sovereign station."

When the eye of sense falls for the first time upon a scene hitherto beheld only by the eye of imagination there often comes a painful feeling of disenchantment, an inevitable dispelling of much of the romance which gathered round the spot while it was still unseen. For the great majority of men the churchyard in which Gray wrote his Elegy has its abode in the realm of fancy. How does it suffer by the critical test of coming within range of the seeing eye? It can frankly and happily be said that it suffers surprisingly little. It is true that the painful uniformity and glaring whiteness of the modern marble memorial stones which are becoming too plentiful, jar upon the old-time sentiment with which the pilgrim approaches this shrine; but these unlovely emblems of departed worth and surviving grief are happily removed a little distance from the church, and thus it happens that the older tombs preserve around the immediate vicinity of the building a scene which harmonizes with the verse of Gray, because it can have changed but little since his time. It is just such a scene as most imaginations would have pictured. Each object is easily recognized by the poet's touch of description, and yet no one object is so sharp in outline as to remove it altogether from the sphere of imagination. The only probable exception is the "ivy-mantled tower." The tower itself is in perfect harmony with the Elegy, and its thickly clustered ivy still provides a secret bower for the descendants of the poet's

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moping owl; but the wooden spire which rises from its battlements seems to strike a note of discord. For the rest, all is as it should be. To the south a line of "rugged elms" stands guard by the churchyard wall, and in the summer sun their shadows mingle with the yew tree's shade, beneath which,

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

If the fates were unkind to Gray in the father they gave him, the balance was generously readjusted in the person of his mother. Philip Gray, the father of the poet, is not to be credited with any share in his famous son's achievements. All that we have to thank him for is a portrait of that son when in his thirteenth year. He was a man of violent temper, extravagant in his habits, wholly wanting in his duty to his family, and so inhuman in his behaviour to his wife that that lady was actually dependent during the whole of her married life upon the labour of her own hands. The darkness of the father's character serves as an excellent foil to throw that of the mother into relief. In a double sense Gray owed his life to her; for when he was still an infant, she, finding the child in a fit, resorted to the desperate remedy of opening one of his veins with a pair of scissors, and so saved him from the early grave which her other eleven children found. Through all the following years she watched with tender solicitude the life of the one child who was the sole harvest of her travail, and when he was sent to Eton, it was at her expense and not that of his father.



STOKE POGES MANOR HOUSE.

To his mother, too, Gray owed his acquaintance with that lovely English county from which he was to gather the sweet pastoral images of his most famous poem. Although when Miss Dorothy Antrobus became the wife of Philip Gray she was keeping a milliner's shop in Cornhill, London, in partnership with her sister Mary, she still retained an affectionate connection with Buckinghamshire, the county of her birth, one of her sisters being married to a prosperous lawyer who lived at Burnham. In the house of this uncle, Gray spent his vacations from Eton, and thus began his acquaintance with the neighbouring parish of Stoke Poges, and with that churchyard which was to have such a profound influence on his verse. Here also he discovered that forest of Arden which, by the name of Burnham Beeches, is now famous among all English-speaking people. "I have," he wrote in a vacation letter to Horace Walpole, "at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices—mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as much as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable

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beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds. At the foot of one of these squats *Me* (*il penseroso*) and there I grow to the trunk for a whole morning."

Death was the chief cause of Gray's becoming more intimately acquainted with Stoke Poges than had been possible during his Eton vacations. When Philip Gray died, in 1741, Dorothy Gray and her sister Mary doubtless realized that one of the strongest ties which held them to the metropolis had snapped; and when, about a year later, their sister in Buckinghamshire became a widow, the three ladies apparently resolved to end their days together in the county of their birth. Henceforward, that is from October, 1742, Gray had no home in London; but there was always open to him the peaceful haven which his mother and her two sisters had shaped for themselves at Stoke Poges. The house was situated at West End, in the northern part of the parish, where the mansion of Stoke Court now stands. It is described as having been a simple farmhouse of two stories, with a rustic porch before the door; but the only apartments which survive from the old building are the poet's bedroom, the study, and the window above it at which he used to sit. There still exists at Stoke Court, however, a yet more interesting relic of the poet, in the summer-house in which he "used to sit and dream." It is a substantial stone structure, embowered in trees, and commanding from the rising ground on which it stands a far-reaching view of the surrounding country. The outlook is still as calm and remote from the busy stir of life as when Gray described himself as "still at Stoke, hearing, seeing, doing absolutely nothing."

As death was instrumental in deepening Gray's intimacy with Stoke Poges, so also was the king of terrors responsible for creating in him that spirit of melancholy out of which the Elegy grew. One of the poet's dearest friends at Eton had been Richard West, who was denied any considerable span of life in which to ripen his undoubted genius. While on a visit to Stoke Poges, Gray heard suddenly of the death of this early friend, and the loss tinged all his after life with sadness. The immediate issue of that loss may be traced in the poems written while his sorrow was still heavy upon him. One of these is the sonnet specially dedicated to West's memory:

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire;
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their little loves the birds complain;
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain."

Then there is the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," the whole of which is suffused with that retrospective tenderness which is the dominant mood of the human mind under the influence of death. On the southern horizon seen from Stoke Poges the embattled outline of the royal castle of Windsor and the "antique towers" of Eton are plainly visible; and as Gray gazed upon those familiar objects while still in the throes of his lonely anguish, what was more natural than that his mind should revert to those lost days of his boyhood which he had spent there in the company of West?

"Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
Ah fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring."

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STOKE POGES CHURCHYARD.

Verses such as these are sufficient evidence of the sombre mood of Gray's spirit during that sad autumn of 1742; his muse was surely ripening towards the full harvest of the Elegy. One other event helping towards that fruition was to happen that autumn; this was the death of that lawyer uncle in whose home the poet had spent so many of his holidays from Eton. Twice, thus within a few short months, the shadow of death fell upon Gray's life; and in the gloom of those days "melancholy marked him for her own," and awakened the beginnings of that Elegy which was to give the English mind its most comforting channel of expression in any twilight hour. Although begun as the year 1742 waned to its close, the Elegy was not destined to be finished for a long time. It may be that Gray, in the new life at Cambridge upon which he now entered, found some relief from the mood in which the poem

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THE YEW TREE IN THE CHURCHYARD.

had its birth ; in any case, it was not until death touched him again nearly in the person of one whom he loved that the Elegy was fashioned to its completion. In November, 1749, news reached Gray at Cambridge that his aunt Mary—she who had been partner in the milliner's shop at Cornhill—had died suddenly ; and he at once addressed to his mother the following tender letter :

"The unhappy news I have just received from you equally surprises and afflicts me. I have lost a person I loved very much, and have been used to from my infancy ; but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible of them yourself ; and will, I fear, more and more need a consolation that no one can give, except He who had preserved her to you so many years, and, at last, when it was His pleasure, has taken her from us to Himself ; and, perhaps, if we reflect upon what she felt in this life, we may look upon this as an instance of His goodness both to her and to those that loved her. . . . However you may deplore your own loss, yet think that she is at last easy and happy, and has now more

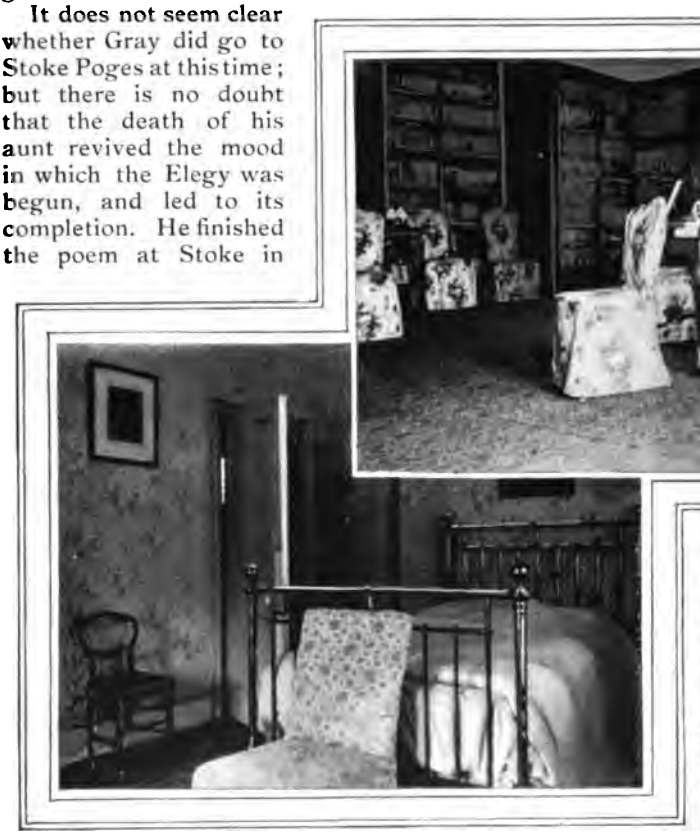


STOKE COURT.

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occasion to pity us than we her. I hope, and beg, you will support yourself with that resignation we owe to Him, who gave us our being for good, and who deprives us of it for the same reason. I would have come to you directly, but you do not say whether you desire I should or not; if you do, I beg I may know it, for there is nothing to hinder me, and I am in very good health."

It does not seem clear whether Gray did go to Stoke Poges at this time; but there is no doubt that the death of his aunt revived the mood in which the Elegy was begun, and led to its completion. He finished the poem at Stoke in June of the following year; and in sending a copy to Horace Walpole he wrote: "Having put an end to a thing whose beginning you have seen long ago, I immediately send it to you. You will, I hope, look upon it in the light of a thing with an end to it; a merit that most of my writings have wanted, and are like to want."



GRAY'S BEDROOM AT STOKE COURT.

THE POET'S STUDY AT STOKE COURT.

It is puerile, in the face of the overwhelming evidence available, to assert, as some have done, that the churchyard of the Elegy is not that of Stoke Poges. Even apart from that evidence, the testimony of the poem is conclusive on that point. He who visits Stoke Poges with the Elegy written clearly on the tablets of memory realizes at once that here is the very scene from which its pictures were drawn; he will feel, as Mr. Edmund Gosse has said, "a certain sense of confidence in the poet's sincerity." The harmony between the objective sights and the subjective recollections is perfect. The "ivy-mantled tower," the "rugged elms," the "yew tree's shade," the frail memorial "with uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture decked," the "church-way path" — these all assert the truthfulness of the poet's picture, and prove that it was here and nowhere else that he garnered the images of his immortal verse.

In the fulness of time Gray himself was laid to rest in the peaceful graveyard of Stoke Poges; and thus the visitor thither has the added sad pleasure

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of pausing by the tomb of the poet whose verse was the mainspring of his pilgrimage. First to be laid in this grave was that aunt whose loss he so deeply deplored; and then, four years later, there followed that tender mother to whom he owed so great a debt of affection. The inscription on the tomb, written by Gray, reads thus:



THE POET'S SUMMER HOUSE.

"In the vault beneath are deposited, in hope of a joyful resurrection, the remains of Mary Antrobus. She died unmarried, Nov. 5, 1749, aged 66. In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister, here sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her. She died March 11, 1753, aged 67."

Gray himself died in July, 1771; and in his will he left explicit instructions that his body was to be "deposited in the vault made by my late dear mother in the churchyard of Stoke Poges, near Slough in Buckinghamshire, by her remains." Of course this wish was respected; but there is no inscription on the tomb to show that the poet is buried there. In the wall of the church, however, close by, there is a stone which reads:

"Opposite to this stone, in the same tomb upon which he has so feelingly recorded his grief at the loss of a beloved parent, are deposited the remains of Thomas Gray, the author of the Elegy written in a Country Churchyard. He was buried August 6th, 1771."



THE MONUMENT TO GRAY IN STOKE POGES PARK.

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There is, however, a monument to the poet in the field adjoining the churchyard on the east. This takes the form of a massive cenotaph, and upon the four sides of the pedestal there are various inscriptions. Three of the inscriptions are quotations from the poet's verse; the fourth records that "This Monument, in honour of Thomas Gray, was erected A.D. 1799, among the scenes celebrated by that great Lyric and Elegiac Poet. He died July 31, 1771, and lies unnoted, in the churchyard adjoining, under the tombstone on which he piously and pathetically recorded the interment of his Aunt and lamented Mother." The copy was seen by Lady Cobham, who was then residing at Stoke Poges Manor House. By and by the lady was surprised to learn that the author was living in the same parish; and she gladly availed herself of the services of two visitors to secure his acquaintance. These visitors, who were ladies, set off one day across the fields to the farm-house at West End, and, not finding the poet at home, left such a message as made it compulsory on him to return the call. Out of this incident, and descriptive of it, grew Gray's humorous poem entitled "A Long Story," the closing scene of which is laid in the Manor House.



THE POET'S TOMB IN STOKE POGES CHURCHYARD.

cost of this monument and the stone in the church wall was generously borne by Mr. John Penn, a grandson of the William Penn who founded Pennsylvania. At the time of their erection, and indeed for some thirty years before, Stoke Poges manor was in the possession of the Penn family, the estate having been purchased by Thomas Penn, the son of William Penn, in 1760.

One other association of Gray with Stoke Poges has still to be mentioned. Before the Elegy was printed Horace Walpole appears to have handed it about in manuscript form; and one

It will be seen, then, how rich is the parish of Stoke Poges in associations with the memory of Gray. From early boyhood to ripe manhood these peaceful fields and lanes often filled his vision and ministered to his pensive spirit the tender balm of nature's sweetest comfort. Here, too, he experienced that love of kindred which was in part denied him in his own home, spending those "quiet autumn days of every year so peacefully in loving and being loved by these three placid old ladies at Stoke, in a warm atmosphere of musk and pot-pourri."

The memory of Gray pervades all

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the region almost as much as the memory of Shakespeare pervades Stratford or the memory of Wordsworth pervades Rydal Mount and Grasmere. Whichever way the eye turns in all the country between Windsor and Stoke Poges there is in every place something that suggests chapters in Gray's life or famous and beloved lines from his poems; and the landscape in which so much of his life was set and with which so many of his works are associated, is one whose whole tone and character seem peculiarly in harmony with his own genius.

But it is in the quiet churchyard that the memory of the poet lives in its greatest intensity. So long as the pathos of lowly life appeals to the heart, so long as there is a soul not wholly lost to the charm of peaceful days spent in the "cool sequestered vale of life," so long as the tender images of fading day and unavailing reminders of the dead have power to move the spirit,—so long will this God's Acre keep green the memory of that poet whose verse abounds with "sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo."

AT THE PLAY.

JUST above the boxes, and where the high lights fall,
Looketh down a carven face from out the gilded wall.

Van Dyck beard and broidered ruff silently confess
That he lived—and loved, perchance—in days of good Queen Bess.
(Laces fine and linen sheer, curled and perfumed hair
Graced those olden gentlemen, of gay, insouciant air.)

See! he gazeth evermore at the stage below—
Noteth well the players as they quickly come and go.
Queens and kings, and maidens fair, motley fools and friars,
Lords and ladies, stately dames, mounted knights and squires.

Well he knoweth all of them, all the grave and gay—
These are they he dreamt of in the far, far away.
Saints and sinners, see, they come down the bygone years,
And the world still shares with them its laughter and its tears.

Still we haunt the greenwood for love of Rosalind;
Still we hear the jester's bells ajingle on the wind.
Still the frenzied Moor we fear, ah! and even yet
Breathless wait before the tomb of all the Capulet.

Though the old earth groweth grey, yet on land and sea
Follow we the Danish Prince in sad soliloquy;
And I fancy sometimes, when the bright moon saileth high,
Yet in Venice meet the Jew, as he goeth by.

Just above the boxes, and where the high lights fall,
Looketh down a carven face from out the gilded wall.

Virna Sheard.

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THE LARGEST SICK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL IN THE WORLD.

IN stately homes and in humble dwellings one may hear expressed the heartfelt thanks of parents when mention is made of the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, founded for the purpose of caring for sick, destitute and friendless children, little ones who, through misfortune, disease and poverty, could not help themselves. The work of this institution has broadened each year. At every annual meeting of the trustees some new, costly and modern medical and surgical equipment is reported as having been purchased. Every year the trustees wonder where the money is going to come from to pay the hospital expenses, yet every year the bills are paid. Warm is the interest and deep are the feelings of sympathy for a work such as this. Money comes to the workers from all parts of Canada when the want is made known. Last year as much as $20,000 was forwarded from many sources during the Christmas season.

In 1874 the first contribution towards a children's hospital was made. It consisted of a few English coins. The project was noticed in the press, and from the town of Fergus, Ont., another donation of $20 was forwarded. Early in the following year the new hospital was opened in a dwelling rented for the purpose, and in it were placed six little cots.

From its inception the work made rapid progress. Depending altogether on voluntary subscription for its support its founders did not hesitate for a moment. The need for an institution had been pointed out. The highest medical authorities agreed that a special hospital should be equipped for the proper care of children only.

At first the patients were children from the homes of the poor, little sufferers who had never known what ease and comfort was, little ones who were brought up in the dark shadows of poverty. As the hospital gained in experience it gained in reputation, and now it is looked upon as the best place for the sick children of all classes, a place within whose walls every little sufferer will have the advantage of a bright home, skilful treatment and careful nursing.



HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, TORONTO.

This has beds for 200 patients, with a Staff of 40 nurses and domestics. The Building and equipment cost $217,025.

Since its foundation the Hospital for the Sick Children has had in its beds 7,000 sick

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children, and in its outdoor department has cared for 23,500 sick little ones.

It may be safely stated that 70 per cent. of the patients are cured, while 25 per cent. are improved by the Hospital's care and attendance.

The patients come from all parts of the province of Ontario, while the majority are received from Toronto. The number of patients from outside places is rapidly increasing.



THE LAKESIDE HOME ON TORONTO ISLAND.

Here from June until October, all the children who can be moved from the Mother Hospital are cared for.

The Hospital has beds for 200 patients, with a staff of 40 nurses and domestics.

It has been said by those who are competent judges that there is no better equipped hospital in any city in the world. Certainly it is the largest sick children's hospital in the world.

The Lakeside Home for Little Children at Point Park, Toronto Island, is the largest children's sanitarium. It will bed 140 patients. Here, from June till October each summer, all the children who can be moved from the mother Hospital are cared for. It is a grand place for convalescent patients, the little ones reviving and rapidly regaining their strength from the ministering breezes of the broad lake.

This mother Hospital has nursed and cared for 30,500 sick children during the past 23 years, and half of this number has been nursed during the last four years.

The expense incurred each year is very large, over $30,000, or $2,500 a month. It costs 85 cents a day for each patient. Some of the little ones suffering from spinal troubles and deformities are often kept in the Hospital for one or two years before a complete cure is effected.

Every sick child whose parents cannot afford to pay is taken into this Hospital, provided the cases are acute and such as can be cured or relieved. For parents who can afford to pay, a rate of $2.80 a week is made for the public wards, $7.50 for the semi-private wards and $12 per week for a private ward. But very small in proportion to the total cost of maintenance is the amount received from pay patients, only $1,200 being received last year as against an expenditure of $39,311.

While the hospital is in such a peculiar position that its friends must be ever on the alert to provide means for its maintenance, still it is in a fairly good financial position. The buildings and equipment cost $217,025, and against this there was at the beginning of the fiscal year a mortgage of $5,000 and a bank overdraft of $4,315. At the Christmas season a special appeal was made to the public to clear off half the mortgage indebtedness, $25,000. At the time of writing $17,000 of this sum had been subscribed

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THE BABY WARD.

and paid. The Trustees hope to receive the balance before the mortgage falls due. The prompt manner in which the people of Ontario respond to the appeals of the Hospital for Sick Children is considered wonderful. In 1895 some $6,000 was subscribed at Christmas time. In 1896 that amount was doubled, $12,000 being paid off the debt. In 1897 a bank overdraft of $20,000 was cleared off in two months when the Chairman of the Hospital Trust made public the fact that such a heavy overdraft had been incurred during the year in nursing 5,000 sick children. The donations come in sums of $1 and upwards. The scene in the Toronto *Telegram* office, the headquarters of this public appeal, on Christmas Eve, is an inspiriting one. Those who undertake the work of planning and launching the appeal feel amply repaid by the steady stream of donors who bring their offerings to the newspaper office with kindly words of encouragement and expressed appreciation of the work.

It costs $2,000 to maintain a cot for all time in the Hospital, while $500 will endow a cot at the Lakeside Home. Seventeen cots have been endowed by bequests and donations. During the last two years the children of the Toronto Public Schools provided a cot endowment fund with their pennies. The scholars of the schools outside the city also responded to an appeal and subscribed enough to maintain a cot forever. Besides the endowed cots there are 38 cots maintained by private donors and Sabbath Schools. The amount required to maintain a cot is $100, and the donor usually names the cot; this name is inscribed on a tablet at the head of the cot.

The Hospital is governed by five trustees:—J. Ross Robertson, M.P., (Chairman), Hon. Senator George A. Cox, E. B. Osler, M.P., Samuel Rogers, A. S. Irving.

Miss Maria Buchan is the Hon.



THE GIRLS' WARD.

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Treasurer of the Hospital, Miss Louise C. Brent is the Superintendent, and John H. Gordon is the Secretary.

A ladies' committee with twenty-two members takes an active interest in the work of the Hospital.

There are forty physicians and surgeons on the consulting and active medical staff, while within the Hospital there are always three resident surgeons.

The skill with which the work of the Hospital is carried on is best shown by the medical reports. The pecentage of deaths to the total number of patients last year was but 3.79. Some 415 surgical operations were performed successfully. Of the 688 indoor patients treated during the year 374 were cured, 149 improved, 43 were unimproved, 24 died, and 98 were still undergoing treatment at the end of the Hospital year.

A great deal of success has attended the work of the skilful surgeons who have charge of the Orthopœdic Department. The treatment of deformed feet is now one of the most important branches of the Hospital work. Many complete cures have been effected. The little patients come from all parts of the Province. One can gladly comprehend how gladly the parents of these little unfortunates receive the news of their cure.

An little incident illustrating the manner in which some of the patients are gathered may be mentioned. Mr. J. Ross Robertson, a gentleman who has taken a deep interest in the work and without whose financial help the Hospital might long since have stranded on the mortgage rocks, was journeying along the country road near Brockville not long



ONTARIO NEWSPAPER MEN'S COT.



ONTARIO PUBLIC SCHOOL CHILDREN'S COT.



THE OPERATING ROOM.

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THE BOYS' WARD.

ago. He was accompanied by a friend. As they neared a little red school-house by the roadside, the children were being dismissed for the day. They were running and shouting as only boys can shout. One little fellow was lagging behind. His legs were twisted and crooked, and he walked with the aid of crutches. He had never known what it was to romp and play, for he had been a cripple from birth. Mr. Robertson asked his companion to pull up a bit, and alighting, he talked to the little fellow and very soon was in possession of the story of a sad boyhood. "Jump in with me," he said, "and I will drive you home in a few minutes. Would'nt you like to run a foot-race with the other boys?" They took the little chap to his home. Mr. Robertson told the father and mother of the work of the Hospital and said he believed that their child's limbs could be straightened and strengthened. For over a year that boy was in the Hospital, and when he was discharged and arrived home he could romp and play or ride a bicycle just as well as any other boy. His legs were straight and strong. To this day the parents of that little boy bless the day when there drove along that roadway that earnest man who puts his whole heart and soul into the work of caring for the helpless children of a Province.

There are always over 100 patients in the cots. Application for admission is first made to the Secretary in writing.

The illustrations shown here are from photographs specially prepared at the Hospital for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Alfred Wood.



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SOME ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

Third Paper.

MRS. FISKE.

A WOMAN who will defy a powerful syndicate with millions behind it must needs have an indomitable will hidden somewhere and be possessed of a most forceful personality. Such a woman is Mrs. Fiske. For reasons of her own she has elected to defy the theatrical syndicate, and to appear only in houses that are either not controlled by or openly opposed to this modern and splendidly organized institution. Therefore Mrs. Fiske, upon the occasion of her appearance in the capital of Ontario for the week beginning February 13th, will be seen at the Toronto Opera House. Mrs. Fiske is again carrying everything before her, and has won a permanent place as one of the most successful, as she is undoubtedly one of the most famous, of American stars. The work of the great actress recently in several new plays has given the public a further revelation of a genius that was everywhere recognized in her "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." To a range of parts, everyone of which is distinct and novel, Mrs. Fiske has brought new individualities, until there seems to be no limit to her possibilities for artistic surprise. Canadians have not seen Mrs. Fiske since her pre-eminence as an actress has been won by her matchless portraiture of the strange heroine of Hardy's remarkable novel. Although tragic, that drama seems to possess the qualities that will make it one of the future stage classics. Like the book upon which it is founded, the play contains a strong human appeal, and even in a greater degree than the novel it attracts in the theatre, because of the great contrast in character that it sets before the eye in living figures. Some of the foremost critics declared when Mrs. Fiske's impersonation of this rôle in New York brought the metropolis to her feet that this artiste refines Tess



PHOTOGRAPH BY DANA.

MRS. FISKE.

In "Love Finds the Way."

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to the understanding and makes her more womanly and sympathetic than did her gifted creator. But this may be the result of the genius which in a great player can make plain certain phases of a character that on the printed page are rendered indistinct to all but the most acute intelligences.

Having once seen and heard Mrs. Fiske, whose marvellous mentality shines through all her work, it is impossible ever to forget the irresistible magnetism of her personality, or the charm and music of her wonderful voice. While Mrs. Fiske will no doubt go on revealing new



MRS FISKE.

As "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

elements of histrionic greatness as new rôles come to her, it is safe to say that Tess will always continue to be a commanding figure in her repertoire, because after her no one else seems to be possible in the part, and also because this character is one of the strongest in modern fiction and her realization of it, in the lighter scenes requiring finesse and delicacy, as well as in those of intense and despairing passion, is so complete, so masterful, so brilliant.



HERBERT FORTIER.

As Le Beau in "As You Like It."

Her acting, more than her

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mere personal charm, is what makes Mrs. Fiske popular. Her personalty is a very strong one and it is always in evidence both on the stage and off.

HERBERT FORTIER.

One of the most excellent characterizations is Mr. Fortier's Le Beau, in Miss Julia Arthur's production of "As You Like It," in which this greatest Canadian is achieving the most gratifying success as a winsome and fascinating Rosalind, where her fathomless eyes and potent magnetism, which make her great in tragedy, lend a subtle aid to her gifts as a comédienne.

Mr. Herbert Fortier is well known to Canadian playgoers, and his career was recorded in detail in *Massey's Magazine*. before that monthly was incorporated with THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. His artistic advancement since that time has been steady and notable, due perhaps, in some part at least, to the studious care that marks all his endeavours from the dressing of his wig to the enunciation of his lines. Of his performance of the effeminate fop in Shakespeare's charming woodland comedy, the *Dramatic Mirror* of New York, said: "Herbert Fortier as Le Beau gave one of the best performances of the evening. Every word and gesture gave evidence of the finished actor behind the masque."

W. J. Thorold.

A TRANSACTION IN BEEF.

An Incident in the Rebellion of 1885.

"NICE state of things," snorted the quartermaster. "A whole battalion ten days from the next supplies and not a pound of meat in the bloomin' camp. No wonder the men grouse. Chase redskins the summer long on hardtack and corned beef, and as if that wasn't bad enough, wind up in the fall on half rations of sticky flour and swamp water. The beggarly hostiles have run off every foot of stock in the country, I expect; if we could only rustle a few cows we'd last till the supply train reaches us, but as it is, there don't seem to be any trail out."

Mr. York pricked up his ears. Mr. York was an enterprising young man of considerable executive ability, in one of his recurrent streaks of hard luck.

"Let me turn in my yoke of steers to you, Beech," he said suddenly to the quartermaster. "I need cash, and I saw one of 'em chasing around here the other day; the other can't be far off. They'll make elegant eating."

"Now, you're a personal godsend!" exclaimed the quartermaster. "Did you mention steers? Trot 'em around; trot 'em around. If I can reach your figure I'll buy 'em, quick."

Now, Mr. Richard York had never owned a hoof of horned stock in his life, but he was not a man to slight a business opportunity when it brushed up against him. Therefore, he mounted a troop horse and galloped away into the distance among the poplar bluffs that spotted the prairie.

Knee-deep in grass along the edge of a slough he came upon two well-bellied steers.

"Yee-ip hi! Satan, Pedro or whatever your names are!" he sang. "No, I know you think there's a mistake, but there ain't. You've blew into new hands. Git!"

He wound the heavy stock whip in his hand about his head, and as he brought it suddenly down the popper flew out under the end of the stiffening lash with a bang that sounded like the report of a pistol. The steers dashed off and he raced after them, chirruping to the low rhythm of hoofs beating lightly over the spongy soil. At four o'clock in the afternoon he was

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"Let me turn in my yoke of steers to you, Beech."

back at Fort Ste. Anne. The quartermaster came out and looked Pedro and Satan over critically.

"Nice pair of steers," he commented. "Fat, too. Ever been worked?"

"Nope. Nothin' to hurt," replied Mr. York. "Only broke last fall. Bust ten acres with 'em."

"They're good beef," remarked the quartermaster. "I guess they'd do. What d' y'u reckon they're worth?"

"I do just hate to part with them steers," said Mr. York with an air of deep seriousness. "You see, when a fellar's raised a pair o' beauts like that —weaned 'em by hand, as you might say—he gets kind of stuck on 'em. I did calculate to do a heap o' breakin' with 'em this fall. However, as I said, I need money and I hope I'm good citizen enough, anyhow, not to let a little personal feelin' stand in the way when I've a chance to help the Government out. You can take them steers for four hundred dollars."

"Say, come off, there," said the quartermaster, frowning. "You don't suppose I'll stand for any such hold-up as that?"

"It's a perfectly legitimate transaction," maintained Mr. York. "What's the odds, anyhow, Beech?" he went on, dropping pretence. "It charges you nothing, and I guess the Government can stand it."

"Yes, I expect it could, if it had to," said the quartermaster. "And we do want the beef. I'll tell you what; I'm willing to break even with you. I'll give you three hundred and fifty."

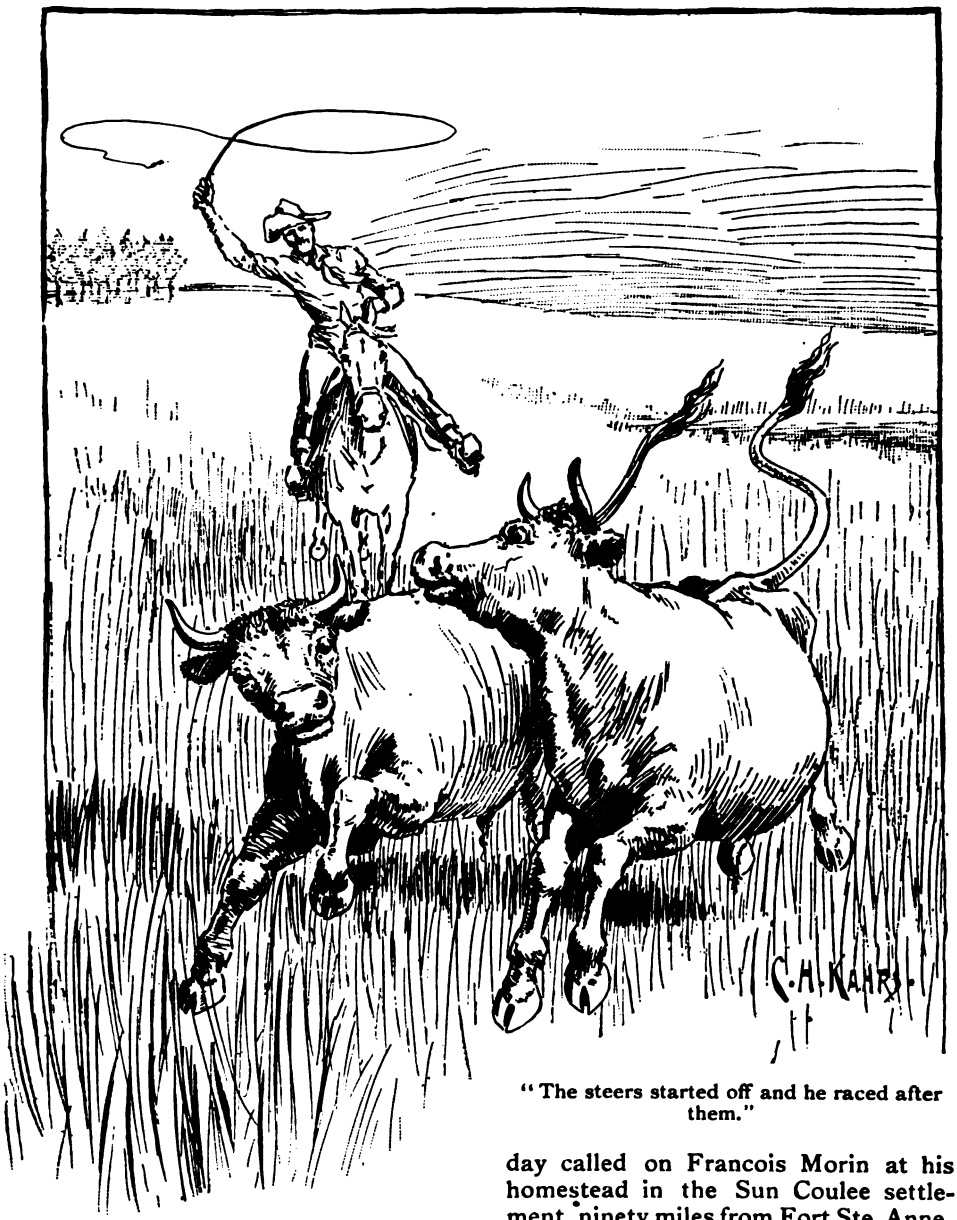
"And I won't squeal over the difference," responded Mr. York promptly, "especially where there's a question of duty to my country involved. You can have the steers."

"Well, run 'em into the corral and I'll make out a voucher," said the quartermaster, and he turned away in the direction of the office.

Something seemed just then to strike Mr. York, for he stood for a moment with half-closed eyes, blinking indecisively after the retreating quartermaster.

"O, I say, Beech," he bawled suddenly. "About that voucher; make it in the name of Fraunswah Moraw—F-r-a-n-c-o-i-s M-o-r-i-n. Frenchman; got an interest in the steers. I'll send the voucher and let him cash it."

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"The steers started off and he raced after them."

The Sun Coulee settlement's inventory of Mr. York's effects, he had recollected, did not include cattle; and Mr. York was not in the insurance business, taking out gratuitous risks upon himself.

A week later, all that remained of Satan and Pedro was the hoofs, horns and tails; and Mr. Richard York one day called on Francois Morin at his homestead in the Sun Coulee settlement, ninety miles from Fort Ste. Anne, with a proposition of one hundred dollars for the use of his name.

"W'at for you want him, Meestar York?" inquired the Frenchman.

"Why, you own cattle, don't you? A yoke? Well, that's enough. Eh? Killed by the Injuns, were they? O, that's all right! You see, I don't own a hoof, and I want to sell some. I've

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"He slowly tore the voucher into bits."

got a pair o' steers, strays, and I'm goin' to realize on 'em. My name on the voucher won't do, so I want to use yours. It's a clean hundred in your pocket for nothing, and nobody'll suspect you."

The Frenchman grinned shrewdly. "Ba Jo, Meestar York; you ver' smart man. Sacre! you' great man for mak' de bargain. Mais, de price, she's not so big enough."

"Why, how much do you want, you grasping frog-eater?" said Dick.

"Da's me tak' all de reesk, Meestar York. You mus' pay me one hondred-sixty dollar," replied the mercenary Morin.

"Celestial Crœsus! Why don't you ask for the whole stack?"

"An' 'ow mush is dat, Meestar York, de whole stack?" asked the Frenchman.

"Three hundred and fifty dollars," replied Dick, truthfully but reluctantly.

"Den I shall knock out ten dollar, Meestar York.

"See here, Frenchy, I'll give you a hundred and twenty; not another damned sou. If you don't like to take that, I'll find somebody else."

This amount was finally agreed upon. The next day at noon they met by appointment at McGregor's store in Sun Coulee, to cash the voucher.

"This is all right," said McGregor. "Get the Frenchman to sign the receipt on the back and I'll pay it. Usual discount, of course," he added.

Morin seemed to be in no hurry to sign. He beckoned York to the door.

"Meestar York," he said, "I 'ave been t'ink 'bout dat t'ing an' I not ver' mush lak to put ma nam' in dat paper. I been talk wit' ma Caroline las' night, an' she's say: 'Francois Morin, you one great big small fool! You want pour mak' de claim on de Gouvernement pour t'ree honder dollar pour dat yoke de oxens w'at's b'long to you w'at de Anjen 'ave keell. Bien, you tak' one honder-twanty dollar pour dat oxens not b'long to you. W'at you t'ink de Gouvernement says to you? She's say: 'Francois Morin, you 'ave receive t'ree honder-fifty dollar pour one yoke oxens sol' to de troop. Francois Morin, you 'ave nevair more as one yoke oxens. Now, you mak' de nodder claim pour t'ree honder dollar pour one yoke oxens you say keell by de Anjen. Francois Morin, you 'ave try pour cheat de Gouvernement. Francois Morin, de Gouvernement sentenc' you to t'ree honder year on de jail pour dat t'ree honder dollar w'at you 'ave try pour cheat her—an' may God 'ave de compassion on your soul!'"

"Torieu! W'en ma Caroline 'ave stop to spik, I'll be sit straight up on de bed. I can wash ma face on de sweat's been comin' dere, an' ma hair she's stick lik' pin on ma haid!"

Mr. York was calmly twisting the end of a cigar between his teeth.

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Frenchy?" he asked.

"Sacre! I sign de paper an' tak' t'ree honder dollar now, an' I'm not mak' some claim bimeby again on de Gouvernement for ma oxens."

Mr. York turned lazily and called

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back into the shop: "Mac; the Frenchman has concluded that he don't care about paying discount on that voucher, so we won't be requiring any money just now. . . . Go home and make out your claim regular, Frenchy. And take good care of Caroline. She's worth saving."

Then he slowly tore the voucher into bits, and as the blue particles fluttered away upon the afternoon breeze, Mr. Richard York observed with a grim smile:

"There go the tatters of another promising speculation. Fifty dollars? It wasn't worth while. I named them steers wrong. Satan and Pedro was too tough a combination to handle. I will be patriotic for onced and make the Government a gift of 'em."

Bleasdell Cameron.

WINTER IN THE WEST.

I.—THE STORM.

ACROSS the sky the Northern Lights,
Illume the whited waste below;
Bright shifting shades on the blue heights
That shadow the translucent snow
With yellow gleams that softly glow.

The shrieking wind comes down the plain
Like armèd hosts, and sleet-sword smiting;
Repulsed and yet repulsed again
The Settler braves the foe, and fighting
Step by step meets the ice-bullets' stinging biting!

Ho for the ruddy cheeks, blood-red!
Ho for the stout will, strong, unbending!
Ho for the Pioneer who led
Life's battle, and unyielding, ending
The fight time-scarred, his hearth defending!

II.—THE CHINOOK.

Softly the wind croons a love lullaby:
Sweetly smiles Nature, late so fiercely wild;
Brightly the sunshine rifts the clouds on high,
A truant bird sings on the bough, beguiled
By Day, sweet, petulant as some too favoured child.

Mary Markwell

Regina.

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A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A Romance in Twelve Chapters.

BY JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND", "JUDITH MOORE", ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day dawned with pale rain bleached skies and fresh sweet odours of reanimated vegetation, but it dawned heavily for Sidney Martin. During the drive home from the church the evening before they had all been somewhat silent.

"Are you studyin' for the ministry?" old Mr. Lansing had asked.

"No—oh no," said Sidney, flushing unseen in the dark.

"It seems like you had a call," said old Lansing, wishing he had not said quite so positively at the church that his visitor was qualifying for the service of God, and certainly from Mr. Lansing's point of view he was justified in his assertion.

Young men in delicate health who could pray as Sidney Martin had prayed seemed to be the real ministerial material.

"Wouldn't you like to be the minister?" asked Vashti.

People in Dole usually employed the definite article in referring to men of the cloth. To the Dole mind it smacked of irreverence to say "a" minister, as if there were herds of them as there is of common clay.

There was a soupçon of surprise in Vashti's tones. How quickly the acid of deception permeates the fabric of thought!

"I have no call to the ministry," answered Sidney—employing the slang of the cult glibly to please the woman whom he loved.

"But if you felt you were called you would let nothing stand in your way—would you?"

"No," said Sidney, glad of an opportunity to say an honest word frankly. "No."

There was little else said. When they came to the cross-road Mr. Lansing halted and Nathan Peck got out of the waggon to walk down the Brixton road the quarter of a mile to where he lived with his mother.

He stood a lank ungraceful shape in the gloom.

"Here Nat," said Temperance, "take my umberell."

"Not by a jugful," he said; "Why Temprins! you'd be soaked clean through."

"Temperance can come under my umbrella," said Mabella divining the pleasure it would give Temperance to yield up her's to Nathan.

"I've got my muffler on," said Nathan stoutly.

"Here!" said Temperance, a trifle imperatively. "Good-night, Nat."

The bays pulling at the reins started forward and Nat was left with the umbrella. "Would you care to offer a few words of thanks for the vouchsafed blessing?" asked Mr. Lansing, with a laudable desire to make his saintly guest comfortable.

"Blessing!" echoed Temperance irascibly. "He's had enough of blessings this night, I'm thinkin'; it's boneset tea he needs now."

"Woman!" said Mr. Lansing. Vashti looked her cold displeasure. The word and the look did not disturb Temperance.

"Lend a hand, M'bella," said she; "we'll go and get them herbs."

"Oh—thank you, Miss Tribbey," said Sidney feeling strangely comforted by this motherly old maid's attentions. "But—"

Temperance cut him short, looking at him with grim kindness and heeding his protest not at all.

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"Your face is as pale as buttermilk," she began. "Now what you'll do is to go upstairs and go to bed. Mind shut your window down, for rain after a drought is terrible penetratin'. When this boneset tea has drawed Mr. Lansing 'ill bring it up to you."

Mabella was bustling about getting a lamp to go to the garret for the herbs.

"You are very good," Sidney said to her as one might praise a willing child.

"Light heart makes light foot," said Temperance oracularly. Mabella smiled brightly and blushed.

Vashti standing with the dark folds of her cloak slipping down about her superb figure, noted the blush, and connecting it with the eagerness of Mabella's aid to Temperance concluded that Mabella was casting eyes upon Sidney. Vashti's eyes grew deep and sombre. A pale smile curled her sculptural lips; such a smile as Mona Lisa wears in her portraits.

Mabella's coquetries against her power! Bah; a sneer flickered across her countenance, erasing expression from it as acid cleans metal of stain. But she was shaken with silent rage at the mere idea. She let her white lids fall over her full eyes for a moment; then crossed to where Sidney stood. She always seemed to move slowly, because of her long gliding paces, which in reality bore her swiftly forward. She looked into his eyes. "I am so sorry," she said—her voice, always beautiful, seemed to his greedy ears more than exquisite now—

"I am so sorry you are not well. You will go up stairs, won't you, and take what Temperance sends you? You are not suffering?"

Her wonderful eyes seemed wells of womanly concern for him. They searched his as if eager to be assured that there was no other ill troubling him than was apparent. A happy tremor thrilled his heart.

"I shall be quite well, I hope, in the morning," he said. "I have bad headaches sometimes. This is the beginning of one I suppose."

He shivered with cold.

"Ah!" she said, "you must go away at once. I'm afraid you feel worse than you will admit. If it was only your head I might help to cure it; but really you had better go—" she looked at him—was it compellingly or pleadingly? "Go," she half whispered, with obvious entreaty in her eyes; then she veiled it with a smile of mock deprecation, as if—his heart stood still with delight—as if she was loath to see him go—yet for *his* sake wished it. Temperance and Mabella having been to the garret where the herbs were hung to dry, re-entered the kitchen in time to hear Vashti's good-night words.

"It's a deal easier," said Temperance, in the course of a circumstantial account of the occurrence later on. "It's a deal easier to say 'Go' with a dying-duck expression, turning up the whites of your eyes, than to go yourself up them stairs and that pesky ladder to the garret for yarbs."

Fortunately Sidney never knew of Temperance's profane criticisms upon his goddess.

"Yes—I will go," he said to Vashti. He spoke vaguely, as of one hardly awake to the realities about him; and indeed he was stunned by the glory that suddenly had shone in upon him when her feigned solicitude made his heart leap.

"You are very good," he said.

"Ah, no—" said Vashti simply, but her eyes were eloquent. Girlish coquetries became subtle sorceries as she employed them.

The boneset tea had been duly despatched, but morning found him racked by an intolerable headache, that acme of nervous pain of which only supra-sensitive folk know. He half staggered as he sought the porch.

Temperance came to him presently.

"How do you feel this mornin'"? she asked.

He looked at her, his blood-shot eyes dizzy with pain.

"I'm not overly well," he said. "My head"—

"I'll bring your breakfast here," said Temperance and departed. He sat down upon the porch step and lean-

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ed against the pillar, the same against which Vashti had stood that night in the afterglow. The thought was pleasant, but it was better to open his eyes and see standing before him, strong and calm, the Queen of his dreams.

"Don't rise," she said. "Is it your head?"

"Yes," he said, half closing his eyes again, for her form seemed to be reeling across his vision. "Yes."

"What do you do for these headaches?" asked Vashti.

"Oh, bromides and endurance," he said.

"Well—wait till you breakfast and I'll try if I can cure it," said Vashti. "Here is Temperance coming."

Temperance and her tray arrived at the moment. Temperance put it down on the step and went down the sandy garden paths whilst he ate, pulling up a weed there, straightening a flower here. Mabella came out to the porch, or rather came and stood in the wide doorway a moment. Mabella had on her pink dress—at that time in the morning! Vashti's eyes grew sombre for an instant; she liked battle, but not presumption, and surely if, from whatever motive, she chose to smile upon Sidney, it was not for Mabella to oppose herself and her charms to *her* will.

Temperance came back for the tray, which she found untouched, save for the tea which Sidney had drunk so eagerly.

"Where is Mr. Lansing?" asked Sidney, as Temperance stood holding the tray under one arm with its edge resting upon her hip. "He will think I am very lazy."

"He's gone over to Brixton to find out when the body will arrive," said Temperance.

Poor Len! In life he had been "that Len Simpson," and not one of his neighbours would have crossed the threshold to greet him, unless prompted by that curiosity which leads us to pry into other's misdeeds. Now he was a body, and more than one of the Dole people had left early like Mr. Lansing upon the odd chance of meeting his corpse at Brixton.

Ah, poor, inconsistent humanity which fills dead hands with flowers and denies eager palms one rose, and doubtless these things must be. Yet we can imagine that a higher race than we might well make mock of our too severe judgments—our uncomprehending judgments and our tardy tendernesses.

"You will make your passes for Mr. Martin, won't you Vashti?" said Mabella, "and Temperance and I will see that you are left quiet. Vashti is a witch, you know," she continued to Sidney; "she will steal your headache with the tips of her fingers."

Temperance snorted and entered the house without more ado.

Mabella nodded and smiled and followed her,

"I can't abear them passes and performances," said Temperance to Mabella. "It gives me the shivers. Vashti commenced on me onct when I had neuralgia and I was asettin' there thinkin' when I got better I'd make some new pillars out of the geese feathers, and all at onct Vashti's eyes began to grow bigger and bigger—just like a cat's. They're cat green Vashti's eyes is, call 'em what you like—and her hands apassin' over my forrit was just like cat's paws, afeelin' and afeelin' before it digs its claws in. My! I expected every minnit to feel 'em in my brains, and with it all I was that sleepy. No, for me I'll stick to camfire and sich."

"Who's a silly, Temperance?" demanded Mabella.

"You ain't bridle wise yet," said Temperance, using her accustomed formula of rebuke. And Mabella laughed aloud in defiance of reproof. The girl's heart sang in her breast, for when Lanty helped her into her water-proof the night before he had whispered—

"At seven to-morrow night in Mullein meadow."

She had smiled consent.

Would this long day never pass?

Vashti and Sidney were thus left solitary upon the shaded porch.

"Can you really cure headaches?" he said.

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"We will see," she answered. "But I think you had better sit in that chair." He sat down in the rocking-chair she indicated. It was very low. As she knelt upon the top step before it her head was on a level with his. How beautiful she was, he thought. How divine the strong white column of her throat, exposed down to the little hollow which the French call Love's bed, creased softly by the rings of Venus' necklace.

"I wouldn't think much if I were you," she said, "or at least, not of many things."

"I will think of you," he said, feeling venturesome as an indulged child.

"Ah," she said; "your cure will be quick," and then bending gracefully forward she began making simple strokes across his forehead, letting her finger-tips touch lightly together between his eyebrows, and drawing them softly, as if with a persuasive sweep, to either side. There was much magnetism in that splendid frame of hers, and much potency in her will, and much subtle suggestion in those caressing finger-tips.

"Close your eyes if the light wearies them," she said softly, as if with a persuasive sweep, to either side. There was much magnetism in that splendid frame of hers, and much potency in her will, and much subtle suggestion in those caressing finger-tips.

"Close your eyes if the light wearies them," she said softly, but he strove to keep them open to catch glimpses of her regal face, between the passages of the hands, so calm in the tensity of its expression. After a little while his eyelids began to weigh heavily upon his eyes.

The grey—or was it green?—orbs watching him flashed between the moving fingers like the sun through bars of ivory. He still watched their gleam intently; seen fitfully thus their radiance grew brighter, brighter, till it blasted vision.

"Close your eyes," he heard a voice say, as from far, far away.

"You will be tired," he muttered, stirring, but his eyes closed. His head fell back against the back of the chair, and strong Vashti Lansing sank back also, pale and trembling.

"Oh!" she said, speaking numbly to herself—"Oh! how long it was. I thought he would never sleep—I," she paused and looked at the sleeping man with pale wrath upon her face; "to think he should have resisted so—I"—she leaned back, worn out, it seemed, and regarded Sidney with venomous, half-closed eyes, and he slept, and sleeping, smiled—for his last thoughts had been of her.

The time which had seemed so long to Vashti had passed like the dream of a moment to him—a dream in which her form had filled the stage of his mind, yet not so completely as to exclude some struggles of the entrapped intelligence against the narcotic of her waving hands. The trained mind by mere mechanical instinct had striven against the encroaching numbness, but Sidney's volition had been consciously passive, and the intelligence left to struggle alone was tangled in the web of dreams. Vashti sat listlessly upon the step for some time—like a sleek, beautiful cat watching a mouse. Then she rose and went within doors to perform her share of the household duties very languidly.

The three women dined alone at twelve o'clock, for Mr. Lansing had not returned, and Sidney still slept. After dinner Vashti disappeared, going to her room and throwing herself heavily upon her old-fashioned couch; she also slept.

Active Temperance fell to her patchwork so soon as her dinner dishes were done, sitting, a comfortable, homely figure, in her calico dress and white apron. Now pursing her lips as she pleated in the seams firmly between her finger and thumb; now relaxing into grim smiles at her thoughts, but always doing with all her might the task in hand.

Mabella essayed her crochet, tried to read, rearranged her hair till her arms ached from holding them up, and found with all these employments the afternoon insupportably long.

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About three o'clock in the afternoon Vashti, cool and calm, descended the stairs and went out upon the porch. As she crossed the threshold, Sidney, lying still as she had left him hours before in the low chair, opened his eyes and looked up into her face. She returned the look—neither for a moment spoke. A sudden deep hush seemed to have fallen upon, about them. Had he awakened from his dream, or had she entered it to make the dream world real with her presence? About them was all the shadowy *verdatre* of trees and vines. Sidney had forgotten where he was—all earthly circumstances faded before the great fact of her presence. He was conscious only that he was Man, and that Woman, glorified and like unto the gods for beauty, stood before him. Were they then gods together?

"Is your head better?" she asked; her full tones did not jar upon the eloquent silence, but her words reminded him that he was mortal.

"I had forgotten it," he said. "I must think before I can tell."

She laughed—just one or two notes fluted forth, but in their cadence was the soul of music. It was as if mirth, self-wrought, bubbled up beneath the dignity of this stately creature, as the living spring laps against the marble basin which surrounds it; and as the tinkle of the spring has more in it than melody, so Vashti Lansing's laughter was instinct with more than amusement. There was in it the thrill of triumph, the timbre of mockery, and the subtlety of invitation.

"Then," she said, "we will take it for granted that it is better. You are like father and the thistles in his fingers. He often tells me how he has been tormented by some thistle, and when I go to take it out, he has to search the fingers of each hand before he can find out where it is. He sometimes cannot even tell which hand it's in."

"Well," said Sidney; "I am like your father. I've lost my head."

"But if it ached," said she; "it was a happy loss."

"I hope it will be a happy loss," he said w stfully.

She smiled gently and let fall her eyelids; no flicker of colour touched her cheeks, nor was there any suggestion of shyness in her countenance. Thus a goddess might veil her eyes that her purposes might not be read until such time as she willed to reveal them.

Mabella heard voices upon the porch and came flying out.

Sidney could not find it in his heart to be impatient with this bright faced girl, whose heart was so full of tenderness to all living things that little loving syllables crept into her daily speech, and "dear" dropped from her lips as gently and naturally as the petals of a flower fall upon the grass, and as the flower petals brighten for a little the weed at the flower's foot, so Mabella's sweet ways gladdened the hearts of those about her.

"Ah, Mr. Martin," she said, "so you are awake! Was I a true prophet? Yes—I'm sure of it! Vashti's finger-tips did steal the ache, didn't they? They're too clever to be safe with one's purse. But see—have you had anything to eat? No? Why, Vashti," in tones of quick concern. "He must be faint for want of something to eat." She was gone in a moment. With Mabella to know a want was to endeavour to supply it. Ere there was time for further speech between Sidney and Vashti, Temperance had come out. Her shrewd, kindly face banished the last shreds of his dreams. The pearl portal closed upon the fair imageries of his imagination and he awoke, and with his first really waking thought the events of the night before ranged themselves before his mental vision. As he lay awake in the night he had decided that come what may he must put on a bold front before the awkward situation he had created for himself. But if the courage which springs from conscious righteousness is cumulative, the courage which is evolved from the necessities of a false position is self-disintegrating—Sidney felt bitterly that he feared the face of his fellows.

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"Eat something," said Temperance, urging the bread and milk upon him; "eat something. When I was took with the M'lary I never shook it off a bit till I begun to eat. It's them citified messes that has spoiled yer stummick. Picks of this and dabs of that, and not knowin' even if it's home-fed pork, or pork that's made its livin' rootin' in snake pastures, that yer eatin'. My soul! It goes agin me to think of it; but there, what kin ye expect from people that eats their dinners as I've heard tell at six o'clock at night."

Sidney ate his portion humbly whilst Temperance harangued him. He looked up at her, smiling in a way which transfigured his grave, thin face.

"I'm a bother to you, am I not, Miss Tribbey? But it's my bringing up that's responsible for my sins, I assure you. My intentions are good, and I'm sure between your cooking and your kindness I shall be a proverb for fatness before I go away."

"Soft words butter no parsnips," said Temperance with affected indifference, "Fair words won't fill a flour-barrel, nor talking do you as much good as eatin," with which she marched off greatly delighted. Mabella seeing a chance to tease her, followed:

"If you make eyes at Mr. Martin like that I'll tell Nathan Peck," Sidney heard her say.

"My soul! Mabella, you've no sense, but, mind you, it's true every word I said. I tell you I ain't often in town, but when I am I eat their messes with long teeth."

Sidney moved his camp from the porch to the hammock which was suspended between two apple trees in the corner of the garden. Mabella brought out her sewing, and Vashti her netting, and Sidney spent the remnant of the waning afternoon watching the suave movements of Vashti's arm as, holding her work with one foot, she sent her wooden mesh dexterously into the loops of a hammock such as he was lying in; and at length the shadows lengthened on the grass, and Temperance called that supper was ready.

Mabella Lansing never forgot that repast. It was the passover partaken of whilst she was girded to go forth from girlhood to womanhood, from a paradise of ignorance to the knowledge of good and evil. The anticipation of a new love made these time-tried ones doubly dear. She forgot to eat, and dwelt lingeringly upon the faces about her; faces which had shone kindly upon her since she was a little child. The time which had crept so slowly on the dial all day long now seemed to hasten on, as if to some longed-for hour which was to bring a great new blessing in its span.

In retrospect of "the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years," do we not all single out from them one hour becrowned above all others; one hour in marking which the sands of memory's glass run goldenly? Amidst the dead sweetness of buried hours is there not always one whose rose is amaranthine? One, which in the garlands of the past retains ever the perfume of the living flower, shaming the faint scent of dead delights? One hour in which the wings of our spirits touched others and both burst forth in flame? And the chrism of this hour was visible upon the brow of Mabella Lansing. She was sealed as one worthy of initiation into its fateful mysteries. How far away she seemed from those about her; their voices came to her faintly as farewells across the widening strip of water which parts the ship from shore.

"Did you find out about Len Simpson's funeral?" asked Vashti of her father.

"Yes—the buryin's to-morrow, and it seems Len was terrible well thought of amongst the play-actin' folk, and they've sent up a hull load of flowers along with the body, and there's depitation comin' to-morrow to the buryin' and they say there's considerable money comin' to Len and of course his father'll get it. I don't know if he'll buy that spring medder of Mr. Ellis, or if he'll pay the mortgage on the old place, but anyhow it'll be a big lift to him."

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"Why, is it as much as that?" asked Vashti incredulously.

"So they say," said her father.

"Lands sake!" said Temperance. "It seems like blood-money to me: Pore Len!"

As they all rose from the table, Mabella managed to slip away to her room, to spend the few moments before her tryst, alone. She looked out of her window and saw afar amid the boulders of Mullein meadow a form she knew, and the next moment she fled breathlessly from the front porch. A more sophisticated woman would have waited till the trysting time had come, but Mabella's heart was her helm in those days and she followed its guiding blindly, and it turned towards Lanty waiting there for her. *For her.* O! the intoxication of the thought! O the gladness of the earth; the delight of feeling life pulsing through young veins!

And thus it was that as Lanty paced back and forth in patient impatience within a little space hedged in by great boulders, his heart suddenly thrilled within him as the needle trembles towards the unseen magnet; he looked up at the evening sky as one might look upon whom the spirit was descending, and then, turning instinctively, he saw a shy figure standing between two great boulders. He cast his hat to the ground and went towards her, bare browed, and, holding out his arms, uttered a sound of delight. Was it a prayer—a name, or a plea? And with a little happy, frightened cry of "Lansing, Lansing," Mabella fled to him. Nestling close to his throbbing heart, close indeed, as if she was fain to hide even from these tender eyes, which, dimmed with great joy, looked upon her so worshippingly. There are certain greetings and farewells which may not be writ out in words, and these untranslatable messages winged their way from heart to heart between these two.

The grey heaven bent above them as if in benediction. The stern outlines of the old boulders faded into the dusk which seemed to enwrap them as if eager to mitigate their severity. The soft greys of the barren landscape, the tender paleness of the sky, seemed to hold the two lovers in a mystic embrace, isolating them in the radiance of their own love, even as the circumstances of a United Destiny were to hedge these two forever from the world. There were jagged stones hidden by the tender mists of twilight, and bitter herbs and thistles grew unseen about them, but to their eyes the barren reaches of Mullein meadow blossomed like a rose. Doubtless, they two, like all we mortals, would some day "fall upon the thorns of life and bleed," but together surely no terror would overcome them nor any despair make its home in their hearts, so long as across the chasms in the life-road they could touch each other's hands. The first rapture of their meeting vanished, as a bird soaring in the blue disappears from vision, which yet does not feel a sense of loss, because though the eye sees not the heart knows that afar in the empyrean the triumphant wings still beat.

"Mabella—my Mabella. You love me?"

"Oh, so much, so very much—and, Lanty, you like me?"

"Like! Oh, Mabella, since that day in the hay-field when I *knew*, you can't imagine what life has seemed to me since then—surely it is ages ago, and how I have thought of you! Dear I can't say all I mean—but you know—Mabella, *you know*, don't you sweetheart?"

"I hope so," she said sweetly, and then, with the inconsequence of women, her eyes filled with tears.

"Lanty—you—you will be good to me?"

"May God treat me as I treat you," said Lanty solemnly.

There was a pause, such a pause as when the sacramental wine dies upon the palate.

"I did not doubt you, Lanty."

"No, sweet one," he said; "I understand all about it. I will be good to you and take care of you, and, oh, my own dear girl, I am so happy."

"And I"——

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And then lighter talk possessed them, and they recounted incidents, which, with the happy egotism of lovers, they chose to consider as important events because they had a special significance for them. The path to love is like a sea voyage. There are always more remarkable occurrences and extraordinary coincidents in one's own experience than in anyone else's, and these two were no exception to the rule. They discovered that upon several notable occasions they had been thinking *exactly* the same thing, and upon other occasions each had known *exactly* what the other was going to say before the words were uttered, and they talked on until they were environed in an atmosphere of wonder and awe, and looked upon each other startled by the recognition of their superiority, and the world was but a little place compared with the vastness of each other's eyes.

The dusk crept closer to them, the wings of night waved nearer and nearer, and Mabella, resting in Lanty's arms, sought his eyes for all light, and as they stood thus two other pairs of eyes watched them.

When Mabella had disappeared so promptly after supper, suspicion had stirred uneasily in Vashti's heart.

"Do you want me to help with the dishes?" she asked Temperance; "Mabella seems to have gotten herself out of sight."

"No," said Temperance, who was expecting Nathan, "I'll finish up that handful of dishes and everything else there is to do in half an hour."

Vashti betook herself to the garden expecting to find Mabella and Sidney there.

Both were gone.

Sidney, so soon as Vashti's personal influence was disturbed by the presence of others, fell again into a chaos of self-communings, and the devil which lurked there drove him forth into the wilderness; walking with the hopeless desire of escaping from himself he, ere long, found he was amid the barrenness of Mullein meadow. He wandered up and down amid its grotesque boulders till suddenly there came to him a sense of trespass.

"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," his intuitions whispered to him. He raised his eyes—looked out from his own heart and saw Lanty with Mabella within his arms, her eyes raised to his radiant with the ineffable trust of first love. Sidney stood spellbound, his heart aching within him. How sorely he envied the title-deeds to this enchanted country they had found, and possessed by divine right. Surely that meek man Moses endured sore agony as, foot-weary after long wandering, he looked upon the promised land, and looked only. It is indeed bitter to look at happiness through another man's eyes.

Sidney lingered some little time, till of their sacred talk one syllable came to him clearly; then he realized the sacrilege of listening, and departed; but surely the sky was very dark towards which he turned. Yet as he searched the sombre clouds before him the needle-like rays of a tiny star shone out environed by the darkness, and Sidney lighted a little lamp of Hope at its beam.

When Vashti found the garden empty as last year's nests she never paused, but turning fled up to the little garret cupola whose windowed sides gave a view for a long distance in every direction, and hardly had she climbed to this eyrie before she saw two figures in Mullein meadow.

That was enough.

Vashti did not wait to study the picture in detail. Gathering her skirts in her hand she sped down the stairs through the garden and down the road like a whirlwind. Her thwarted will shook her whole being as a birch trembles in the breeze. Mabella had dared! When *she* had smiled upon him! As Vashti ran down the road she promised herself that she would give both Sidney and Mabella a lesson. Mabella would be presuming to Lanty next! So Vashti soliloquized within her angry soul as she climbed the stone fence of Mullein meadow and crept

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noiselessly towards where she expected to find Mabella and Sidney. She advanced stealthily paying all heed to caution, and after duly ensconsing herself behind a boulder which she knew commanded a view of the little hollow she looked—and saw and controlled herself sufficiently not to scream aloud in rage; but vitriolic anger seethed within her heart, and for the time denied outlet, burned and cankered and tortured the breast which contained it. The first desire of her dominant nature was to fling herself before them in a wild accession of rage, and open upon them the floodgates of speech, but Vashti Lansing was not without a heritage of self-control. Long ago when her ancestress had been on trial for witchery, cruel persuasion had been used to make her speak in vain. The torment of the modern Vashti was greater and keener, inasmuch as it came from within; alas! we are told, it is that which defileth; every proud drop of blood in Vashti's veins urged her to mocking speech, but beneath the iron curb of her will she was mute, but the victory cost dear. So as Lilith, the snake-wife of Adam, may have lain in the shadows of Paradise watching the happiness of God-given Eve, Vashti Lansing stayed and watched sombrely, ominously, the joy of these two, and cursed them, vowing them evil, and promising the devil within her the glut of a full revenge—revenge for what?

Lanty had never given her cause to think he loved her, and Mabella had only veiled her love with shyness, not hidden it with guile—but—Vashti Lansing was supremely illogical. They had transgressed the unwritten statutes of her will. Did not that suffice to make them sinners above all others—besides, like the poison which festers in the already wide wound, she realized in those moments of supreme mental activity that she loved Lanty, as women such as she love men, tigrishly, selfishly—Ah! they should suffer even as she suffered! She dropped her face in her hands, enduring the morbid agony of her balked will, her misplaced, evil love, her bruised self-confidence, and shattering rage. And when she raised her head once more the scene had grown dark, the grassy stage whereon two mortals had lately mimed it in the guise of gods was empty, and she was alone.

She rose slowly to her feet wringing her hands in mute wrath. She looked around at the dreary field wherein she had endured such agony. Oh that some yet more bitter blight than barrenness might fall upon it—some pest of noxious plants, some plague of poisonous serpents; oh that she knew a curse potent enough to blast the grass upon which they had stood! But nature sanctifies herself; our curses are useless against her righteousness and rattle back upon our own heads like peas cast against a breast-plate of steel.

She entered the house calmly as was her wont. Within her heart was a hades of rage; upon her brow the glamoured eyes of Sidney Martin saw the spectral gleam of the star of promise.

(To be Continued.)

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RECOLLECTION.

From the German of Heine.

THE yellow foliage shivers,
Down fall the dry leaves to their doom—
Ah, all that was fair and lovely
Sinks withered in the tomb.

The tips of the forest are shimmering
Beneath the wan sun's sad light,
The last cold kisses of summer
Give way to the winter night.

I cannot keep from weeping
From my heart's inmost cell ;
This scene once again reminds me
Of when we said farewell.

And I was forced to leave thee,
I knew thou wert dying now—
I was the parting summer,
The dying forest thou.

W. A. R. Kerr.

DREAMS.

Translated from the German of Heine.

THE harvest wind sighs through the branches,
Chill evening vapours brood,
I, wrapped in my gray mantle,
Ride slowly through the wood

And as I'm riding onward,
My thoughts before me roam,
They bear me on airy pinions
To my fair loved one's home.

Th dogs are barking, the servants
Appear, and candles flare ;
My silver spurs all clinking,
I bound up the winding stair.

In the gleaming, rug-strewn chamber,
Where the air is scented and warm,
There where my darling awaits me,
I fly straight to her arm.

The wind through the leaves is murmuring,
The oak tree whispers, it seems :
" What meaning, foolish rider,
Is in thy foolish dreams ? "

W. A. R. Kerr.

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THE EDITORS OF THE LEADING CANADIAN DAILIES.

With Forty Special Photographs.

BY THE SECRETARY OF THE CANADIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CANADIAN newspapers are, on the whole, unsurpassed in the world. The United States is generally thought to be the home of the newspaper, but recent investigations show that according to population there are more copies of papers printed in Canada than in the Great Republic. It is also certain that Canadian newspapers are less sensational and more trustworthy than those of the country to the South.

When one comes to compare the editors of Canadian newspapers with their brethren to the South and across the Atlantic, the average of intelligence and insight—if we may be pardoned for saying so—is considerably higher. The atmosphere of United States newspaperdom is one of rush, space-writing and sensationalism, and in such surroundings intellectual editors cannot be grown. Even in Great Britain there are few editors who are shining lights in the literary or political field. In Canada the editors of some of the newspapers are senators, legislative councillors, members of Parliament or the Legislatures, and many of them stand high in the counsels of the particular political party to which they belong. Again many of them are authors of marked ability, and their books bear the ear-marks of intellectual strength.

To attempt in a magazine article to indicate the strong points of the leading daily editors of Canada is very daring, I must admit. Still, from the mass of facts gathered here, the person who is interested may get a general idea of the experiences and characters of the men who are, more than any other body of men, responsible for the state of public opinion in this country. One of the most striking points in this collection of biographies is the fact that most of these editors have been in the newspaper business all their lives. The opinion that when a man fails at everything else he can become an insurance agent or an editor is shown to have no basis in fact, as far as editing is concerned. The most successful journalists in Canada to-day are those who have made journalism their life work. Messrs. Ellis, White, McLagan and Blackadar have seen two score years of service, and of the other forty editors mentioned here nine or ten of them have over thirty years of active newspaper work to their credit.

HALIFAX.

Halifax has three strong dailies and three clever editors. It is meet that a Province which has given to Canada so many journalists and litlerateurs should be well represented in the journalistic field.

The oldest newspaper in Halifax, and one of the oldest in Canada, is the *Acadian Recorder*. It was established in 1813, was published as a weekly for fifty years, then as a tri-weekly, and for the last thirty years as a daily. The present editor of this Liberal newspaper is Henry D. Blackadar, who is also part proprietor. His father was a publisher, and he himself has been connected with the press for about forty years.

Robert McConnell, editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, has been in newspaper work for thirty-five years. He is a Scotch-Acadian, a descendant of a McConnell who landed in Pictou, N.S., in 1773. Born in 1842, Mr. McConnell started out in life as a school-teacher, but eventually landed in a newspaper office. Between 1866 and 1883 he published two papers—

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ROBERT McCONNELL.
Halifax "Chronicle."



H. D. BLACKADAR.
"Acadian Recorder," Halifax.

one in New Glasgow and one in Colchester—the interim being filled in on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle.* In 1883 he transferred to the Moncton *Daily Transcript* and afterwards to the Montreal *Herald.* In 1892 he resigned his position as editor of the *Herald* in order to take the editorial chair which he now occupies. It will thus be seen that Mr. McConnell's experiences have been broad and varied. During this long period his views have not always remained the same. Thirty years ago he regarded political union with the United States as a practical question; his article in the January number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE shows that he has abandoned that view.

J. J. Stewart may be said to have drifted into journalism. A year after he was called to the bar he assisted in a financial way in founding the Halifax *Herald.* Two years afterwards he became president of the company, and a year later managing editor. Previous to his being called to the bar in 1874 he had been principal of Amherst Academy, the college in which he had been educated. He always possessed a taste for literature and history, and amid his pursuit of wealth has found time to develop that taste. He has been for a number of years a councillor and worker in the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and has always encouraged local work of an historical nature. The *Herald* is the Conservative paper of Nova Scotia and a first-class newspaper in every respect. He is ably assisted in the editorial management by Mr. William Dennis, a man of marked ability and capacity. In the counsels of his party Mr. Stewart is a very prominent man.

ST. JOHN.

St. John, the chief city, though not the Capital of the Province of New Brunswick, possesses three very bright journalists. John V. Ellis, James Hannay and S. D. Scott are three



J. J. STEWART.
Halifax "Herald."

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JOHN V. ELLIS, M.P.
St. John "Globe."

well-known men—the first as a political fighter, the second as an historian, and the last as a brilliant and thorough journalist.

Mr. John V. Ellis is a type of the older school of Canadian journalism. He has in his day inked forms, pulled a hand-press, set type, made up the pages of newspapers and books, mailed papers, carried them to subscribers, kept accounts, acted as general reporter, local editor, and editorial writer. He was born in Halifax in 1835. After working for a time in that city and in Montreal he removed, in 1857, to St. John, where he has since resided. For sometime he was attached to the *News*, a bi-weekly paper. In 1861 he became joint-proprietor of the *Globe* and distinguished himself as an opponent of Canadian Confederation. Under the Mackenzie regime he was postmaster of St. John for a time, but on the return of the Conservatives to power at Ottawa he was dismissed as a political partisan. In 1882 he was elected to the Legislature of New Brunswick, and in 1887 to the House of Commons at Ottawa. This latter election was decided by the Judge and the Returning Officer against Mr. Ellis. Mr. Ellis made some severe remarks on the conduct of both these officials and was brought up for libel before the Supreme Court of the Province. After six years of litigation he was sentenced to pay a fine and be imprisoned. His political and journalistic friends contributed enough money to pay his expenses and his fine and while a prisoner he was a sort of provincial hero. On his release the people of St. John welcomed him with a great demonstration.

Mr. Hannay has been connected with the *Daily Telegraph* for more than twenty-six years, namely, from 1863 to 1883 and again from 1892 to the present time. In the interval he acted as assistant editor of the Montreal *Herald*; as assistant editor, literary



S. D. SCOTT.
St. John "Sun."



JAMES HANNAY.
St. John "Telegraph."

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JOHN T. HAWKE.
Moncton "Transcript."



JAMES H. CROCKET.
Fredericton "Gleaner."

editor, and lastly chief editorial writer of the Brooklyn *Eagle*; and for a time as editor of the St. John *Daily Gazette*. Mr. Hannay was born at Richibucto, N.B., in 1842 and first came into prominence as reporter of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick and as the author of some lyrics and historical ballads. During almost the whole of his journalistic work he has been a great student of history and has done much for historical study in Eastern Canada. His "History of Acadia," published first in 1879, and now in its fourth edition, is the best work on the French regime in the Maritime Provinces. Besides this he has written many magazine articles and several other books; among the latter are "Life and Times of Sir Leonard Tilley," "History of the War of 1812," and "History of the Loyalists in the Revolutionary War," now in the press.

Mr. S. D. Scott, of the *Daily Sun*, was born at Parrsboro, N.S., and educated at Dalhousie and Mount Allison Colleges. His first editorial experience was on the *Argosy*, a college paper, and the experience gained there has been supplemented by sterner knowledge acquired on the Chignecto *Post*, Halifax *Evening Mail* and the St. John *Daily Sun*. He became editor of the latter paper in 1885 and is also a director of the company which publishes it. For several sessions he has been Ottawa correspondent of his own paper and also of the Halifax *Herald*. He is President of the Mount Allison Alumni Society and a member of the Board of Regents of that college. He is also president of the New Brunswick Historical Society. In politics Mr. Scott is an independent Conservative.

MONCTON.

The leading journalist in Moncton is John T. Hawke, editor and publisher of the *Transcript*. He is a printer by trade and in his early days worked on different papers in Ontario. As a reporter he was connected with the St. Thomas *Times*, the Toronto *Leader* and the Toronto *Globe*. He has been editor of the Hamilton *Tribune* and the Ottawa *Free Press*. Like Mr. Ellis, of St. John, some of his fame is due to a contempt of court case when he was fined $200 and sent to jail for two months. As a public speaker he has a considerable reputation. In politics he is a Liberal.

FREDERICTON,

James H. Crocket, founder and editor of the *Daily Gleaner*, was born in Campbellton, N.B., in 1859, and like most of the other Maritime Province editors, has been connected with the press since a very early age. In 1877 he joined the staff of the *St. John*

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News, and after three years of newspaper work in St. John, returned to Fredericton to found the *Gleaner*. At first it was a monthly; in six months it became a fortnightly, and in another six months a weekly. In 1885 it was issued tri-weekly, and in 1890 it became a daily evening newspaper. The growth and prosperity of this paper is the best comment on the journalistic capacity of Mr. Crocket. One of his specialties is a department devoted to foreign and Imperial politics, and this feature has had a beneficial effect upon his circulation.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

William Lawson Cotton, President of the *Examiner* Publishing Company,



W. L. COTTON.
Charlottetown "Examiner."

and editor of the *Examiner*, was born and educated in Prince Edward Island. He is now fifty years of age. From 1871 to 1873 he was connected with the *Halifax Citizen*, but since the first of June, 1873, a month before the Island entered Confederation, he has been associated with the *Examiner*. In 1878 he began to issue it daily—the first Prince Edward Island daily newspaper. It is decidedly yet independently Conservative in politics.

Frederick John Nash, known as the youthful editor of the Province of Prince Edward Island, was born in Halifax, N.S. He is of Loyalist descent, and was educated at the Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown. He commenced his newspaper career in 1886 as reporter on the *Daily Patriot*, of which he was afterwards city editor and then associate editor. On the retirement of the Hon. David Laird from the editorship, Mr. Nash became editor-in-chief of this the leading Liberal paper of PrinceEdward Island.

The other morning paper of Charlottetown is *The Guardian*, of which J. E. B. McCready is the editor.

QUEBEC.

It is difficult to publish an English newspaper in Quebec city. Yet three of them exist. Mr. George Stewart, editor of the *Mercury*, is, perhaps, the



F. J. NASH.
Charlottetown "Patriot."

best known editor on the three papers. His reputation has, however, been built up in other cities. Between 1865 and 1867 he edited and published *Stewart's Quarterly* in St. John, N.B. In the year of Confederation he came to Toronto, and edited *Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly*. In 1898 he became publisher and editor of the *Quebec Mercury*, a paper which was first published in 1805. He has contributed articles to many leading literary publications in America and England, and holds degrees granted by several Canadian colleges. He is a member of the Royal Society of Canada, and was

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President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec for seven years.

E. T. D. Chambers, editor of the Quebec *Morning Chronicle*, was born in England in 1852, and educated in that country. Besides his editorial work on the *Morning Chronicle* he has contributed articles on literary and historical topics to the late Toronto *Week*, and various American publications, and upon Canadian sport and scenery to *Harper's Magazine*, *Forest and Stream*, and other periodicals. He is author of "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," published by Harpers, "Chambers' Guide to Quebec," and "The Angler's Guide to Eastern Canada."



FRANK CARREL.
Quebec "Telegraph."

Frank Carrel, proprietor and managing editor of the Quebec *Daily Telegraph*, was born in the Ancient Capital in 1870. His father established the *Budget* in that year, and the *Daily Telegraph* four years later. Thus, his son was afforded an early opportunity of learning the newspaper business. He began at the lowest position on the *Telegraph*, and worked up until he filled the editorial chair, which was made vacant by the death of his father in 1891. He is an energetic and progressive manager, and in his hands both the papers founded by his father have made rapid progress.



E. T. D. CHAMBERS.
Quebec "Chronicle."

MONTREAL.

Montreal possesses some splendid newspapers. The *Gazette* is the only morning paper, but the *Witness*, the *Herald*, the *Star*, *La Patrie* and *La Presse* fill the evening field.

Mr. Richard White, managing editor of the *Gazette*, was born in Montreal in 1834. In Jan., 1855, he removed to Ontario, joining his brother,



GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L.
Quebec "Mercury."

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RICHARD WHITE.
Montreal "Gazette."

the late Hon. Thomas White, on the Peterborough *Review*. He continued as manager of that paper until 1864, when he and his brother purchased the Hamilton *Spectator*. In 1870 they transferred themselves to the Montreal *Gazette*, and Mr. Richard White has been manager of the paper since that date. In addition to his newspaper work he has taken an active interest in general business and social matters at Montreal. He has been Vice-President of the Board of Trade, President of the Montreal Turnpike Trust, President of the Cemetery Co., Secretary of the Diocesan Synod, a member of the Committee of Management of the Montreal General Hospital, and a Trustee of Bishop's College.

Mr. Henry Dalby, editor-in-chief of the Montreal *Star*, was born in England about 44 years ago. He came to Canada in 1877, and began work as a reporter on the Montreal *Witness*. About 1880 he joined the *Star* as city editor, and has ever since been connected with the paper, first as writing editor and latterly as managing editor. Mr. Dalby can thus claim to have had a share in the wonderful work performed by Mr. Hugh Graham in making the *Star* the greatest English evening paper published in Canada. His strong point is unquestionably the possession of a humorous and satirical style, which at present he is exercising at the expense of the Liberal party.

John Redpath Dougall, the proprietor and editor of the *Daily Witness*, is a graduate of McGill University. He acquired his business training under his father, and succeeded him in the management of the paper when the latter went to New York in 18·o. He is now sole owner and proprietor, and devotes himself constantly to writing and revising its editorials. His literary style is a model of pure, incisive English. In the conduct of the paper Mr. Dougall has closely followed the principles of his father upon which the paper was founded fifty-three years ago. Like his father, also, he has been prominently identified with the temperance cause, and has been for several years one of the leaders of the Dominion Alliance. Politically, Mr. Dougall is an independent Liberal.

The Hon. Treffle Berthiaume, the editor of the great French evening paper *La Presse*, was born at St. Hugues in 1848. In 1863 he was apprenticed as a printer in the office of the St. Hyacinthe *Courier*. In 1865 he went to Montreal where he worked in one or two printing offices. After various changes he again joined the staff of *La Minerve*, and in November, 1871, won a type-setting match after



HENRY DALBY.
Montreal "Star."

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JOHN REDPATH DOUGALL.
Montreal "Witness."



GODFROY LANGLOIS.
Montreal "La Patrie."

a keen competition against four English-speaking Canadians. After some experience in the job department of that paper he entered into business on his own account. In 1889 he invested all his savings in *La Presse*, then a struggling little French journal of four years' standing with a modest circulation of 12,000. In less than ten years he has seen its circulation more than quadruple. In politics he is an independent Conservative, and is a member of the Legislative Council of the Province of Quebec.

Godfroy Langlois, editor of *La Patrie*, was born in 1867 at St. Scholastique. He studied law for some time but entered journalism in 1890. In 1892 and 1893 he published a small weekly paper at St. Scholastique which was interdicted by the late Archbishop Fabre on account of its radical ideas. Since then he has been chief editor of *La Patrie*. In 1898 he published a political pamphlet, entitled "Sus au Senat," and is now preparing a book on Papineau. He is very radical in his ideas, is a Liberal in politics, and is very independent in religious matters. He is very fond of politics and has done a good deal of public speaking. In fact, like most French poli-



THE HON. T. BERTHIAUME.
Montreal "La Presse."



JAS. S. BRIERLEY.
Montreal "Herald."

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ticians, he possesses considerable oratorical powers.

James S. Brierley, managing editor of the *Herald*, is another of the many Canadian journalists who have, by pluck and enterprise, worked their way from the case to the editorial chair. Mr. Brierley was born in London where he learned his trade. After some experience in Hamilton, he went to the St. Thomas *Journal*, of which paper he soon became editor and proprietor. Still retaining his control of that journal, he, in 1896, went to Montreal to reorganize the *Herald*. In this his latest work he has been eminently successful both as managing director and



P. D. ROSS.
Ottawa "Journal."



E. W. MORRISON.
Ottawa "Citizen."

managing editor. He stands high in the estimation of the craft, and was, in 1896, president of the Canadian Press Association. In his work on the *Herald* he has an able assistant in J. E. Atkinson, who made his mark on the Toronto *Globe*.

OTTAWA.

Ottawa has three very fair newspapers. L. A. M. Lovekin is editor of the *Free Press*; P. D. Ross, of the *Journal*, and E. W. Morrison of the *Citizen*. The latter is a morning paper with an evening edition, the others being exclusively in the evening field.

L. A. M. Lovekin, editor of the *Free Press* since the death of T. P. Gorman in 1894, was born in the West Indies, but educated in England and France. He came to Canada in 1872, and was connected with the Grand Trunk for a short time. He then took up journalistic work and has followed it almost continuously since.

Philip D. Ross, editor and proprietor of the Ottawa *Journal*, was born in Montreal in 1858. He graduated in the faculty of applied science, McGill University, in 1878, and soon after became a reporter on the *Star*. He afterwards went to Toronto, and was connected with the *Mail* and the *News*. Returning to Montreal in 1885 he was, for a time, managing editor of the *Star*. Purchasing a half-interest in the Ottawa *Journal*, he moved to the capital and assumed the editorial management of the paper. Besides his ability as an editorial writer and as a newspaper manager, his most noted characteristic is his connection with amateur athletics. He was, at one time, very prominent among the athletes of Montreal and Toronto, and was stroke of the champion four-oared crews of Canada in 1883 (Toronto R.C.) and 1886 (Lachine B.C). He was chief promoter and first president of the Ottawa Amateur Athletic club, an organization with seven hundred members. Politically he is independent.

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JOHN S. WILLISON.
Toronto "Globe."



W. F. MACLEAN, M.P.
Toronto "World."

Mr. E. W. Morrison, of the Ottawa *Citizen*, entered newspaper life in 1886 as a reporter on the Hamilton *Spectator*. During that and the following years, being a good shorthand writer, he did a great deal of political reporting in both the Dominion and Provincial general elections. He became city editor of the paper in 1892, and was assistant editor in 1896. In 1898 he was appointed editor of the Ottawa *Citizen*. He is an artist of considerable ability, and an officer in the Canadian Artillery. He has taken a special interest in matters relating to the Militia and to the defence of Canada.

TORONTO.

Though not the capital of Canada, and though but second in size among Canadian cities, Toronto possesses six daily papers which are unsurpassed in this country. The *Globe*, the *Mail and Empire* and the *World* are morning papers, the two former published at two cents and the last at one cent. The *Telegram*, the *News* and the *Star* are one cent evening papers. The two high-priced morning papers have also "5 p.m. editions."

The foremost editor in Toronto, if not in the Dominion, is J. S. Willison,



ARTHUR F. WALLIS.
Toronto "Mail and Empire."



H. C. HOCKEN.
Toronto "Evening News."

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editor-in-chief of the *Globe*. Born and educated in Huron county, with some experience in mercantile pursuits, he was twenty-six years of age before he began his first newspaper work on the London *Advertiser*. After one year there, he was sent on by John Cameron to the *Globe*. This was in September, 1883. Before September, 1890, he was editor-in-chief. At twenty-five, a clerk in a village store; at thirty-four editor of the greatest Liberal paper in Canada—that is the record of as hard-working, as persistent and as brilliant a journalist as Canada possesses. During the eight years that Mr. Willison has guided its destinies, the *Globe* has done wonderful work for itself and the Liberal party. Never subservient, but always sympathetic, it has been a model party newspaper. At the same time owing to Mr. Willison's faculty for gathering about him such strong men as John Lewis, John A. Ewan and S. T. Wood, the *Globe* has become the greatest morning newspaper—in the fullest sense of the term—in Canada.

Arthur Wallis, of the *Mail and Empire*, is a clever writer and an experienced journalist. He was born in London, England, in 1854, and when sixteen years of age came to Canada. After learning something about setting type, he joined the *Mail* staff. In 1877 and 1878, he reported nearly every speech made in Ontario by Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper during the famous National Policy campaign. Like Mr. Willison, he represented his paper at Ottawa for some time, and in 1890 became its editor-in-chief. When the *Mail* absorbed the *Empire* in 1895, he retained his position. Mr. Wallis has a very retiring disposition, and dislikes publicity. He is a strong believer in party government, and consequently in party newspapers. He has aimed successfully to make the *Mail and Empire* one of the strongest organs of the Conservative party. In his work he is ably assisted by W. H. Bunting, a son of the former managing director, C. A. C. Jennings and W. Sanford Evans.

The other Toronto morning paper is the *World*, the first one cent Canadian morning daily. The founder and editor of it is William Findlay Maclean, M.P. For eighteen years he has fought a stern battle against large odds, but has finally established his paper on a sound financial basis. He has done more than this. With unlimited pluck and energy he has fought five election campaigns, and during two Parliaments has represented the constituency of East York in the House of Commons. His paper has always been independent Conservative in politics, and Mr. Maclean stands in the front rank of Ontario Conservative leaders. His independence on all questions, and the decided stand which he usually takes once he settles on a line of policy unfits him, however, for party leadership, and he will likely remain a political critic rather than a political leader. Mr. Maclean has a bright, clear style, although he does very little desk work himself. He prefers to collect information and ideas, and to leave the actual writing to others. Most of the editorial writing on the paper is at present done by his scarcely less talented brother, Wallace Maclean.

Toronto has three very bright evening papers. The oldest and strongest of these is the *Telegram*, of which John Ross Robertson, M.P., is the founder and proprietor. The Editor of the *Telegram* is John R. Robinson, who has the reputation of being the brightest paragrapher in Canadian journalism, his most formidable rival being the editor of the Hamilton *Spectator*. Mr. Robinson's mastery of sarcasm and his terse forcible style have given him a more than local reputation. Like Mr. Hocken of the *News*, and Mr. Campbell of the *Star*, he does not court publicity. These three editors are comparatively young, but all have had long experience in journalism. Each paper is run on independent political lines.

Horatio C. Hocken, the editorial writer of the *News*, has always lived in the city of Toronto. He began his

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newspaper life as a compositor, worked for a time in the *Globe* office, and finally took the position of foreman of the *News* composing room. For fifteen years he has remained with the paper, the last six being spent on the staff. During this six years he has gone from city-hall reporter to chief editorial writer—a long stride. William Douglas, the business manager of the paper, is also supposed to exercise some supervision over the editorial department. He is a very clever young man, though rather inclined to be sensational in his methods.

Colin C. Campbell, the editor of the *Star*, has never, so far as I know, appeared in public. He was born some-



M. G. BREMNER.
London "Free Press."

where in the United States, and worked on the Hamilton *Spectator* and on the Toronto *News*. He was city editor of the latter paper when the *Star* was founded in 1892. Since then he has been the editor, in the widest sense, of the *Star*, and has, considering the keen competition, met with much success. The whole paper is very brightly written and its information is thoroughly reliable.

LONDON.

London has three very fair dailies, one published in the morning and the other two in the evening.

M. G. Bremner, chief editor of the



JOHN CAMERON.
London "Advertiser."

Free Press, the morning daily of Western Ontario, has been connected with the paper since boyhood. He has been reporter, assistant editor, and editor-in-chief during a term of thirty-five years' active service. Mr. Bremner is a native of Newfoundland, but his family removed to London while he was still a child. His predecessor as chief editor of the *Free Press* was Mr. Josiah Blackburn, the founder of the paper, who died in 1890.

John Cameron, of the London *Advertiser*, is a well-known journalist. Like Mr. Bremner, he served his apprenticeship in the *Free Press* office,



C. B. KEENLEYSIDE.
London "News."

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having as a frame-mate William Southam, now manager of the Hamilton *Spectator*. Mr. Cameron was for some years editorial manager of the Toronto *Globe*; but on the death of his brother, who was managing the London *Advertiser*, he returned to London to look after the paper which he had previously helped to found. Mr. Cameron was twice elected president of the Canadian Press Association. Among the graduates from the *Advertiser* office, of whom Mr. Cameron is justly proud, are the Hon. David Mills, Mr. Willison of the Toronto *Globe*, Robert Barr, and Miss Eva Brodlique.

C. B. Keenleyside, managing editor of the London *Daily News*, is a Londoner by birth and education, and has been in newspaper life since 1881. He left London in 1883 for Winnipeg, where he was attached to the old Winnipeg *Times*, and to the *Sun* when T. H. Preston, now of the Brantford *Expositor*, and R. L. Richardson, M.P., of the Winnipeg *Tribune*, were on that staff. He afterwards attended Victoria University, and indulged in a post-graduate course at Yale. In 1895 he returned to Canada, and was connected with the Brantford *Expositor* for one year, after which he assumed his present position. Mr. Keenleyside has a bright future before him, apparently, both in journalism and in literature.

HAMILTON.

In spite of the fact that Hamilton is less than fifty miles from Toronto, its daily evening papers flourish to the number of three.

John Robson Cameron, a native of Perth, Ont., has been connected with various Canadian and United States newspapers, but has spent the last fifteen years on the *Spectator*. He has been editor-in-chief of that journal since the retirement of A. T. Freed, in 1894. As a journalist he is a fighter. He has also seen active service as a militiaman in the Fenian Raid and in the Red River Expedition. His journalistic fame rests upon his independence and his ability as a paragrapher.

Mr. J. L. Lewis, editor of the *Herald*, has been at one time or another connected with each of the three Hamilton papers, and has also had some experience in Belleville, his native city. Under Mr. Lewis the *Herald* has since 1896 been a very successful journal, brightly written, and carefully managed. As a writer Mr. Lewis is best known for his dramatic and musical criticism.

Mr. H. F. Gardiner, the editor of the *Times*, is a native of Brockville. He was first connected with the *Times* in 1872, and has been with it continuously since 1880. In the seventies he was also connected with the Brantford



J. L. LEWIS.
Hamilton "Herald."



H. F. GARDINER.
Hamilton "Times."

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E. J. B. PENSE.
Kingston "Whig."



ANDREW PATTULLO, M.P.P.
Woodstock "Sentinel-Review."

Expositor, the London *Advertiser*, and the Hamilton *Spectator*.

KINGSTON.

Kingston has three evening dailies, the *British Whig*, the *News* and the *Times*. The *Whig* is the most influential, although the other two are very fair journals.

E. J. B. Pense joined the *Whig* as an employee in 1862. Nine years afterwards he purchased the paper from his grandfather, who had founded it in 1834. Mr. Pense's characteristic is his energy. He is practically the manager of the city. He has filled the position of Alderman, Mayor, Chairman of the General Hospital, and a score of other prominent positions, many of which he still holds. His advice is sought on every civic and public question. He was President of the Kingston Reform Association for many years, and in 1882 was President of the Canadian Press Association.

WOODSTOCK.

Andrew Pattullo, M.P.P., of the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review* is one of the most successful editorial managers in Ontario. His paper is published in the the dairying district, and by giving much attention to that industry and by publishing a first-class newspaper, it has been made a great success. Mr. Pattullo is a splendid writer, a past-president of the Canadian Press Association, and a rising politician.

WINNIPEG.

The city of Winnipeg, although less than thirty years of age, boasts three morning papers. The *Tribune* has been the Liberal organ, The *Telegram* (old *Nor'Wester*) the Conservative organ, and the *Free Press*, an independent journal. But since the change of editorship last year in the *Free Press*, that paper has been distinctly Liberal in tone.

Robert Lorne Richardson, editor of the *Tribune* and M.P. for the constituency of Lisgar, was born in 1860 in the county of Lanark, Ontario, where his grandfather, a Trafalgar veteran, had settled about 1815. At nineteen years of age he joined the staff of the Montreal *Star*, was afterwards connected with the *Globe*, and immigrated westward in 1882. Seven years later he assisted in founding the *Tribune*. Though an ardent Liberal, he has shown much independence in his paper and in Parliament, always denouncing the machine element in either of the great political parties.

Arnott J. Magurn, the new editor of the Winnipeg *Free Press*, is an experienced journalist. He has served on the *Globe* under Gordon Brown, and again under Mr. Willison; he has been on

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R. L. RICHARDSON.
Winnipeg "Tribune."

the Belleville *Daily Ontario*, the Toronto *Mail*, and the Ottawa *Free Press*. At the request of Mr. Laurier he wrote the Liberal campaign book used in the general election of 1896. He has been President of the Parliamentary Press Gallery.

Thomas A. Bell, managing editor of the morning *Telegram*, a paper which succeeded the *Nor' Wester*, was born in Pennsylvania in 1844. He was connected with the Fort William *Journal* for some years and still has an interest in that paper. Previous to that he was in the business of building and contracting. His business habits have enabled him to master the newspaper business and hold his own with more experienced journalists.



A. J. MAGURN.
Winnipeg "Free Press."

VANCOUVER.

The city of Vancouver is a little over twelve years of age but, like Winnipeg, it supports three dailies, each of which is managed by a first-class man.

The Hon. F. Carter-Cotton, Minister of Finance and Agriculture in the British Columbia Cabinet, is the only Canadian editor holding a cabinet position. He is the managing editor of the *News-Advertiser*, which was founded in 1887 by Messrs. Carter-Cotton and Gordon, who bought up the *News* and the *Advertiser*, and has held his present position almost since the foundation. In Dominion politics the paper is Conservative, but in Provincial politics is in favour of a coalition government. In 1890 Mr. Carter-Cotton was elected as the first representative of the city of Vancouver in the Legislature, and he has been twice re-elected. In August of last year he accepted his official position in the Semlin Cabinet.



THOMAS A. BELL.
Winnipeg "Telegram."

John Campbell McLagan, managing editor of the *World*, came to Canada from Scotland when he was fifteen years of age. He served first on the Woodstock (Ont.) *Sentinel*, and afterwards on the Woodstock *Times*, Clinton *Courier*, and Guelph *Advertiser*. In

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1862, with James Innes, M.P., he purchased the Guelph *Mercury*, and was for nearly twenty years connected with business enterprises in the Stone City. From June, 1884, to July, 1888, he was editor and manager of the Victoria *Times*, leaving there to found and manage the Vancouver *World*. Mr. McLagan has had much experience in business, is greatly enamoured of the journalistic profession, and can tell many tales of the difficulties under which the craft laboured in the early fifties.



J. C. McLAGAN.
Vancouver "World."

Walter C. Nichol, editor of the *Daily Province*, was a well-known journalist before he decided to seek for wealth in the Mining Province. He



THE HON. F. CARTER-COTTON.
Vancouver "News-Advertiser."

was editor of the Hamilton *Herald*, helped to found the London *News* and was known as a bright and clever writer. His native place is Goderich, Ontario. He has now been connected with the *Daily Province* for over a year, it having previous to that time been a general and literary weekly. The proprietor of the paper is Mr. Hewitt Bostock, M.P., but he leaves the management of the paper in the trustworthy hands of Mr. Nichol.

VICTORIA.

Victoria, the most westerly city in Canada, possesses two strong daily papers, the *Times* and the *Daily Colonist*, Senator Templeman being the representative of the former, and Mr. C. H. Lugrin of the latter.

Senator Templeman won his spurs in newspaper work as founder and publisher of the Almonte *Gazette*—a paper which he managed from the year of Confederation until 1884. In the latter year he moved to British Columbia, and has ever since been connected with the *Times*, of which he is now principal owner and managing editor. He was born at Pakenham, Ontario, and learned his first lessons in printing in Carleton Place. He is one of the many



WALTER C. NICHOL.
Vancouver "Province."

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SENATOR W. TEMPLEMAN.
Victoria "Times."



C. H. LUGRIN.
Victoria "Daily Colonist."

Ontario men who have gone West and garnered success and fame. He is a strong Liberal and has contested Victoria several times in the interest of his party. In 1897 he was called to the Senate by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, much to the delight of a large circle of friends and admirers.

Charles Henry Lugrin, editor of the *Daily Colonist*, is a New Brunswicker, and a graduate of the provincial university. From 1869 to 1889 he practised law in that Province, and took much interest in politics. In 1895 he removed to Seattle, in the State of Washington, where he did some legal and journalistic work, being connected with two papers there. In the first month of 1897 he became, on the death of the veteran Henry Lawson, editor of the *Daily Colonist* in Victoria. He comes of a newspaper family, both his father and grandfather having been newspaper editors and proprietors. He has written many essays and one book, entitled "New Brunswick, Its Resources and Advantages."

John A. Cooper

SOUL'S ILLUSION.

I HEAR the tired wind sighing
Among the hills for rest;
I hear the deep imploring
For one brief hour of peace;
I hear my spent soul crying,
As, on the endless quest,
It follows down the ways of night,
That magical, illusive light,
Whose beauty is a star to me,
Alluring over land and sea.

Bradford K. Daniels.

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IN THE TOMB OF AGRIPPA.

IN the summer of 1887, when visiting Italy, I spent a few days in Pozzuoli (the Roman Puteoli) and tried to recall what the town was like nineteen centuries ago, when it was the abode of such wealthy bankers as Cluvius, and when it was a thriving seaport. Here the father of Cælius amassed the wealth of which the eloquent pupil of Cicero made such lavish use.

Having procured torches, I ordered the boatmen to make for Baja (Baiæ) where I looked in vain for even a trace of those sumptuous villas, built for rest or pleasure, so true is it that fame is more enduring than brass or marble. Instead of olive gardens crowned with palaces, from whose porticos and peristyles powerful consuls and pontiffs and mighty conquerors, Marius, Pompey, Cæsar, Sylla, Nero, and a throng of illustrious men and famous criminals looked out on those lovely waters which in calm weather reflected column and colonnade, one sees the squalid dwellings of obscure, listless men. On moral and intellectual vigour some blight has fallen. On stone and mortar and marble the effacing hand of time and the ruder blows of earthquake have long since done their work. The night of centuries covers the glory of the past. For gorgeous equipage, the purple and pearls, the gold and glitter of vast Imperial retinues, the eye is fain to content itself with picturesque rags, inadequately covering limbs whose fine brown tints are enhanced by long immunity from water. The marsh exhalations lend peril to that sweet air formerly among the chiefest of attractions; but no odours can steal its softness from the voluptuous sky, nor rob of their undying attractions those waves laden of memories, the peerless bay, the haunted shores, the enchanted land. Can it possibly be true, that belief so strongly held by all races in all times, that the spirits of those we misname the dead, flit through and linger round those places they loved where, when in the flesh, they acted, enjoyed and suffered? What great and gracious, what mighty and lovely essences may glide here unobserved and shadow our thoughtless steps. Hardly a name known in Roman war, or politics, or literature or fashion, at least after the Republic became an Imperial power, but is in some way linked with Baiæ. The boyhood of Cælius was passed in Puteoli; his early manhood here and on the Tiber divided between ambition and pleasure. Here he and Clodia gave themselves up to all the pleasures that were to be found in a corner of Italy which Horace calls the most beautiful in the world. What with races on the shore, sumptuous and brilliant picnics on land, water-parties in boats laden with costly dishes, choice wines, singers and musicians, Clodia, the beautiful, pleasure-loving daughter of one of the proudest and most illustrious houses of Rome, the hostess, the queen of the fête, drained the cup, surrounded by a bevy of admirers, Catullus among them, and the most formidable rival of Cælius in the affections of the lady—for Lesbia was the fictitious veil which for outsiders he threw over the fascinating woman who had won his heart—who delighted and tormented, threw over and ruined him, not by her avarice, but by her incorrigible perfidy.

The loveliness of those wooded shores—the bay, the sky—fills the imagination with an unspeakable sense of æsthetic satisfaction, and the heart with peace. No wonder the masters of the world, weary of power, turned in here for repose.

"The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here."

The ruins which stretch from the Castle to the Baths of Tivoli enable you to form an idea of the extent of the antique town.

To the right is that dubious edifice

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miscalled the Tomb of Agrippa. It is more suggestive of a theatre. In the oaths of the Sibyll I had been thrown but of the fit mood for enjoying such scenes by the parrot-story of my guide. I, therefore, determined, to enter the Tomb of Agrippa alone. Having lit a torch, I proceeded to explore the interior of this strange monument.

I had not gone far along the gallery when I was seized with a strange sensation never before experienced. It was not fear. I had uttered scepticisms respecting the Sibyll in her own Grotto, and my guide had assured me I had done very wrong, for that, in his belief, the whole district was haunted by crowding spirits from the buried past. I felt conscious that I was surrounded by living though invisible beings. I even thought I heard the tones of airy voices. I paused; should I return? No; and on I went, around me the gentle whispering, the ripple of distant ghostly laughter on the ear. "Can it be," I asked, "that spiritual beings are conversing in these mouldering ruins; and that my tympanum is too coarse to catch their tones, to hear their gossamer mirth and the faint breath of their delicate sigh?"

I had arrived at a point where I was doubtful whether to turn to the right or left, when a young man with light sunny hair, brown eyes, and a nose like that of the first bald-headed Cæsar, clad in the fashion of some twenty centures back, stood before me. The purple band, which bordered his toga, spoke his rank and taste in dress.

"*Salve, Viator,*" he said, and motioned to a marble bench on the left.

"*Tu quoque salvus sis, domine,*" I replied, bowing low. He asked me whence I had come, and with such poor fluency as I could command I gave him some idea of the modern world, and then begged of him to tell me something about his own days. He readily assented. But alas! I could not follow him, partly because of his accent partly because of the rapidity with which he spoke.

"*Lente, lente,*" I begged. Then I asked him to repeat for me familiar passages from Virgil and Horace, so that I might get accustomed to his accent. For the first time I realized the music of those lines and odes we are taught at school to admire mechanically. Having recited the opening lines of the Æneid, and two or three of Horace's alcaics, he declaimed a passage from Cicero's *pro Cælio.* I was now able to understand the discordance which existed between the metrical intonation and the ordinary accent of the Latins.

I asked him if he had known Cicero. No, not in the flesh. Cicero was before his time. But he had known Horace, and a number of the school boy's friends.

A reference to the third book of Tibullus led him to say he knew Sulpicia, frank, beautiful and, for that period, true-hearted and noble. He quoted from the poem sent her on the first of March—"The Matronalia," when maid and matron received gifts and compliments—the lines :—

Illam quidquid agit, quoquo vestigia movit
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.

Whate'er she does, where'er her footsteps stray,
A thousand graces round each movement play.

Another Glycera a creature of infinite variety and boundless and delicate charm.

"You will remember," he said, "that in the second of those exquisite little poems written by herself she complains that Messala, her guardian, has invited her to pass her birthday at his country seat near Arretium, and is thus about to deprive her of the company of Cerinthus, a young Greek, handsome, fascinating, but not in her class, who could not leave Rome and who anyway would not be received by Messala. From the next little song you learn she was allowed to remain at the capital.

"At this time Messala stood high with Augustus. Julia, the emperor's daughter, who had the genius as well as the beauty and charm of the Julian family, was fond of having in her palace and fine gardens the young men of wit and fashion.

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"A short time after this passing cloud on the sentiment of Sulpicia, she, Lygdamus, Tibullus, Gallus, Ovid, Julia, the daughter of Agrippa, Iulus Antonius, as a matter of course, and some others were in those noble gardens which the emperor had presented to his daughter, talking art, gossip, scandal, everything but politics; the time passed gaily. Acting on some suggestion I have forgotten, Julia asked Sulpicia whether she had not something to read to us. Whereupon Sulpicia said:

"'Messala made me very sad some time ago. He wished to have my birthday celebrated in the vicinity of those waters near his Arretium home. I wrote some verses in anticipation, and my indulgent guardian on reading them annulled my sentence of banishment.'

"'Then let us have them,' cried Julia.

"And Sulpicia read:

You ask me why the brimming tear?
Nor field nor stream can give me joy,
Nor sunlight smite my heart with fire;
For absent is my own Greek boy
And far away my heart's desire—
Cerinthus is not here.

In vain! in vain! the glittering mere,
In vain you crown my festal day,
And, glad with wine, chant sweet Catullus,
(While o'er the lute your fingers stray)
Or sing my praises by Tibullus,
Cerinthus is not here.

Oh! let my own Greek boy appear!
Bind up those laughing rills with frost,
Yon gleaming dome with gloom bedim,
Let all your festal plans be crost;
Mine eye shall beam, my heart shall brim,
Cerinthus being here!

"We all praised the elegant trifle, and Tibullus, with a sigh, congratulated the niece of his friend and patron.

"'And what,' asked Julia of Ovid, 'have you been writing?' Iulus Antonius bent a jealous scowl on the poet.

"'Oh, nothing,' Ovid replied.

"After supper, when many a libation had been poured, Julia the younger took the cithara. We had songs, recitations, criticism. Julia held that Horace was frigid, and that Catullus had more genius and heart. 'As for you,' she said, turning to Ovid, who was whispering in the ear of her daughter, into whose hand he slipped, as he hoped, unobserved, a small scroll, 'You are the true poet of this day, when, let my father do what he may, we have turned our backs on the seriousness of the elders. All that is left of Roman earnestness is the dignity which was its noble ornament. There is no passion in love or patriotism today. Horace—literature in marble. You, Ovid—you are as brilliant as polished steel, and as—hard.'

"'And durable,' laughed Ovid.

"When the time to separate had come she bade me stay, as she had a commission to give me.

"The sound of retreating footsteps was still in one's ears when, turning to her daughter, she said: 'Julia, let me see the verses that brilliant scamp slipped into your hand?'

"The young girl, not less beautiful than her mother and as ill-starred, drew forth the scroll and read:

I hourly pine for Julia's love;
Cares Julia aught for me?
Alas! I look too far above—
Risk life itself for thee.

What help? Thy bright eye dims the sun,
Thy smiles — like summer seas;
Yet *that* is by thy wit outshone;
These by thy power to please.

That breast of snow, it makes mine rave;
So calm, yet kills my peace;
Twin swans upon a silver wave,
Just vista'd through the trees!

That form hid by the long robe's folds,
Is fairer than the dress;
But yet the soul it sweetly holds,
It cannot half express.

I know I look too far above;
Siderial heights desire;
But though black exile frown—I'll love;
Death shake his spear—aspire!'

"'Heartless conceits,' cried the mother, as she handed back the little scroll. 'Beware,' she added; 'you know the severity the emperor wishes to impose on all but himself. Ovid is a

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charming fellow and a great master of the art he professes to teach; but beware,' and in saying this she looked anything but severe herself, while her daughter laughed a low, liquid, honeyed laugh.

"And thus these three persons played with danger, and, though at times they caught a glimpse of the shrouded Nemesis looking out on them from the future, trod the path which led to misery and exile. For the two imperial beauties, narrow, barren isles, barred and walled by the pitiless sea; and for my witty and accomplished friend, the bleak, inhospitable Euxine shore."

"Pardon me" I said; "may I ask—" Here my guides, who thought I was lost, came along the passage with flaming torches, shouting: "Signore!"

I rose and beckoned and shouted to them to go back. When I turned I found my interesting companion had gone. Regretfully I left the ruin. The sun was now descending, so I bade the boatmen head for Naples, saying we would visit Cuma on the morrow.

Nicholas Flood Davin.

ANEROESTES, THE GAUL.*

A Review.

THE story of Aneroestes, the Gaul, has already appeared in the pages of this magazine, and therefore it needs neither introduction nor commendation to its readers. Yet it may be well that some attempt should be made to estimate its character and worth. We have, therefore, no hesitation in saying that it is an excellent story, admirably told, and full of bright, graphic writing. The story itself is slight, not too slight, perhaps, for the volume of the work, and all the better for not being encumbered with extraneous detail. It belongs to the campaign of Hannibal in Italy, after his magnificent and terrible feat of crossing the Alps, and we believe all the situations and descriptions will be found to agree with the time and circumstances of the story. The picture of Hannibal's army, wasted with hunger and fatigue, is very striking, so is the portraiture of the great soldier himself. The hero of the book is a captive Gaul, set to fight another captive, with the promise of liberty and a reward to the conqueror. The story of the battle is told with great skill and dramatic power. The smaller man overcame the giant opposed to him, and Aneroestes thus won his freedom.

His countrymen, however, were still retained in bondage, and their liberty was promised to them on condition of Aneroestes helping by treachery to get possession of the city of Taurasia, which was besieged by Hannibal. Pretending to be a deserter from the Carthaginian army, the spy with some difficulty obtained the confidence of the Taurini, and finally admitted, or rather helped to admit, the besiegers within the city.

During his stay in the place he saw and loved Ducaria, a daughter of the people, who returned his affection, and fled with him from the city. Himilco, however, a Carthaginian leader, saw her, and lusted after her, and got her into his hands. It is not necessary to recount the various incidents in the subsequent history of Aneroestes and Ducaria, further than to say that the author has shown considerable skill in this most difficult part of his work. These things and the end of the story, which is also well managed, our readers will find in the book; and probably they would not thank us for depriving them of the discovery which they will make for themselves. We are not sure whether this is Mr. Smith's first work of the kind. If it is, we hope that we may meet him again.

William Clark.

*A Fragment of the Second Punic War. By Edgar Maurice Smith. Montreal: F. E. Grafton & Sons, 1898.

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PHIL. BURTON'S DUCKS.

IN September of 1886, business became slack in London, and, finding myself reduced to four days' work a week with four days' pay, I resolved to try the Great Northwest. One week after this resolution taken I was at work for R. B. Ferguson at Regina, the chief town of that primitive district. After being there a week the failure of a new lot of material to arrive on time gave me an enforced holiday and I asked Mr. Ferguson:

"How do you fellows out here amuse yourselves when you have time on your hands?"

"Oh," said he, "we generally ride and shoot. You may take that cayuse of mine and ride over to the 'slews' and get some ducks if you like."

If I like? Of course I liked; I was delighted. True I had never fired off a gun more than half a dozen times and had never killed anything but a horse belonging to my father, which piece of sportsmanship, being an accident, and for other obvious reasons, never brought me any but ironical compliments.

But Ferguson had never heard of this episode. He lent me his double-barrelled gun with confidence that I was as knowing as I pretended, and an hour later I reached the "slews." Espying a flock of ducks in a large slew or pond some distance off I dismounted and, tying my horse to some brushwood, crept near them under cover of a little bluff of willow brush. The ducks evidently did not see me and bang, bang, went both barrels. Off flew the ducks, leaving one of their number fluttering wounded on the water, and to my astonishment they alighted again a short distance away. I thought best to secure the bird I had shot before following the others further, and, as the water was about three feet deep I took off all the drapery of my, nether limbs, and wading in, brought out my prize. Never was a sportsman more delighted; a duck with my first shot; it was almost too good to believe. I grew two inches, it seemed to me, that very minute. The water was very cold for deep wading, for October is no summer month in Assiniboia, but that counted for nothing. I was covered with glory if not much else. I resumed my trousers, stockings and boots and, following the fowl with greater boldness and more openly, I soon had shot and retrieved in the same manner as before two more of them, and in a couple of hours I was the joyful possessor of no less than seven. I was at first very much astonished at the fowl for not flying away, but I soon attributed it to their never having been hunted before, and repeated softly to myself the lines:

> "The beasts that roam over the plain
> My form with indifference see,
> They are so unacquainted with man
> Their tameness is shocking to me."

and, mentally making the changes necessary to fit the present case, I derived a good deal of satisfaction and pleasure from the lines.

I now returned to my pony and tying the ducks to the saddle and taking the gun, fully loaded, in my hands (for what young sportsman was ever contented to travel with an empty gun) I mounted and started for town, incipient rheumatism in my bones, but supreme content in my heart.

I was cantering slowly along framing in my mind a letter home, and considering the satisfaction with which I should show my spoils to Mr. Ferguson and the fellows at the hotel where I boarded, when I heard the faint squawk of wild geese and looking up I saw a flock flying almost directly overhead. They were about a quarter of a mile high, but not discouraged by that fact I stopped the horse, raised my gun and fired at them. I had hardly time to observe that none of the geese appeared to be falling when I felt a shock beneath me and found myself rise into

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the air about three feet, accompanied by the gun and ducks. By the time I came down in a heap on the ground the horse was five yards away, and in a shorter time than it takes me to say so he disappeared over a rising ground in a furious race for Regina. "B' George!" said I to myself as I recovered from my surprise, "I believe that horse *bucked*." I have since that tried many times to ride horses whose performance was guaranteed to be bucking, and have found no reason to change my opinion.

I was not hurt, so I gathered up my birds, hung them on the gun over my shoulder, and started for town, five miles away.

Arrived in town, the first man I met was R. B. Ferguson. "Hello! Phil," said he; "What has happened to you? The cayuse came home an hour ago, and we thought you must be killed. What have you got there?" he continued, catching sight of my game.

"A few ducks," I replied, in a desperate attempt at lordly indifference. He looked at me a moment, then burst into a roar of laughter.

"That's splendid," he cried; "You've done well my boy," and he went off into another fit of laughter.

"Come, let's go down to the hotel and show the boys," said he when he had recovered his breath, and immediately exploded again.

Arrived at the hotel we found all the fellows agog for news, for they had seen or heard of the pony's coming back without me. I saw Ferguson wink to the boys when we went in, but mistrusted nothing definite. I walked in with great dignity and bowed condescendingly to the boys.

"See Burton's shoot of ducks!" said Ferguson. "Isn't that fine for a beginner?" The crowd looked at the birds and burst into one unanimous guffaw.

"Oh, go 'way!" said they. "He's been shooting before."

I declared I had never before aimed at anything wearing feathers.

"Aw, come off. What are you givin' us? Aw, get out. What do you take us for?" greeted me on every side.

"There don't no tenderfoot bring home no sich bag as that?" drawled a cowboy down from Qu'Appelle.

I grew somewhat annoyed at their too freely expressed disbelief, and ventured to remark that I should consider any man my enemy who indulged in any further language of the sort. This seemed to be a signal for a renewal of the merriment, but presently one of the men straightened his face and remarked that it certainly was a shame to try to throw doubt upon the word of a gentleman, and asked:

"Where did you get them anyway, and how in thunder did you manage to get so many in so short a time?"

Considerably mollified, I vividly described my proceedings and the methods employed in each case, while the others listened with great interest, and with faces on which desperate solemnity alternated with convulsions of laughter

The Qu'Appelle man had been inspecting the catch.

"Gash! them's fine ducks," said he gravely, "I move we have 'em for supper."

"Right you are," cried the others; "take them down to the kitchen and tell the cook to let us have them for supper."

"With pleasure," said I, and taking up my game I wended my way to the kitchen, the company following at my heels. I went up to the cook, a middle-aged Irishwoman.

"Here, cook these ducks for supper, will you?" said I, throwing the fowl upon the table.

Mrs. Finerty took one look at my prizes.

"Dooks! Dooks the divil!" said she. "Ye spalpeen, git out o' this wid yer dhirty *mud hins*," and she flung them into the yard.

The volley of laughter behind me nearly broke the windows. Mud hens they were, about as edible as a crow, impervious to the teeth of even the prairie wolf. The pigs worried the carcasses around the hotel yard till winter, but nothing could eat them.

George Nelson Weekes.

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FOR HER DEAR SAKE.

"I'LL give canned stuffs the go-by after I get out of this," and Jack Birdsall's pleasant face had a look of disgust as he transferred with his pocket-knife sundry slices of corned beef from a can to his lips.

"Why, just to think! To home they're eatin' harvest apples and early peaches to-day. My mouth's waterin' for an apple. An' say, wouldn't it be delicious to have some new potatoes cooked in milk? That's the way mother always cooked 'em, and nothin' tasted better to me when I was a boy."

He glanced through the low doorway of the little cabin as he spoke, but between him and the distant mountains there was no sign of fruit or vegetables ripening under the hot August sun. Nothing but heaps of earth and tiny cabins and tents, the outward signs of a mining country.

"You'll soon be home and feasting, Jack, while I—well, I've told you before—I've no home to go to, no ties. I feel sometimes as though I was adrift on a wide sea without chart or compass, and I wonder where the winds will bear me next. You cannot understand it, Jack; you with a wife and home—"

Jack Birdsall started as if he had been struck.

"For heaven's sake don't say any more in that vein, Fred. I've been on the point of tellin' you a hundred times, and now that we're about leavin' here, I'll out with it. I don't intend to go back to my home. First, let me show you my wife's picture."

He crossed over to his bunk, and raising the reindeer robe, drew from beneath it a box.

"There she is," handing a photograph to his friend, "taken two years ago, when I started to come here."

The face that looked up at Frederic Harmon was, he thought, one of the most beautiful he had ever seen; a face at once strong and tender with great serious eyes beneath a broad brow, from which tbe blonde hair was caught loosely away, and a mouth that seemed made for lurking smiles. He glanced up at his friend.

"I know what you think," said Birdsall. "She's much younger than I. Well, this is how it was: When I first saw her, in a little town in Ontario, she was a girl of seventeen an' I was thirty. She was an orphan, livin' with relations who were unkind to her. She'd been carefully educated, but not fitted to earn her living. I loved her from the first day I saw her, an' when I learned she was unhappy, I said, 'Come to me,' an' she came, joyfully, I thought, an' my happiness was complete. But not for long. The knowledge was forced upon me, slowly at first, for I was so blind I would not see, that she had married me for a home an' to escape from her tormentors. Then I learned too she had hoped to inspire me to study and improve myself; she was always studyin'. I know she felt ashamed when I blundered, as I'm always doin', in my pronunciation of words; I never did take to book learnin'. On the farm, when I was a boy, it was only a few weeks in winter at school. We had to hustle early an' late to keep the interest paid on the mortgage.

"Another thing came between us. I was always mighty fond of bugs—spent all my spare time when a boy huntin' up strange ones, an' I had a big collection when I was married. The most readin' I ever done was about insects. I had quite a lot of books about 'em, an' a small chest full of my own notes of what I'd observed. When we came to settle in our house, there was a room off the setten room that was too small for a bedroom, an' I said to her:

"Edith, I believe I'd like this for my own particular use; an' she laughed an' said: 'It shall be your den, dear.'

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"I wondered what she meant, because I hadn't told her about the bugs.

"A few days afterwards she was busy fixin' up her sewin'-room, a side room with a bay-window, upstairs; and I was workin' in my den. My books was all on their shelves, and my bugs unpacked and laid out on the table. I hadn't decided just how to keep 'em, so I began sortin' 'em, and to help along, every time I came to a stranger, whose habits I hadn't fully investigated, I pinned him up to the door casin'. I guess I had twenty-five or thirty alongside the door-knob when the door opened, and Edith peeped in. Then she screamed, and almost dropped—she'd put her hand right on 'em, you see."

"And no wonder," thought Harmon, but he said nothing.

"She never came into my little den again. Five years went by, and all the time we seemed to drift apart. I knowin' she was disappointed in me—though she never showed it—felt less and less at ease with her, though I tried to be good to her, God knows! Then George Gordon wrote and told me about this Klondike country, and I made up my mind quick. I got together all the money I could lay my hands on—my own, of course—and divided it with Edith. It was enough to keep her two or three years.

"Well, now I've got back to the beginnin'. I've made up my mind that Edith shall have a chance to start fresh, and marry some one who can make her happy—she's young enough yet, only twenty-five—and I want you to bear the tidings to her of my decease. I want you to tell her how, and where and when I died. I'll tell you what—I'll fall off the boat going down the Yukon!"

"Not if I can help it!"

"But I mean for you to tell her that. That will be a pretty decent way of dyin', won't it?

"It's asking a good deal from you; I know, but it isn't as though it would break her heart. She'll grieve, of course, but she'll get over it and I'll never trouble her, never. Forty out of my sixty thousand shall go to her, and you must take it to her."

"I think you're making a mistake, Jack. You're putting all your future happiness behind your back.

"My happiness isn't to be considered, old man. What's more, I couldn't be happy knowin' I was spoilin' her life. You see she'd ought to have married quite a different sort of a man. I've understood it more since I've been with you, Fred. You're what I call a thoroughbred, and I feel sometimes such a scrub beside you with your—"

"Don't, Jack," and his friend flushed painfully, almost guiltily.

Presently he said: "I'll do it Jack, if you don't change your mind before we get to Victoria."

"One more thing, Fred. If you'll manage to ship the contents of my little den to me, bugs and books, I'll wait at the Pacific Hotel at Victoria for them. Tell Edith I asked you to dispose of them."

"You shall have your bugs, Jack. They'll give you something to think about. Now, hadn't we better turn in, as we'll have a busy day to-morrow packing up. Ugh! these tormented mosquitoes! Are you going to take any specimens of them along with you?"

"Sure," said Birdsall, laughing, as he pointed to the wall above his bunk, which was decorated with numerous insects of different kinds.

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When the tinkle, tinkle of the bell rang through the house, she hurried to the door, hoping as she had hoped so many mornings to find a letter from him. She had felt depressed all the morning, and the sight of a stranger when she opened the door seemed to unnerve her. To his question, "Is this Mrs. Birdsall?" she could only bow her head, and motion for him to enter. He began to weaken. Did she divine his errand? He might as well out with it.

"I am Frederic Harmon—"

"My husband's partner! Oh, tell me, why did he not come himself?

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No, you need not; at least, not yet. Oh, my husband!" she exclaimed, as she began walking up and down the room, "why couldn't you have come back!"

Frederic Harmon bowed his head upon his hand. He wanted to think.

Passing him, she caught at his sleeve.

"Can't you give me a crumb of comfort? Two years I have been starving for a touch of his hand, a glance from his kind eyes,—I was such a fool,—I didn't know what he was to me until he was gone. I even thought he had faults. Why, he was the most generous,—the noblest—"

She broke off with a sob.

He had been wrestling with a demon within during those few seconds she had paced the floor. It was turning out so differently from what he had expected—or hoped. The demon said:

"She will get over it in time, and Jack need never know."

Ah, but he, Frederic Harmon, would know.

Just then, she lifted her face.

"I think I can bear it now," she said. "Tell me, when did he die?"

"He didn't die!"

His exultant tone was like a pæan of victory.

She looked up wonderingly. "Not die? why, you said—"

"Nothing about his dying. I came to tell you of his sickness, not his death."

"Oh, where is he—can I go to him?"

"He is in Victoria, and I believe it would be the best thing possible for him if you were to go. It's heart trouble, but not serious—he'll be cured as soon as he sees you. I'll send a message to him right away, and then come back and assist you in starting."

"You are so kind," she said.

As he stepped out upon the veranda, a man rose up from a garden chair, and he looked upon the face of Jack Birdsall.

"In heaven's name, Jack! Where did you come from?"

"I took the next train after you, Fred. The longing grew upon me to see her once more—just a glimpse of her face. I came to this window where the shutters are closed, but the window being open, I heard you say something about my being sick, and her starting for Victoria. I was so overcome, I sank down in this chair. What does it mean?"

"It means that you are never to doubt your wife's love again. Go in to her, Jack. I'll take a walk around and look at your town."

As Frederic Harmon walked down to the gate, a little smile played around his mouth.

"It's a queer world," he said to himself. "Some people are doubly blessed. There's Jack with his wife and bugs—while I— Never mind, I'll look around and seek, and maybe I shall find another Edith. I can dispense with the bugs."

Eva Rice Moore.

UNDYING.

SUCH a sunny smile and a springtime laughter
As my friend had!
Her presence was like April, after
The Winter sad.

Now the laugh is still, and the smile has perished
This many a day;
But within my heart, divinely cherished,
They live for aye.

Bradford K. Daniels.

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CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

THE Marquis of Salisbury has accepted on behalf of his sovereign and the Empire, the Czar's invitation to take part in the disarmament conference. Indeed, all the powers, with the exception of Turkey, have returned a favourable reply. Despite this fact, the questioning of the Czar's motives has not ceased. Mr. Kipling's "Adam Zad" has done more, probably, to sustain this enquiring attitude than oceans of prose argument could have done. In the minds of many the "laureate of the Empire" possesses the seer's vision, and to them, therefore, the Russian autocrat is the bear that walks like a man. His paws are held as in prayer, but at the proper moment they are thrust forth to smite without mercy.

Even those who are not stirred by Sybilline verses are puzzled by the conflicting facts that present themselves. There is no denying that in every department of offensive and defensive force the Russians are busy. Almost simultaneous with the invitation to the conference was the resolution to spend $125,000,000 on the navy. A London *Times'* correspondent, who has been making a tour of observation through Russia, reports a feverish activity in arsenals, dockyards, and every other place connected with the equipment of armies or navies. To these facts Mr. Stead, who has constituted himself the Czar's spokesman in England, replies that Russia is merely "filling up" like a man about to undergo a fast. This explanation is rather casuistical, but as most of the other powers are likewise "filling up," they will really start on the road on even terms.

There can be no doubt that there is a large section of the people of the United Kingdom which would welcome any real guarantee of peace, and will watch the proceedings of the convention with hope, if not expectation. While Britain bears the burden of militarism better than her neighbours, she is, perhaps, more interested in peace than any of them. With her widespread commercial interests she feels the wound even when it is only two considerable South American republics which are endeavouring to dismember each other. It is sometimes said that the time of quarrels among her rivals is her time of greatest harvest and that her trade took the decided lead it now holds during the years of mortal struggle on the continent. That is the common superficial view, but it cannot be held after any careful examination of the facts. Assured peace and continuity of markets are the necessary atmosphere of trade and enterprise, and in this respect tariff wars are about as disastrous as physical wars.

To Russia, doubtless, peace at the present time is an almost absolute necessity. We have little conception of the vast evolutionary ferment that is proceeding amongst those 115,000,000 souls that call the Czar father. Before this myriad all other populations fade away, not so much from the point of view of numbers, for India alone with its 300,000,000 exceeds it in that —but because of the blind but mighty stirrings of the spirit of progress in the portentous mass. It is as if we were looking at the snorts and twitchings of some colossal and fearsome monster about to awake, whose proceedings when awake can only be conjectured, but in regard to which we are justified in feeling some apprehension. The rulers of Russia have willed that the time has come when her people must enter the industrial race. They have already found, however, that it requires even more than an autocrat's ukase to convert an unlettered peasant into an intelligent

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artisan or even into a mill-hand. It is now perceived that the pioneer work in industrialism is education, and even education cannot be introduced amongst those myriads without danger. One does not walk through a powder magazine with a lighted candle without feeling some qualms as to the result. At all events, Russia would prefer to encounter such risks relieved, to some extent at least, from the constant and insistent preparations which all nations appear to have been making for the past twenty years for Armageddon. It is useless to talk of getting relief by precipitating the conflict and getting it over.

The wars of recent years have given no relief. Are the burdens any lighter since Sedan? Have the various alliances eased the pressure? The wasting rivalry increases rather than diminishes, and scarcely have vast sums been spent in some direction than a new invention renders the whole outlay useless. It is now being whispered that the Spanish-American naval engagements prove that the heavily-armoured battleship is doomed to become a thing of the past—that speed and accurate gunnery must be the reliance of the sea-fighters of the future. A distinguished military man, at a dinner-party the other night, recalled the history of the mailed fighting man. In the days of bows and arrows he was almost invulnerable. Then came the era of firearms, and the protection of the soldier kept on increasing until he was utterly helpless when dismounted. Indeed, Machiavelli tells of a battle where no one was killed on either side, except one steel-plated cavalier who fell off his horse in a swamp and was drowned. The rifle at length won, and the cuirass and all its congeners have disappeared. The modern infantry man and cavalry man opposes to the deadly rifle and the still more deadly shrapnel his own unprotected flesh and blood. We are passing, it is claimed, through the same process with regard to our fleets. Common sense and common humanity point out disarmament as the remedy for the debilitating struggle. Short of that there is the idea of a police of the nations. If England, Germany and Russia could accommodate their various aims and decide that any nation breaking the peace would be summarily dealt with just as a constable suppresses a disorderly on our streets, the thousand years of peace might become a possibility instead of an improbable dream.

John Morley's farewell to public life has a bearing on this question of disarmament. He is the one prominent figure who refuses to fall into the Imperialistic and jingoistic procession. Morley is an earnest man, and we can readily give him credit for acting with sincerity, but it may be found that his course is politic as well. The pendulum is swinging very far to one side —it will swing back again, and by the time Mr. Morley has finished his Life of Gladstone he may find himself more attuned to the times. The revulsion in public feeling will not long be delayed if the truth of such disclosures as those of Mr. Ernest Bennett is sustained. The butchery of the wounded dervishes after Omdurman is one of the most incredible things imaginable. It will be astonishing if these assertions of an eye-witness do not cause profound indignation in every part of the Empire. Time is with Mr. Morley.

France remains an object of curious contemporary interest. The Dreyfus case seethes and splutters and the political energies of the nation are exhausted in the profitless game. The invention of subterfuges goes on. The latest romance of the army chiefs is that the document which alone can prove Dreyfus guilty cannot be produced on any account as the revelation which it contains would imperil the life of the nation. It has been shown to each of the Ministers of War in succession, to the present Prime Minister and other members of the Cabinet, and one and all have concurred in the

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view that it definitely justifies the punishment of Dreyfus, but contains such matter as makes its publication impossible.

Are we bound to accept the assurances of these prominent men? In the natural order of things we could not refuse to do so, for they are honourable men. Have we any assurance, however, that they are not capable of justifying falsehood to their consciences if by that means they can avert a great calamity to their country?

France is assuredly in danger, but not from the publication of any document. She is in danger from the overbearing conduct of a military oligarchy, who have virtually proclaimed themselves superior to the law, and threaten to overturn the Republic if their will is obstructed. They are just about to add to the Dreyfus injustice the conviction of Col. Picquart, because he endeavoured to expose the suspicious events that had from time to time occurred. It must be believed that the story of the existence of this convincing and dangerous document is one more piece of the fabric of falsehood that has been built around this extraordinary case. Could any conceivable revelation be more dangerous to France than the present condition of affairs? The army is on horseback, the civil power is practically deposed, and two of the Bonapartes are on the Belgian border. The French people will be fortunate if the clouds clear away without precipitating the thunderbolt.

In the meantime her relations with Great Britain are not wholly cleared up. There are a number of open questions which, we are told, are being negotiated amicably. Let us hope that in the shuffle Newfoundland's French shore difficulty will be set at rest forever. The island is in the position of a runner with a clog on one foot so long as its western seaboard remains in the present unsatisfactory state. When that barrier is removed confederation with Canada should become a live issue. The present relations are most anomalous. Canada stands between the island and a most advantageous commercial treaty with the United States. Newfoundland has been commendably patient under her various disabilities, and under the impetus which confederation and emancipation from the semi-occupation by France would impart, we might look for a re-birth of the first-born of the Lion's cubs.

Surely no Canadian is so short-sighted as to persuade himself that we have no interest in the negotiations that may be going on with reference to joint action between Britain and the United States in maintaining the open door in the East. Canada is a Pacific ocean power, and has already intimate relations with Japan and China. Already our cotton manufacturers have secured a foothold there, and as our industrial operations extend, the East must become only second in importance to the West as a field of mercantile adventure. The construction of a canal across the Central American isthmus is a subject, too, in which we have a large interest. We can afford to hope that both projects will be brought to a successful issue.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. is one of the most interesting figures of our time. Under his administration the holy office has lost no particle of its dignity or authority. The Spanish-American war was probably to him the saddest event happening during his incumbency. The contestants were the great Republic, where millions of his people find a home and that faithful daughter of the Church to whom the papacy owes not a little. His heart undoubtedly went out to the latter, but he was indisposed to offend a government where loyalty to the nation is the first item in the creed of every creed. The war was not popular with the Catholic population in the United States, but being entered into it they would likely have resented any attempt from outside to array them on the other

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side. Leo had, therefore, to silently witness the humiliation of the church's Cordelia. He is now, by appeals to Don Carlos, endeavoring to save the peninsula from the horrors of civil strife. The predominance of what may be called Protestant powers is one of the salient features of the past thirty years. Protestant Germany subdued Catholic Austria and Catholic France in turn. Protestant America reduces Spain to its original Iberian limits, and the most marked contemporary event is the hauling down of the French flag at Fashoda, and the hoisting of that of Protestant Britain in its stead. As a set-off we must remember, however, that French colonial possessions have considerably increased in recent years, although in this respect Russia, which obeys neither the Roman nor the Protestant rule, has exceeded all other nations. There is probably no theory or significance involved, but a retrospect on the part of the occupant of the Vatican must be a melancholy exercise. His consolation must be that during his time the moral influence of his great office was never greater or more rational.

John A. Ewan.

A SERENADE.

LUNA'S silvery rays are scatt'ring
All the sombre shades of night;
And her beams, each nook exploring,
Fill the earth with radiance bright.
In the trees the birds are sleeping,
Silent is their harmony,
Whilst beneath thy casement window,
Gentle One, I sing to thee.

Listen whilst my love I'm pleading,
Soften thou thine heart to me,
In these falt'ring love notes learning
All that I would be to thee.
Sleepest thou, so fair, so gentle,
Hearest not, divinest maid?
Open now thy casement window
Whilst I sing my Serenade.

Life is as a lonely journey
On a sun-scorched dreary road,
Over which each weary pilgrim
Bears unwillingly his load.
Love is as a gentle zephyr
Whisp'ring to him soothingly,
"Courage take and struggle bravely,
Yours the greater prize shall be."

I have been a lonely pilgrim
Over hill and dale and sea,
But my life is filled and freshened
By the love I bear to thee.
Chill me not with angry glances,
Hear me now, divinest maid,
Open wide thy casement window,
Listen to my Serenade.

Edward H. Capp.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

FEW readers have a fair idea of the work that hasto be done to secure illustrations for the various articles that appear from month to month in this and other magazines. Articles and stories may be picked up everywhere, anywhere, but illustrations must be searched for or made. For example. In the January number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE were two portraits, which, so far as is known, were never previously published; the one was a portrait of Col. Fielden, and the other of a group of officers of the Second or Quebec Battalion of Rifles. These were wanted, and, if such were in existence, must have been taken in 1870, the year in which these officers formed part of Lord Wolseley's staff on the Red River Expedition. Correspondence with the men who were most likely to have such portraits brought no result. After three months' patient search an old negative was found in Montreal, and a print of Col. Fielden's portrait secured. After a few weeks' more search, the group picture of the officers was found in Winnipeg among the playthings of an officer's grandchildren—and a battered old photograph it was.

This month we present the portraits of forty of the leading Canadian editors. The securing of these necessitated the writing of nearly two hundred personal letters. The mere labour of overcoming the modesty of some of these editors was in itself a huge task. We hope none of our readers will value the collection too lightly.

To those readers who are interested in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, because of the work which it does or should, are commended the articles on pages ii., iii. and iv. of the advertising matter of this issue. As a national publication, this magazine can succeed only when its sphere and its purpose are thoroughly understood by reading Canadians. The matter on those three pages will perhaps suggest some new thoughts regarding the value to Canada of a monthly devoted to politics, science, art and literature.

This copyright agitation is an exceedingly dreary affair. In a nut-shell, the publishers of this country propose to make the authors of Great Britain and the United States print in Canada all the copies of their books which they desire to sell in Canada. It is not an agitation to protect authors. It is a movement to force the development of our printing and publishing trades. I do not know of a single Canadian writer who is complaining of the injustice of our present copyright arrangements.

If a Canadian author desires a Canadian publisher, and has something good or even fairly good to offer, he can easily find one. If he desires to publish in the United States he can arrange with a United States publishing house to bring out an edition there. If he wishes to publish in England, he can arrange in the same way for an English edition. Under the proposed act, the Canadian author would have, so far as I can see, no additional rights, no fresh privileges.

But while acknowledging that the proposed act is designed only to benefit the printers and publishers of this country, I cannot see anything very

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unfair about it. The British author says:

"You want to force me to publish my books in Canada, in order to prevent them being pirated there?"

"Yes, we do," answer those Canadians who are managing this agitation.

"But," says the British author, "you have no right to touch my property." (See *Pall Mall Gazette* of recent date.)

"Your property in your book is your rights in great Britain. You have no property in Canada unless you take out a Canadian copyright. We are not anxious to steal anything from you. We are simply asking our Government to keep your British edition out of Canada, if a Canadian edition will pay. We are not proposing to steal your property. We simply propose to substitute a Canadian monopoly for a British monopoly. We propose to make you publish your books in Canada, as the United States people have forced you to publish in the United States." So answers the Canadian Copyright Association.

As a matter of fact, the British publisher desires to monopolize the Canadian market, and hence he opposes the proposed Canadian Copyright Bill. The British author backs up the British publisher because he would not get enough money, he thinks, out of a Canadian edition to pay him for his trouble in arranging with a Canadian publishing house to bring out an edition.

Such is the situation. It is really a question between the Canadian and the British publisher. If the Canadian Government believe that the majority of books sold in Canada should be made in Canada, then let them pass the proposed act. If they believe that it is just as well for us to buy English editions as Canadian editions, then they may with perfect safety leave the copyright question alone. But if they are so shaping Canadian legislation that the interests of Canadians shall be guarded and controlled by such legislative machinery as would be necessary if this country were not a part of the British Empire, then again I say they should pass the proposed act.

The article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* which has induced these remarks is the most daring piece of special pleading of which I ever knew a British paper to be guilty. It accuses the Canadian publishers of being anxious to steal—it uses that obnoxious word—the rights of the English author. For one Britisher to accuse another of such a motive is more than being ungentlemanly. If Great Britain is to retain the affections and loyalty of Canadians, the Britishers of Great Britain must learn to treat the Britishers of Canada as equals in every respect. At present, much to our regret, this is not being done.

A mother came to me the other day, and asked me if I could bring any influence to bear upon her boy who was leading an aimless, useless life. This led me to consider the causes which make some young men idle, wayward, unambitious, unprogressive and impotent. The conclusion that I have arrived at is, that young men and young women are, in nine cases out of ten, just what their parents make them.

Even before a child is born the mother may do much to make or mar its physique and its mental strength. The father's conduct is also an element in this formative period. This is a subject on which parents would do well to inform themselves, although it is not one which may safely be discussed here.

In the earliest years of the child's life the parents have a similar responsibility. If they are honest with their children their children will be honest with them. If they deceive the little ones the little ones will deceive them. If they are cross, petulant and unreasonable the children will be the same. If they exhibit patience, gentleness, forbearance, genuineness, the children will exhibit these qualities. If they

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are bright with their children the children will imbibe the sunshine of their minds and their conduct and be similarly radiant. As a great man has said, in early years the parent occupies to the child the position of God; if the god proves to have feet of clay the child will pull the idol down; and after it is shattered the child's life will be godless.

In the days of youth and maidenhood this relation continues with new conditions. The child still worships the parent, but in a different way. The relationship becomes that of an admiring companion—or it vanishes. Blessed is the father whose boy places a hand in his and asks for guidance, counsel, sympathy, in play and work. If the father be a helpful companion then the boy may become a good man. If he be careless, unappreciative, unsympathetic, all his discipline will count for nought. Too many parents are merely negative. They tell the boy or the girl what not to do, but they neglect to establish with equal clearness the positive rules of conduct. Teach the youth to do right and you need worry very little over teaching him not to do wrong.

I do not know which to pity most, the children of the very poor or the children of the very rich. The very poor man has little time to spend with his children, and it is hard for him to devise means to keep them out of temptation. The very rich man may, in the excess of his liberality towards his children, neutralize all his efforts in their behalf. The very poor man usually gives more thought to his children than the very rich man. He has felt the thraldom of labour and servitude, and is usually anxious that his children shall be so equipped with education and knowledge and training that they may be able to get a greater share of this world's good things than their father was able to secure. The rich man has his many cares and worries, and continuous demands upon his time; and when he should give counsel and sympathetic consideration, gives only a five-dollar bill. The child to whom money is given profusely, without constant direction as to the spending of it, is being given something which weakens his moral fibre. The poor man cannot give his children much money, and he usually is forced to give them that which is far better—knowledge of the world, of the conditions under which the battle of life takes place, of the elements which will enable him to overcome obscurity and poverty.

For many parents mistake the meaning of education. Book knowledge is not all of education; in fact, it is but a small part of education. Everything which teaches a young man or a young woman to know himself or herself is education. Every young person must be taught that education may come from within as well as from without, that every individual is the architect and builder of his own life-building. The parent must point out what qualities of a young man or a young woman must be repressed and what developed. The parent may give the counsel, but the child must perform the action. As the child of two years of age is taught to feed himself, so the child of fifteen years of age must be taught to think and act for himself. Both teachings are similar in that through each the child learns his responsibility. The child that is never taught responsibility, never arrives at a correct knowledge of himself.

Two faults that a young man must be taught to avoid are idleness and carelessness. Idleness leads to mischief of many kinds, and is decidedly enervating. The father who allows a boy to spend many idle hours is laying up for himself years of future worry. Sport, work and sleep in proper proportions should fill every boy's life. Carelessness is another fault of many varieties and with far-reaching consequences. Carelessness in speech, in manners, of the rights of others, of the spending of money, of the value of school hours, of bodily strength and vigour, in the various acts which end in the formation of vicious habits—all this the boy must be taught to avoid. And this must be taught, as has al-

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ready been pointed out, positively as well as negatively. The teaching must not consist entirely of "Don'ts." The older the boy, the less should be the number of "Don'ts." In the words of Dean Farrer:

"Over young men, therefore, we must aim to establish a wise influence rather than a galling control; and without too obtrusive a resort to didactics, we must lead them to feel the warning of Ecclesiastes: 'Rejoice, O! young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the light of thine eyes; but remember'—and this memento is uttered rather in the spirit of general kindness than of unsympathetic menace—'but remember that for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment.'"

Have you ever noticed a horse whose driver is always jerking at the bit? The horse gets into the habit of putting its head sideways; or it learns to take the bit in its mouth, and by taking a stout hold neutralize the pulls which the driver makes; or its mouth becomes hardened and so accustomed to the jerking that it takes little notice of it. So it is with a boy. Give him constant commands and he soon arrives at a condition when he takes little notice of commands. As Robert J. Burdette has written:

Make broad, comprehensive laws, and few of them. He'll learn with your help—he can't learn alone—to supply the details and to legislate under the constitution.

But, above all things, a boy must be taught to be manly. In England this is taught mainly through the sports, in which the youth are trained either by intelligent masters at the great boarding schools, or under the immediate supervision of sympathetic parents. It is also taught at home. In America it is not taught to as great an extent in our public schools, because the children's play is under a much looser supervision, hence it must be taught more at home. The best way to teach it is by example. The next best method is to deal with specific cases—not too many of them—as they arise.

What does manliness mean? It means a dignity which makes the young man respect his own rights and those of others. It includes a moderation in speech, a temperance in action, a magnanimity in conduct towards others, and an earnest loyalty to duty. It has no limits, no defined bounds. It is a garment which envelops and surrounds the man, so that he may always be distinguished from the cad, the sneak, the drone, the criminal. It is the mainspring of all generous acts, of all progress, of all wisdom. It is the first and most necessary equipment of the man who would write his name in silver letters on the golden page of history. It is the concentrated essence of all virtues without a trace of impurity. It is the halo which makes the man a god.

The City of New York is one of the most wonderful places on earth as the following figures prove:

City.	Population.	Annual Cost of Government.	Cost per Capita.
New York	3,389,753	$138,000,000	$47.10
Paris	2,511,629	72,700,000	28.94
London	6,291,697	65,000,000	10.33
Berlin	1,726,098	21,450,000	12.42
Vienna	1,423,000	11,850,000	8.32
Chicago	1,098,576	32,400,000	20.39
Philadelphia	1,044,894	23,000,000	22.01
Boston	446,507	10,640,000	23.82

When we weep with the Opposition newspapers of Canada (the Liberal journals before 1896, and the Conservative journals since) over the corrupt expenditures of our parliament and our legislatures, we need only to think of New York to have our tears cease flowing. Our politics are not of the best, because our democracy is not of a very high order. But our politics are of a much higher order than obtains in the City of New York. There is some hope for Canada, but the octopus has enfolded New York to such an extent that there is little hope for her release. It costs as much to clean the streets of New York as it does to run the City of Toronto, or the legislative machinery of the Province of Ontario, and the funny part of it is the streets of New York are very seldom cleaned. Over one-half at least of the $3,950,000 spent on this item goes to support the political gang that misgoverns the American metropolis.

John A. Cooper.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THE ADVENT OF A SHORT-STORY WRITER.

WITHIN the last two years over twenty short stories by W. A. Fraser, of Georgetown, Ont., have appeared in various English and American periodicals. This is very rapid success, even for a Canadian. It shows that careful, thoughtful, original work finds a ready sale even in these days of log-rolling and wire-pulling. Among the English magazines which have accepted his stories are: *Pall Mall*, *Temple Bar*, *Pearson's*, *Strand* and *The Gentlewoman*. In New York, his best work has appeared in *McClure's*, although many of the leading weeklies and dailies in the United States have secured some of his tales. In Canada, several of his stories have appeared in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and one or two in the *Globe* and *Saturday Night*. Mr. Fraser's qualities are his unique phrases and his terse, vivid style. His stories are of two classes, one dealing with life in India where he spent several years, and the other with life in the Canadian North-West. A volume of his brightest tales will, it is announced, appear in the spring.

STEEVENS' STORY OF KITCHENER.

Those who would know the British history of Egypt, the wonderful organization which has added, for all time, the Soudan with its teeming millions to the British dependencies, and the romance of the recent campaign which has added so much to the lustre of the British arms, must read "With Kitchener to Khartum," by G. W. Steevens.* Those who enjoyed the brightness, the freshness and the vividness of his previous book, "With the Conquering Turk," will need no second invitation. Canadians, especially, will find much that is gratifying in this new volume. Lieutenant Girouard, of whom we are all so proud, is given full meed of praise for his engineering work on the Soudan Military Railway. Of him Steevens says:

"Conceive a blend of French audacity of imagination, American ingenuity, and British doggedness in execution, and you will have the ideal qualities for such a work. The Director of Railways, Bimbashi Girouard, is a Canadian, presumably of French derivation. In early life he built a section of the Canadian Pacific. He came out to Egypt for the Dongola campaign—one of three subalterns specially chosen from the Railway Department of the Royal Engineers. The Sudan killed the other two out of hand, but Bimbashi Girouard goes on building and running his railways. The Dongola line runs as far as Kerma, above the Third Cataract. The Desert line must wait at the Atbara for a bridge before it can be extended to Khartum. But already there is something over five hundred miles of rail laid in a savage desert—a record to make the reputation of any engineer in the world, standing to the credit of a subaltern of sappers. The Egyptian army is a triumph of youth on every side, but in none is it more signal than in the case of the Director of Railways. He never loses his head nor forgets his own mind; he is credited with being the one man in the Egyptian army who is unaffectedly unafraid of the Sirdar.

"Having finished the S.M.R. to the Atbara, Bimbashi Girouard accepted the post of Director-General of all the Egyptian railways. There will be plenty of scope for him in the post and it will not be wasted. But just reflect again on this crowning wonder of British Egypt—a subaltern with all but Cabinet rank and £2,000 a year."

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

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Steevens has a wonderful style. A few examples of it may not be amiss :

"Yes; it is a murderous devil, the Sudan, and we have watered it with more of our blood than it will ever yield to pay for. The man-eater is very grim, and he is not sated yet, only this time he was to be conquered to the last."

"From the [railway] shops of Halfa, the untamed Sudan is being tamed at last. It is the new system, the modern system—mind and mechanics beating muscle and shovel-head spear."

"For Anglo-Egypt he [Kitchener] is the Madhi, the expected; the man who has sifted experience and corrected error; who has worked at small things and waited for great; marble to sit still, and fire to smite; steadfast, cold and inflexible; the man who has cut out his human heart and made himself a machine to retake Khartum."

"Then bugle again, and up and on; the bullets were swishing and lashing now like rain on a pond. But the line of Khaki and purple tartan never bent or swayed; it just went slowly forward like a ruler."

Mr. Steevens has been accused (see this department in last month's issue) of insincere exaggeration. Perhaps he does exaggerate; but he does it well. The colours of his picture may be strong, but the general effect is still pleasing. Personally, I am very fond of enthusiastic work.

MONOMANIACS.

We are all maniacs; some of us are monomaniacs—which is much worse. A friend of mine collects old postage stamps, and loves them because very often some of these little coloured pieces of paper double in value in five years or less. The sparkle in his eye when he secures a rare specimen is almost intoxicating. Another friend collects books on the war of 1812; Canadian books, United States books, English books; narratives, fragments, official documents, speeches, monographs, anything, everything. He had a copy of David Thompson's account of the war, published at Niagara in 1832, for which he paid four dollars. Subsequently, one dealer asked twelve dollars for a second copy. He did not buy then, but later picked up a third copy for five dollars—and chuckled for weeks.

Some seven or eight years ago, a Mr. E. S. Williamson, of Toronto, began to collect books about Dickens. His previous reputation was good, but the craze grew on him. He spent his time and his money, and he has now one of the finest collections of "Dickensiana" in the world. He has published a tasteful brochure of sixty pages, entitled "Glimpses of Dickens,"* with numerous illustrations and complete lists of the books, pamphlets, articles and illustrations which he has collected together. Mr. Williamson is to be congratulated upon his success, his taste and his energy.

DIANE OF VILLE MARIE.

If a reviewer were inclined to be critical he could find much to condemn in Miss Macdonell's first novel "Diane of Ville Marie."† The first chapters are badly constructed, and there is too much historical fact and too little story in the book. Aside from these two features, the volume shows that Miss Macdonell has many of the qualities of the true novelist. It also indicates a strong possibility that this talented lady's next volume will be something of a superior order. The romance of the French regime has impressed itself upon her mind after what must have been many months of hard study. She has the power of making her reader live through the events which she describes, and she also possesses much aptness in the delineation of character. Diane is strongly drawn, while the figures of Le Ber, Du Chesne, the Marquise and Pierre stand out boldly in the picture. The story is laid in the stormy period when Frontenac ruled New France, when the coureurs de bois were striking figures in the life of the colony, and when the attacks of the Iroquois were at their fiercest.

*Published at $1.00 by the author, 17 Maynard Avenue, Toronto.

† Toronto: William Briggs.

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Life in Ville Marie (Montreal) was then one of alternate peace and war, but always one of insecurity. The effect of such conditions upon the inhabitants is clearly shown by the author.

While this story, which in shorter form appeared about six years ago in the "Dominion Illustrated," may be thoroughly recommended, Miss Macdonell's next may reasonably be expected to be an improvement.

TREVELYAN'S LITTLE DAUGHTERS.

Everything that Mrs. Sheard writes bears evidence of a thoughtful mind, and a graceful sympathy. Her novel "Trevelyan's Little Daughters," * more than fulfils the promise of her short stories and her poems. It is a dainty tale of the early life of the three motherless children of a sea captain. Their entry into the house of a rich couple in New York, whose one baby was but a memory, and their influence there is sweetly told. Their childish sympathy for the organ-grinder's little boy is very wholesome, and when they discover in him an unknown cousin, the reward strikes one as being thoroughly just. Edward Van Norman and his dainty society wife are pleasing characters, but it is in the portrayal of child-life that Mrs. Sheard excels. Her delicate touch is so near perfection that one cannot feel a jar in any of the scenes.

The book is well printed, and is illustrated from drawings made by Reginald B. Birch. Such a dainty setting is no more than the due of this human fairy tale.

AFTERWARDS.

The readers of short stories may be roughly divided into two classes: first, those who read a story for entertainment and because something happens in it, and second, those who go beyond this and admire the style of the telling, the phrasing, the subtle suggestions, the indirect knowledge of men and things. Those who admire pictures may be similarly divided into those who see the story in picture, and those who see, also, the colour, the composition, the suggestion.

Ian Maclaren writes for the first class of story-tellers, and, being a minister, has always some lesson to teach. "Afterwards," the story which gives its title to his latest volume † of short tales, describes the horror with which a man takes a journey from the Riviera to his home in London, with the knowledge that his neglected wife is dying, and that it is scarcely likely that she will live to grant him forgiveness. He arrives home, and his wife is dead. His sorrow is great. It is greater, and his humiliation is greater, when he discovers how many people had felt or experienced her goodness. His soul is torn by anguish. Ian Maclaren has preached another sermon.

But the stories are more than sermons. They are incidents gracefully told, only lacking occasionally the air of reality. The sermonizing, though indirect, detracts from the literary qualities of the work. The same fault exists in the recently-published book, "Dwellers in Gotham," by Annan Dale, as was pointed out last month. Why should a story-teller desire to preach? Why not let the characters live their virtues without talking about them? The world of to-day is suffering from a plethora of preaching—and here I am at it myself.

DAVID LYALL'S NEW STORY.

David Lyall (L. Gladstone), who has written several very bright novels, has given the public a new study in an unusual field. "Neil MacLeod" ‡ is a tale of literary life in London. A young Scotch schoolmaster writes some bright sketches for a London paper. One of the sub-editors advises him and assists

*Toronto: William Briggs.
†Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.
‡Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

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him to write a book. It is accepted. The young man gives up his school and goes to London to enjoy what promises to be a great success. He finds everything in his favour, and for six months poses as a literary giant among the pot-boilers of the London press. He almost forgets the Scotch maiden whom he had left sorrowful but hopeful in his native glen, as he worships a new deity, Lady Grantham, a writer and a patron of litterati. Slowly but surely he is degraded; success is too much for his moral strength; his high ideas fly before afternoon teas and evening routs. He has friends who warn him, but at first in vain. Eventually his eyes are opened, and he goes back to his first love and his early ideals.

The book is full of strong characters. In comparing it with some recent Canadian novels, one cannot help remark its simplicity and clearness. The reader is never confused. Each character is thoroughly described, fully created, before another is allowed to come upon the stage. Further, there are no long descriptions. It is a surface story, with the depths merely indicated. The imagination and mind of the reader are given something to do, but they are always under the author's guidance.

Incidentally the writer points out how authors secure favourable reviews. This may be true of London, but it has no counterpart here. In Canada, a favourable review of a weak book is seldom secured. We may have indifferent reviewers, but they are all honest when expressing decided opinions. The atmosphere of our newspaperdom is above suspicion. And this is not the least of Canada's glories.

BRUNETIÈRE ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

The manual of the History of French Literature,* by Ferdinand Brunetière, which has just been published in an English translation, is the "promise" of a more exhaustive and detailed treatment of this subject. Mr. Brunetière's previous works in the history and criticism of literature have given him a position of authority. His attainment and judgment are well-founded and solid. He does not attempt to laud each writer to the skies; he gives the conclusions drawn from a thorough study, meting out praise and adverse criticism where each is due. He indulges in no empty words, but whatever he touches he invests with a convincing eloquence and a faultless style. The work is composed of two parts; a running essay occupies about a half of each page, and the other half is devoted to a series of carefully devised notes or notices. Throughout the essay the guiding idea is the principle of Evolution. The writer presupposes the variability of the human species; he delves down to the fundamental changes which the human thought has undergone, and on these changes he builds up a genealogical classification. Even if the hypothesis of Evolution is false, he says: "the genealogical classification is by far the most convenient, the most probable, and above all the most in conformity with the greatest number of facts." This constitutes his originality. As a product of this method, his classification is not into centuries or such customary arbitrary divisions, but into literary epochs and he pays much attention to the periods of transition. There are three books in the essay, entitled, "The Middle Ages," "The Classic Age," and "Modern Times." The second book is divided into nine and the third into three periods. By this means he furnishes a thread of thought which connects all the parts of the essay. M. Brunetière says that a history of French literature is not written for the sake of advocating one's private opinions, therefore he has laid out the proportions of his work as mathematically as possible, giving to each author the importance that he seems to deserve. The manual, which begins with the year 842, is brought down to the end of the epoch of Naturalism, or to the year 1875, the last great figure studied being Alexander Dumas fils. The

* By Ferdinand Brunetière, of the French Academy. Authorized translation by Rolph Derechef. 12mo, cloth. 16 portraits, index, $2.00. New York and Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

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solidarity and dignity of the work, and the high standard of criticism that is set, as well as the clearness and charm of style, will give it a permanent place in literature. The sixteen portraits are valuable.

MODERN ENGLAND BEFORE THE REFORM BILL.

Justin McCarthy never writes ponderously or exhaustively, but he produces very popular history and biography. He analyzes men and events very clearly, though perhaps not quite so thoroughly as John Morley. His latest book, "Modern England Before the Reform Bill," is a very charming book of the class included in "The Story of the Nation Series," * of which it is number 50. The opening chapters deal with the closing years of George III.'s reign, of the great military heroes Napoleon and Wellington, of Pitt and Fox and Sheridan and the other statesmen of the period; of the days of returning peace and growing reform movements, those dark days when England seemed on the verge of revolution. "In truth, the story of England's nineteenth century is the story of the choice which at one time seemed to be imposed on England between revolution and reaction, and of the trials and troubles, the sad confusions, the many mistakes and blunders by the way, through which at last she was guided on the road to national prosperity." And then through the subsequent chapters the author describes the events which led up to the three Reform Bills, the last one of which was transformed after a severe struggle into an Act of Parliament. Just at a time when Canada is discussing the rise and abuse of Second Chamber powers, the story of that great struggle is most interesting and instructive. In the famous year of 1832, two great constitutional principles or precedents were established. The first is, that the House of Lords must never carry resistance to any measure coming from the House of Commons beyond the point at which it becomes evident that the House of Commons is in earnest, and that the country is behind it. It may delay the passing of a measure until the House of Commons shall have had full time to reconsider its decision and say, on that reconsideration, whether it is of the same mind or not. The second great principle which the passing of the Reform Bill established is that the Sovereign must give way to the advice of his Ministers on any question of vital import to the State, and that the personal authority of the monarch is no longer to decide the course of the Government. The latter principle is firmly imbedded in the constitutional usage of Canada, but the former is one concerning which we have had no experience.

The book contains 333 pages and thirty full-page illustrations.

FIGHTS FOR THE FLAG.

W. H. Fitchett, author of "Deeds that Won the Empire" and editor of the *Australasian Review of Reviews*, has compiled a great many interesting facts in his new volume, "Fights For the Flag." † A recital of the chapter headings will give the best idea of the book's scope: Blake and the Dutchmen, Marlborough at Blenheim, Lord Anson and the Centurion, George II. at Dettingen, The Battle of Minden, Lord Howe and the First of June, Sir John Moore at Corunna, Wellington at Salamanca, San Sebastian, Navarino, Inkerman, Famous Cavalry Charges, The Men in the Ranks, and Florence Nightingale. Mr. Fitchett describes his heroes very well, and writes historical narrative of the popular type. His style is clear, forcible, sometimes epigrammatic to a considerable degree. He knows how to stir patriotic affection and blood, and how to challenge for his heroes the admiration of warm-blooded men. He is especially happy in his account of the exploits of the great sailors Anson and Blake, and makes forcible comparison of the seafaring knowledge of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries. Mr. Fitchett's book may be fully recommended to busy men desiring relaxation without triviality.

* London: T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square, E. C. Cloth, 5s.
† Bell's Colonial Library; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

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THE NEWS OF WATERLOO.

WE are quietly amused at the eccentric old Factor of the Hudson Bay Company having an unfolded, unread copy of the London *Daily Times*, exactly one year old, placed beside his plate at breakfast each morning; for we cannot understand in these days of telephones and electric railroads what it means to have only one mail a year.

We have all read of the fearful tension, the awful anxiety that pervaded the people of the United Kingdom during the days prior and immediately subsequent to the battle of Waterloo. We have heard of the ominous tremblings of the funds, consols and stocks on 'Change, the feverish arming of Volunteers and the fact that Rothschild made a million pounds sterling through a few hours prior knowledge of the British victory.

What must have been the condition of mind of the Britons in the isolated fur-trading posts of Rupert's Land, who had to wait a year-and-a-half to know if the map of Europe was changed and London occupied by French troops, can only be imagined. Diaries and letters in the archives of the old forts tell us something.

"Hi-yi, ki-yi," sang the Indian dog-runner, as his long snake-whip cracked like a pistol shot in the crisp winter air at the ear of the leader of his almost exhausted string of five dogs, as they swirled through the gateway of Fort MacPherson on the Mackenzie River on New Year's day, 1818. He had made the quickest run on record over the snow-covered plains and frozen rivers and lakes of the Great Lone Land from Fort Garry.

"Big news in de bag, dey say at Fort Garry," he said to the crowd of officers who had come from the outlying posts of the district, while the exiled Britons busily unfastened the thongs that bound the mail matter to the toboggan.

The old Chief Factor who had been a British officer with the Duke of York in Flanders stood behind the little table in the office untying the parcels while the sub-factors, chief-traders, traders and apprenticed clerks grouped together at the other end of the room and spoke in whispers. Their last mail, received a year ago from the Company's ship that sailed early in June to Fort Factory on Hudson Bay told them that Napoleon had crossed the frontier into Belgium and the two greatest generals of modern times were face to face, and the fate of Europe, of their native land, would be decided within a few days, it might be hours, by a pitched battle. No wonder that the strong hands of their Chief trembled and a strange quietness was throughout the room. "Mr. Macdonald, a letter for you; Mr. Simpson, two for you," and so on and so on. In the stern, Spartan-like service of the Hudson Bay Company even such small details as to duty were considered and the Chief Factor restrained his intense desire and distributed the mail to his officers. Not a letter was opened. Every eye was fixed on the Chief. His eye glanced hastily over the headings of several papers and then he held one before him for a minute. "Gentlemen, stand up!" and there was the tone of the military officer in its ringing vibration. "Stand up. The Duke of Wellington beat Napoleon, horse, foot and artillery, at a place called"—he looked again at the paper—"Waterloo. And Napoleon is now a prisoner, I——" He was interrupted by a wild, fierce cheer that was almost a scream from the throats of the broad-chested Northmen about him that brought every employee in the Fort to the office door. The Chief Factor didn't say anything more for a few minutes, for there was something that seemed like a lump in his throat as he shook hands with everyone.

"Baptiste, Baptiste!" he at last shouted above the babel of voices; "Tap that keg of Jamaica rum; open a box of raisins for the children; order dinner for everybody in the big warehouse, tell Donald and Pierre to load the brass cannonades on the bastion with powder only and everybody be there at twelve o'clock. And tell the Indians to come in and give all the old women a blanket and—and—God save the King."

And the Indian and half-breed hunters in the neighbourhood sitting by their lonely camp fires at the mid-day meal marvelled much when they heard the roar of the Fort cannon. They little thought that the Chief Factor was celebrating the battle of Waterloo a year and a half after it occurred.

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

SONG.

"Ah! give me thy love, sweet maid!" he cried;
"I long for thy tender smile,
Thy soft hand laid in my waiting palm,
Thy kiss that might saints beguile."

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"And what if thy love should fail," said she,
"When my life is thine for aye?"
He smiled, "To the dungeon who would turn
When he knew the sun's bright ray?"

"Out from the gloom my soul shall come.
And bask in thy love's pure light,
And ever my tenderest care shall shield
And guard thee by day and night."

"Oh never the flying years, sweetheart,
Shall steal my love from thee;
The changing seasons shall but show
How changeless love can be."

With pleadings soft he won her heart,
Her fears she cast away;
She gave him her soul's undying love,
And he loved her for a day.

ALICE ASHWORTH.

SHOCKING.

WIFE—"This electric fan doesn't work satisfactorily. I don't believe that thing with the wire wound around it acts well!"

ELECTRIC HUSBAND—"Perhaps not—but, my dear, we must not be too critical about the way it acts—it's only an armature performance, you know!"

ALICE ASHWORTH.

A JOKE ON WASHINGTON.

The Washington correspondent of the Toronto *Globe* tells the following:—"Talking about Lord Herschell brings to mind a story that shows how little accustomed the average American is to titles. On a recent excursion there was a somewhat elaborate luncheon, and the ladies of the party kept the menu cards and got the commissioners to write their names upon them, that they might have a souvenir of the occasion. One lady saw with undisguised concern her card filling up with plain everyday names. She was astonished that Sir Wilfrid and the other Canadian Knights signed their names without the prefix of Sir; but as she neared Lord Herschell she felt things would be different, for was he not a Lord High Chancellor of England? Her astonishment turned to dismay when the card again came back, this time with the single word Herschell. 'Herschell!' she said, 'Herschell! Why doesn't he sign it "Lord Herschell"?' In vain it was explained to her that peers signed only their titles, and that it would be very bad form to put Lord before it. She had been buncoed, and knew it. In that souvenir card to-day there is, no doubt, a footnote for the benefit of the lady's friends, explaining that Herschell is a Lord, even though he doesn't acknowledge it himself."

AN UNWELCOME GODSPEED.

A Scotch newspaper relates that a beggar wife, on receiving a gratuity from the Rev. John Skinner, of Langside, author of Tullochgorum, said to him by way of thanks:—

"Oh, sir, I hoop that ye an a' your family will be in heaven the nicht."

"Well," said Skinner, "I am very much obliged to you, only you need not have been just so particular as to the time."—*Exchange.*

A HOME THRUST.

The former Lord Elphinstone's parish minister was a very scatter-brained theologian, and in his sermons often knew not the end from the beginning. One Sunday His Lordship, in his customary sleeping, gave vent to an unmistakable snore. This was too much for the minister, who stopped and cried: "Waken, my Lord Elphinstone!"

A grunt followed, and then his Lordship answered: "I'm no sleepin', minister."

"But ye are sleepin'. I wager ye dinna ken what I said last," exclaimed the pastor.

"Ou ay," returned the peer. "Ye said: 'Waken, my Lord Elphinstone.'"

"Ay, ay," said the minister. "But I wager ye dinna ken what I said last before that."

"Tuts!" rejoined the nobleman, promptly. "I'll wager ye dinna ken yourself."—*Exchange.*

REFORMING A PARSON.

A Pittsburger, who spent a part of last summer in England, tells an incident which sadly disturbed the religious peace of a parish in Penzance. A maiden lady of that town owned a parrot, which, somehow, acquired the disagreeable habit of observing at frequent intervals: "I wish the old lady would die." This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to her curate about it.

"I think we can rectify the matter," replied the good man. "I also have a parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird of yours."

The curate's parrot was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as soon as the two had become accustomed to each other, the bad bird remarked: "I wish the old lady would die." Whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes and in solemn accents added: "We beseech thee to hear us good Lord!"

The story got out in the parish, and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit the litany at the church services.—*Exchange.*

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MARQUIS OF SALISBURY. A. H. U Colquhoun.
CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY. Professor Adam Shortt.

THE

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THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

Drawn for The Canadian Magazine.

"Lord Salisbury, pour le caractère et le talent duquel j'ai toujours eu une si haute estime, et que j'aime d'ailleurs toujours à considérer comme mon proche voisin de campagne."

An Englishman of note, who has lately given his recollections to the world, declares that the Prime Minister, whose manner has been defined as courtesy without cordiality, is seen at his very best in his own house. The charm of his personality, says this writer, is reflected in "the fine manner, full of both dignity and of courtesy; the utter freedom from pomposity, formality, and self-assertion, and the dash of genuine cynicism which modifies, though it does not mask, the flavour of his fun." He has been called shy, but that may be merely an instinctive shrinking from the bore. Thus the testimony of those who ought to know best is rather at variance with the prevalent impression of him as one reserved to the point of coldness, whose rank removes him farther from the opinions and inspiration of the multitude than is usually considered desirable in a party leader. The success of the Conservatives under his leadership tends to modify this view. Above all an Englishman, we may fairly look to England itself for a verdict upon his popularity as well as his policy. Since 1886, a few years after Lord Salisbury's assumption of the leadership, the English constituencies have unvaryingly returned a majority of Conservatives over both Liberals and Liberal-Unionists. This record includes three general elections, Mr. Gladstone's victory in 1892 among them. The vicissitudes of British politics seldom present a more notable evidence of sustained party unity than this. It is not conclusive, but it is a guide.

Lord Robert Cecil was the second son of the second Marquis. He was born in 1830, and of his school and college life little is recorded. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. He is represented as a "shy, reserved and studious" youth, with a decided taste for German, photography and the natural sciences. A younger son, he seems not to have attracted any marked notice, but must have early begun to fit himself for public life.* He was prominent in the debates of the Oxford Union. In these academic discussions of the undergraduates he won no small fame, and was in time elected treasurer of the Union. In "Pendennis," young Magnus Charteris, the son of the Duke of Runnymede, affected strong Republican opinions at Oxford. Lord Robert Cecil indulged in no such youthful vagary. It is related that in one of the debates, after the victory of free-trade, he urged the re-union of the Conservatives and the Peelites in order to assure England "a stronger Govment than the Liberals could give her." Thus early were his party proclivities defined, and his readiness to recognize the inevitable displayed. On another occasion, in moving a resolution against the policy of state-aid to the Catholic Church of Ireland, he protested vigourously against disestablishment of the English Church. He is known to-day as a moderate High Churchman. There is a passing interest in a letter which he wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1881, wherein he declared: "Ritualism is too strong to be 'put down'; a serious attempt to do so would simply shatter the Church. On the other hand, it is odious to the majority of Churchmen, partly from habit, partly from dogmatic objection." Practice in the debates of the Oxford Union laid the foundation of that fluent and telling oratorical style which afterwards gained for the young member the respectful attention of the House of Commons, and which has, in our day, made him the chief ornament of

* The student of Lord Salisbury's career will find in three little books nearly all the materials that are available: Life and Speeches, by F. S. Pulling, M.A., 2 vols., 1885; Mr. Traill's biography in the Queen's Prime Ministers' series, 1891; and a short Life by Rev. James J. Ellis, 1892, the least pretentious, and perhaps the best, of the three. The sketches in the biographical dictionaries are unimportant. There is a readable article in the London *World's* collection of "Celebrities at Home." The casual references in contemporary biography are scanty. Mr. Escott's "Personal Forces of the Period" contains a valuable reference to Lord Robert Cecil's journalistic labours. The most convenient way of reading the speeches, Parliamentary and other, is to consult the files of *The Times*.

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the House of Lords. I heard Lord Salisbury address the Primrose League at the Covent Garden Theatre in 1894. Upon the stage were grouped the territorial magnates of the land, their attention fixed with rapt interest upon their acknowledged leader and the champion of their order. The clear, high-pitched voice, the impressive but never impassioned delivery, the perfect flow of language, the dignified presence, relieved from heaviness by the kindly gleam of a humorous eye, all appealed to the listener as forming a striking type of intellectual strength.

After taking the degree of B.A., Lord Robert Cecil travelled abroad, choosing not merely the continental tour of most educated Englishmen, but also visiting the British colonies. He went as far as New Zealand, and was the guest of Sir George Grey at Wellington. Together they took walks by the seashore, and discussed the new constitution of the colony. Thus by travel and study he qualified himself to deal with those questions of foreign and colonial policy, in the settlement of which he was afterwards to show unusual powers of patience, insight and skill. Returning to England, he was elected in August, 1853, without opposition, to the House of Commons as member for the borough of Stamford.

The years that follow are the developing period of his life. A candid person who met him at this time asserts that among his friends and relatives he was not regarded as of much consequence or promise. His sister alone believed in him fervently. "Give Robert only the chance," she is credited with saying, "and he will climb to the top of the tree." During these years he acquired his journalistic experiences. A peer's younger son, with an income of but £400 a year, who determines to marry the woman of his choice, and who has to bear the expenses imposed by social position and a seat in Parliament, must expect to augment his income either by office under the Crown or by some regular form of work. The former alternative was remote. Lord Robert Cecil had yet to win his spurs in politics, and the prospects of his party, then in Opposition, were poor. He betook himself to writing for the press, a task for which he was exceptionally well equipped, and which must have proved to him, as to many others, the most congenial form of slavery known to civilized man. A college friend, Thomas Hamber, was the editor of the *Morning Herald* and the *Evening Standard*, two newspapers which had lately passed into the hands of the same proprietor, and to the columns of these journals the young M.P. contributed leading articles chiefly upon foreign politics. In 1855, Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope, a wealthy relative by marriage, founded the *Saturday Review*, and Lord Robert Cecil was one of a group of brilliant men, including John Morley, Goldwin Smith, and Sir William Harcourt, who wrote regularly for that versatile and aggressive paper. His labours appear not to have been the occasional occupations of the dilettante writer, but the serious tasks of the working journalist. From his modest home in a quiet street off the Strand the future Prime Minister may have often taken a walk down Fleet Street with a supply of printer's copy in his pocket.

His elder brother died in June, 1865, and Lord Robert became Viscount Cranborne and heir to the title and vast possessions of the House of Cecil. By his already recognized talents, and his prospective succession to the family dignities he was now reckoned among the political magnates of the Conservative party. The *Times* said, when Parliament was dissolved: "Lord Cranborne, better known as Lord Robert Cecil, brings great ability to the support of his party. Industrious, pugnacious, vigourous and eloquent, Lord Cranborne has made his way from comparative obscurity to the front ranks of Parliament. His occasional rashness requires to be tempered by experience, but the virtues of prudence and moderation are more possible of attainment than the ability which is only given at birth."

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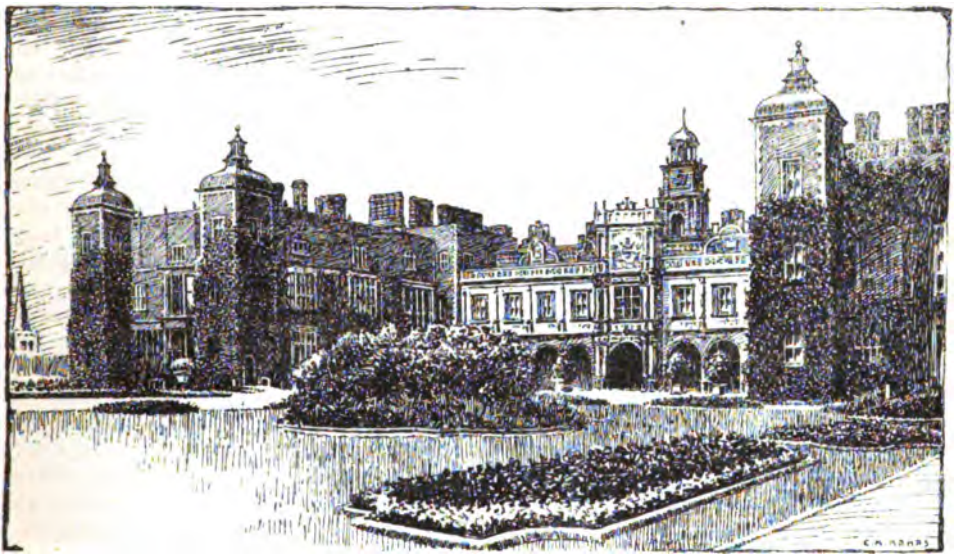
THE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY

His opportunity soon came. In Lord Derby's Ministry, formed in July, 1866, Lord Cranborne was chosen Secretary of State for India, and brought to bear upon his duties a knowledge, judgment and diligence which met all previous expectations of his ability, and marked him out for future prominence. He left the Government on the Reform Bill of 1867, a course which gained for him the name of reactionary. It was no evidence of caprice, or instability, but it expressed his habitual aversion to hasty radical changes in the State. He shared the alarm and confusion of the time, felt even by those who had regarded with equanimity the revolution of 1832. The death of his father now removed him, perforce, to the House of Lords as Marquis of Salisbury. He is said to have accepted the inevitable departure from the popular chamber with reluctance. This we may well doubt. He had sat for fourteen years in the House of Commons. He had grown familiar with its authority as the elective branch of the legislature, and with its limitations as an infallible oracle. He had learned to know exactly when it could safely be defied by the peers, and when acquiescence was the part of wisdom. This was valuable knowledge for the future leader. In the controversy over the franchise and redistribution bills in 1884, and in the long conflict over Irish home rule, Lord Salisbury gauged with accuracy the real position of the House of Commons, and he established for all time the perfect safety of an appeal to the country from a cynical and enslaved party majority in Parliament. In Mr. Disraeli's second Administration Lord Salisbury was again appointed to the India Office, and, upon Lord Derby's resignation in 1878, to the post of Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

There was much in Lord Salisbury's training and temperament to fit him for the position of Foreign Minister. He was prudent, steady of purpose and a careful student of foreign politics. He possessed a fine gift of literary expression. His despatches from the first were lucid and convincing. He had all the vigour of the controversialist, modified by the suavity of the diplomatist. The responsibilties into which he was plunged by Lord Derby's sudden withdrawal from the Cabinet were sufficiently serious. A rupture with Russia, flushed by its victories over Turkey and apparently resolved to push the advantage to the utmost, seemed imminent. His first official act as Foreign Minister was the circular despatch of April 1, 1878, to the British embassies in Europe for communication to the several Governments. The Ambassador who had to convey its terms to the Czar pronounces it "a marvellous epitome of the whole question, couched in the most conciliatory

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tone, but proving in logical and forcible terms that any treaty between Russia and the Porte affecting the treaties of 1856 and 1871 must be an European treaty." The negotiations that ensued ended in the Treaty of Berlin, the fleeting triumphs of which Lord Salisbury shared with his chief, Lord Beaconsfield. The blue ribbon of the Garter was bestowed upon each of them. But before Russia consented to a conference of the Powers there were anxious days, and Lord Augustus Loftus assures us that war was only staved off by "the extreme tact and spirit of conciliation affairs have almost ceased to be food for party dissensions. This is hardly the place for a controversial disquisition. It is clear that Lord Salisbury's whole aim during his fourteen years as Foreign Minister has been to maintain peace with honour. He has gone far, too far, some think, on several occasions, to preserve it. He reads with singular insight the forces of the time and gauges the limitations of an English Minister. To secure both continuity and vigour of policy, when the reins pass from one Ministry to another, often involves serious sacrifices. It is



PEN AND INK DRAWING FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

HATFIELD HOUSE.

evinced by Lord Salisbury in conjunction with the ability and adroitness of Count Schouvaloff." * The foreign policy of this period is indissolubly associated with the aims, real or ascribed, of Lord Beaconsfield, and upon them it is futile to look in our day for a temperate judgment. It is often said that when Lord Salisbury departed from the lines pursued by Beaconsfield and struck out for himself he found the true policy which has so commended itself to the English people that foreign impossible, under the rule of a fickle, selfish and ill-informed democracy, to play the bold policy of Pitt or Palmerston. The day for that has gone forever. England won a great Empire by the courage and truculence of her adventurers, by waging long wars, by pouring out blood and treasure. To retain this Empire, as precious now for its commercial as its sentimental value, war must give place to patient negotiation, threat to skilful diplomacy. Of these arts Lord Salisbury, like his Elizabethan ancestor, s absolute master.

* Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord A. Loftus, vol. ii., p. 251.

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At this juncture it is impossible to offer a final opinion upon Lord Salisbury's foreign policy. In Europe he has abandoned the Turk, and has definitely pledged England to the Concert of Powers. In Asia and Africa he has, with some loss of prestige, steadily kept the peace with France and Russia, and in North America his attitude towards the United States has been one of extreme forbearance. If I were asked to define in one phrase the general character of his policy I would call it an honourable opportunism — the safest and the wisest for the Empire, but not the most exhilarating to "the man in the street," who gloriously draws his sword one day, and grumbles bitterly the next over an extra income tax of a penny in the pound. The Foreign Minister seems to have laid deeply to heart the favourite aphorism of Burghley, his great ancestor: "War is the curse and peace the blessing of God upon a nation." He appears to have struck the keynote of his course long ago, in a speech to his Stamford constituents in 1865: "In our foreign policy what we have to do is simply to perform our own part with honour, to abstain from a meddling diplomacy, to uphold England's honour steadily and fearlessly, and always to be rather prone to let action go along with words than to let it lag behind them."

In Canada a jealous eye is ever turned upon the attitude of the Imperial Government toward the United States. There has been almost a century of concession, at Canada's expense. Careless of precedent, hampered by few traditions of manner, mutual obligation or studied moderation, the Washington Government is the spoiled child of diplomacy. By his dealings with the Americans Lord Salisbury has strengthened Canadian attachment to the British connection. The abrupt dismissal of Sir Sackville West in 1888 was an affront to Great Britain. It was met by patient courtesy, but the British legation was left without a Minister until Mr. Cleveland retired. When the Republicans came in, Mr. Blaine broke a lance with the Foreign Minister over the Behring Sea question, and the Paris arbitration proved that the one man was no match for the other. The firm intimation, during the heat of the controversy, that further seizures of vessels on the high seas would be resisted by British ironclads created a profound impression in Canada. It has been a factor in the development of Imperial feeling in Canada during recent years. Lord Salisbury has been patient, but unceasingly vigilant, and this, after all, is the key to satisfactory relations with the United States. He declined to confirm Mr. Blaine's clever move to break up united action in the fisheries question by a separate treaty with Newfoundland. The Venezuelan Message of Mr. Cleveland met with the same fine contempt for display of temper which had greeted the Sackville West episode. When the passion had subsided, Lord Salisbury was ready for an arbitration treaty which would preserve two nations, who have everything to gain and nothing to lose by peace, from relapsing into the savagery of war. Long before Mr. Chamberlain appeared upon the scene Lord Salisbury's policy shows that he kept in close touch with the Colonies, proved mindful of their interests, and was intent upon exhibiting the practicability and the reality of an Imperial unity.

A generation hence the English historian may be able, with fuller knowledge than we can possibly possess, to survey the achievements of the great Peace Minister during the last years of the nineteenth century. What we see in Lord Salisbury now are the virtues of political unselfishness, of a high moral tone in public life, of absolute devotion to his country and the sovereign—his ideal to pass on unimpaired to posterity the splendid Empire of their fathers, and in his personal career to prove that

"Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory."

A. H. U. Colquhoun.

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THE NICARAGUA CANAL AND THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.

THE recent war with Spain and the colonial expansion that has followed it are once more strongly turning the attention of the United States to the necessity of a ship canal across the isthmus of Central America. The long and risky voyage of the warship *Oregon*, in its passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast of the United States, places in the strongest light the impossibility of any co-operation between the Atlantic and Pacific squadrons in case of a conflict with any first-class power. The alternative to a safe and easy communication by way of Central America must be the maintenance by the United States of two complete and independent fleets, with all their accessories except supplies capable of transport by rail.

Again, as regards commerce, there is now a colonial field in the far west which the Atlantic states are anxious to reach more cheaply than at present. The colonial field, however, is mainly looked upon merely as a key to an indefinitely expansible trade by the shores of the Pacific. The trade looked for is chiefly in cotton and iron goods, which the American manufacturers, having outgrown the home market, are now sending out in profitable competition with the rest of the world.

But much of this commercial development is possible only if a cheap and easy means of transport can be had from the Atlantic states to the Pacific.

For these reasons, chiefly, there has been a revival of interest in the Nicaragua canal project; the Nicaragua route having always been the favourite with the Americans.

But, in view of recent events, it is held that the national naval interest in the canal has become so great that it must be built under the auspices of the United States, and be controlled by them. To this view of the situation British public opinion seems to be quite favourably inclined, provided guarantees are given as to the free and equal use of the canal for commercial purposes, and the free passage of war vessels of nations at peace with the United States.

This attitude of the British public is by no means merely the result of a new and reckless outburst of confidence in the future friendship of the United States. It does, to a certain extent, express the better feeling in the Anglo-Saxon household; but it has a very practical side also. The eye of Britain is at present very intently fixed on Egypt, and the Suez canal is held by England to be dependent upon Egypt. Some attempts were made, it is true, to establish an international guarantee of the neutrality of the Suez canal, but it was too clumsy and impracticable an idea to find concrete expression. Meantime England obtained, by purchasing shares, a controlling interest in the canal, from the purely economic point of view an immensely profitable speculation. Now she has a controlling interest in Egypt, and, under these circumstances, she by no means mourns the failure of the international guarantee of Suez neutrality. On the contrary she frankly claims for Egypt the control of the canal, and Lord Cromer took occasion to definitely express and enforce the claim in the case of the Spanish fleet last summer.

It would therefore be in the interest of British claims at Suez to admit a similar right on the part of the United States at Nicaragua. The joint guarantee of the Nicaragua canal by Great Britain and the United States would be workable only when there was no special need for it. Without joint control it could be used by Britain so long as she was at peace with the United States. But in case of a conflict with the United States a joint control would

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be useless, all compacts being dissolved by war.

In the hands of the United States alone the canal would be of most value to Britain, because the United States are least likely of the great powers to be involved in a European struggle. If the Nicaragua canal were jointly controlled by the United States and Britain, and Britain were at war with a European power, the canal would be a legitimate object of attack; whereas in the hands of the Americans it could not be attacked without a direct act of hostility towards the United States, which are so strong in that part of the world that no European power would dream of attempting such aggression.

In the case of a war between Britain and the United States, whatever the previous status of the canal, the two powers would simply have to fight for the control of it, and, without doubt, it would soon be rendered impassable either by one or the other.

England, therefore, has nothing to lose but much to gain by permitting the canal to be built and controlled by the United States, with the simple stipulation that it be open on equal terms to the commerce and navies of all countries at peace with that power.

But the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty at present stands in the way of such an arrangement, and, in considering the effects of the abolition or modification of this treaty, several questions at once arise. What are the terms of the treaty? Why was it made, and under what conditions? Was it wise or necessary at the time, and, if so, what changes have occurred to render it less so now? To attempt an answer to these questions is the chief object of this article.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is one whose nature seems to be very imperfectly understood by the parties most interested. Even in so accurate a work of reference as Professor Nichol's Tables of European and American History, the treaty is set down as dealing with fisheries. At different times, in the United States Congress, discussions have taken place, and bills have been introduced with reference to the proposed Nicaragua canal, apparently in complete ignorance of the existence, or at least the provisions of this treaty. We need not wonder, therefore, if the general public should be a little hazy on the subject.

The following very condensed sketch of the treaty and of its atmosphere, is based upon the British and American state papers relating to it, and numerous contemporary accounts of of the condition of affairs at the time.

In 1849, when the question of the canal first came up for discussion, the general situation of the United States was in many respects similar to that of to-day. The country was in the midst of a period of enormous expansion. It had just acquired an immense amount of new territory, most of which had once formed part of the Spanish Empire in America.

In California, part of the new territory, gold had just been discovered, and the rush to the west was at its height. The Pacific coast having suddenly acquired the highest interest, the all-absorbing question was how best to reach it. The overland route was long, difficult and expensive. Steam shipping, however, was in the flush of its first practical development. But steamships, especially coasting vessels, did not care to risk the voyage round Cape Horn. Under these conditions routes were soon established across Central America, connecting with lines of steamships on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

The trade of the country increased rapidly, speculation was rife, prosperity and expansion were in the air. While Europe, with the exception of Britain, was in the throes of revolution and apparent decay, the American Republic seemed to be renewing its youth and entering upon an era of progress and expansion, which was the astonishment of the world, and the limits of which no one dared to predict.

Though Britain was fairly prosperous under her lately adopted system of free trade, yet the marvellous stories

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from America were irresistible for thousands of her people. Between 1847 and 1852 Britain sent directly to the United States at least 1,250,000 of her population.

Canada stood aside, an anxious onlooker weighted with heavy burdens and not sharing in her neighbour's good fortune. Her leading commercial men became discouraged, and demanded either annexation or some other means of sharing in the great prosperity of the United States.

There is little need to marvel that, under these circumstances, the Americans, given to self-congratulation over growing times, and none too well ballasted by men of wide knowledge and mature reflection, should have given expression to sentiments betraying at once ignorance and arrogance. In this temper they were equally impatient of restraint at home, and recklessly defiant towards all outsiders.

The natural anxiety of the commercial element of the east to take full advantage of the unknown possibilities of the Pacific, inevitably suggested the great importance of a waterway across the isthmus of Central America. From the first the American engineers and capitalists favoured the Nicaragua route by the San Juan river and the Nicaragua lake, with a twelve mile cut to the Pacific.

The east coast of this part of Central America, owing to its low elevation, heavy rain-fall and steaming tropical atmosphere, was practically uninhabited by Europeans. It barely permitted the existence of the few miserable tribes of Carib Indians who found there an asylum from the all-grasping hand of Spain. The Spaniards had indeed claimed all this territory, from an early date, but had found it neither profitable nor possible to exercise active dominion. The Spanish settlements were confined to the strip of high land along the Pacific coast.

When, after the decay and overthrow of the Spanish power upon the mainland, a number of independent, though ill defined republics succeeded, they claimed the same Empire as Spain, yet maintained their sovereignty with an even less steady hand.

From a very early time in the history of Jamaica British merchants had cut mahogany and kept up a desultory trade with the Indians of the east coast, especially around the mouth of the San Juan River. The Mosquitos being the chief tribe in that region, the territory came to be known as the Mosquito Coast.

Until 1844 Nicaragua does not seem to have made any serious, or, at any rate, successful efforts to assert her sovereignty over the territory occupied by the Mosquitos. About that year, however, complaints were made to the British authorities in Jamaica that the Mosquitos were suffering aggression on the part of the neighbouring Spanish-American States. The port of San Juan, at the mouth of the river of that name, had been seized by Nicaragua. The British, finding their interests threatened, finally took up the cause of the Mosquitos, acknowledged their independent sovereignty, and, in January, 1848, forcibly took possession of San Juan in the name of the Mosquito chief or king. They changed the name of the place to Greytown, in honour, apparently, of the Governor of Jamaica.

At this time there were three claimants to this port and the territory along the banks of the San Juan, namely, the Mosquito Indians, and the Spanish-American States of Nicaragua and Costa Rica. The Mosquito Indians were, for all national purposes, represented by a few Englishmen, who found the management of their affairs profitable if not pleasant.

Now it was just at this juncture that the American Pacific developments suddenly caused the port and river of San Juan to become of very great importance as necessary links in the newly proposed transportation route across the isthmus. While England was taking up the cause of the Mosquitos, the agent of the United States for Central America, a Mr. Hise, had been sedulously cultivating the favour of the Government of Nicaragua,

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which laid claim to the whole route. Mr. Hise, having convinced himself of the importance of the cause and the need for promptness of action, without waiting for instructions from Washington, concluded a treaty with Nicaragua by which he secured for his country the exclusive right of way for a canal or other means of transportation across Nicaragua, including the San Juan river and port. In return the United States were to guarantee Nicaragua in the possession of her just territorial and sovereign rights, whatever these might turn out to be.

The United States Government had already been made aware of the action of Britain in seizing Greytown in the name of the Mosquito chief. When, therefore, Mr. Hise's enterprising treaty reached Mr. Clayton, the Secretary of State, he immediately foresaw trouble. Mr. Hise had, undoubtedly, secured a very valuable concession for the United States, the knowledge of which would give joy to most Americans. But to carry out the treaty might involve trouble with Great Britain, and Mr. Clayton was evidently afraid of the consequences of the jingoistic temper of his countrymen should they find a necessary step in their forward career blocked by a foreign power.

Mr. Clayton hastened to call upon Mr. Crampton, who then represented Great Britain at Washington. He frankly explained to him the situation, saying that he did not approve of the treaty made by Mr. Hise. Though naturally anxious to provide for a canal connecting the two oceans, yet he did not covet for the United States the exclusive advantage from the canal, but was willing that it should be open to all the world.

Mr. Hise was recalled, and a Mr. Squier sent in his place, with instructions not to negotiate any treaty that might bring the United States into conflict with any other power.

In Central America, Mr. Squier met, as the representative of Britain, a Mr. Chatfield. These two gentlemen soon fell foul of each other, their heads being evidently slightly turned by the dignity of representing two great powers, in connection with an important matter, in the midst of weak but self-important little States. Suspecting each other's designs, and having as material upon which to work the very plastic and uncertain politicians of the Central American States, they were soon in a whirl of Spanish-American intrigue. Squier expounded to the delighted Central Americans, the Munroe Doctrine in its most flattering form. Chatfield, less convincing in argument, was more successful in stratagem. Had they been permitted to have their own way, they would soon have had their respective countries plunged in war. Fortunately, the superior naval officers on either side, with greater sense of responsibility, refused to comply with their belligerent demands.

In the meantime Squier had negotiated another treaty with Nicaragua, Sept. 3rd, 1849, and Chatfield one with Costa Rica. Squier's was less objectionable than that of Hise, but still gave certain exclusive privileges to the United States. Under it, provision was made for the construction of the canal by an American company called "The American Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Co.," whose Nicaraguan charter was dated Aug. 27th, 1849. The chief personage in the company was Cornelius Vanderbilt.

The United States Goverment was evidently afraid that Great Britain, in seizing the port of San Juan and taking the insignificant Mosquitos under her protection, was intent on grasping and colonizing the whole region of Central America, and eventually commanding the entire route of the proposed canal. While desiring to avoid a conflict with Britain, they were most anxious to prevent her from getting a permanent hold upon that part of the isthmus. Hence the United States Government, both through Mr. Clayton in Washington, and through Mr. Lawrence in London, disavowed any intention on their part of acquiring territory in Central America, and invited

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Britain to give like assurances. At the same time the Americans invited the British to co-operate with them in guaranteeing the neutrality of the Nicaragua route. To these proposals Britain agreed in general terms, and these mutual declarations became the basis for the negotiation of the treaty.

The position at this time is well summed up by Mr. Lawrence in a communication to Lord Palmerston, then Foreign Secretary. "Great Britain and the United States both profess to desire to see constructed highways from the Atlantic to the Pacific; both wish to see those highways properly guarded during construction and after completion; both desire to see them, when finished, placed upon such a basis as will entitle them to the confidence of the world. Each has an interest in them approached only by that of the other. For Great Britain they will open new and shorter routes to her Eastern Empire; for the United States they will be the bridge connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific States, and consolidating their vast territory; above all, for the world, by opening new avenues for its commerce, and greater facilities for friendly intercourse, they will offer strong guarantees for the continuance of peace and the increase of good will."

Negotiations having proceeded sufficiently far to indicate the prospect of a settlement, Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer was sent out to Washington with the necessary powers and instructions from Lord Palmerston.

He was entrusted with the double mission of securing, as far as possible, the admission of the Canadians to a share in the prosperity of the United States, and of making some definite arrangement with reference to the proposed canal. The first object he attained, as far as the President and his Cabinet were concerned, but to ultimately secure the passage of the Reciprocity Treaty through the United States Senate, required the further diplomatic and prandial exertions of Lord Elgin. The second object he attained in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

Bulwer's despatches to Lord Palmerston showed that he rapidly and accurately took the measure of the situation in the United States. He recognized that if any pacific settlement of the canal question was to be secured, it must be accomplished before the matter got into the hands of Congress. There was little or no popular interest in the question in Britain, but in the United States it was an all-absorbing one. The papers were filled with all manner of shrewd guesses and wild surmises as to what was going on behind the diplomatic curtain. The Executive, it was said, was sacrificing valuable concessions granted to the United States by Central American States; and when Congress met, the Senate began to clamour for the official papers in the matter. Meanwhile, Squier and Chatfield were playing their heavy tragedy to an admiring gallery in Central America, and their doings were reflected, in more or less sensational form, in the American papers.

Diplomatic procrastination, so useful in many cases, was plainly dangerous here. Bulwer, therefore, took advantage of the full powers given him, and, with Clayton, drew up the articles of a convention covering the central features of the canal question, leaving details to be settled afterwards. These were submitted to Palmerston and the President and approved of. After a few changes, made in the interest of clearness, and some additions, to remove the suspicions of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee as to the colonial designs of Britain in Central America, the treaty was definitely concluded on April 9th, 1850.

It takes the form of a Convention "relative to the establishment of a communication by ship canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans." The following is a summary of its provisions:

I. Each Government formally renounces all claim, at any time, to any exclusive control over any ship canal by way of the San Juan river, the Nicaragua and Managua lakes, and any port on the Pacific. Nor will either

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erect, or maintain any fortifications commanding the same, or occupy, colonize, or exercise dominion over any part of Central America. And any commercial advantage or interest which one obtains from any state or government along the line of the canal, shall be offered on the same terms to the other.

II. In case of war between Great Britain and the United States, vessels of either power, using the canal, shall be free from attack by the other, both within the canal and for a certain distance from each end of it, this distance to be fixed afterwards.

III. Both Governments undertake to protect any legally chartered and responsible company while building the canal.

IV. Each Government undertakes to use its good offices and influence with the states along the line of the canal to aid and facilitate its construction.

V. Both Governments, when the canal is completed, undertake to protect it from interruption or seizure, and to guarantee its neutrality, on condition that the company operating it shall maintain a fair and impartial attitude towards the shipping and commerce of each nation. In case of either withdrawing from the convention on this ground, it shall give six months' notice to the other.

VI. Each power shall use its influence with all other powers to induce them to enter into these same stipulations with reference to the canal, and each will make such treaty arrangements with the states along the route of the canal as will facilitate its construction and maintenance.

VII. That the work may be undertaken as soon as possible, both Governments will give their support to the first properly chartered company, with adequate capital, that undertakes to build the canal in accordance with the terms of this convention. The terms of this article are so stated as to cover, without expressly mentioning it, the existing company, should it conform to the terms of the convention.

VIII. The two Governments, desiring not only to accomplish a special object, but to establish a general principle, agree to extend their protection to any other practicable communication, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus, and especially to any by way of Tehuantepec or Panama, provided the parties constructing and operating them shall impose just and equitable conditions of use and traffic for the ships and commerce of the two contracting powers, and any others that may enter into similar agreements.

Next came the task of settling with the Central American states as to the security of the route of the canal. When it was found impossible to come to any agreement as to the conflicting claims of Nicaragua, Costa Rica and the Mosquitos, it was suggested that by means of the friendly offices of Great Britain and the United States, jointly exercised, these states might be coerced into some convenient agreement with each other, as regards at least the territory immediately along the route of the canal. To this Britain had assented in general terms, undertaking to get the consent of the Mosquitos to the use of Greytown, at the mouth of the San Juan, as a free port. She also undertook to secure the free navigation of the river as far as the territories claimed by the Mosquitos and the state of Costa Rica were concerned, if the United States would undertake to do the same for that part of the route which lay through the undisputed territory of Nicaragua.

This, it was hoped, would secure the route of the canal, while still committing no one to a definite declaration on the matters in dispute between the three states. This, however, was found impossible. After the signing of the treaty, which, as we have seen, required that neither Britain nor the United States should maintain any protectorate, or acquire any exclusive privileges in any of these territories, it became necessary to leave the exercise of sovereignty, in maintaining the peace and otherwise supporting the necessary

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local jurisdiction, in the hands of the local governments. Once the disputed jurisdiction over the canal route was settled, it was thought that this power might be left in the hands of Nicaragua and Costa Rica. But Britain recognized the impossibility of handing over the administration of Greytown and the lower part of the San Juan River to the Mosquito Indians. Yet, having definitely and actively defended the cause of the Mosquitos against Nicaragua, she was averse to giving it over to that state. She therefore proposed, accepting a suggestion of Lawrence, that sovereignty over that part of the canal should be given to Costa Rica in return for certain concessions to the Mosquitos. She at the same time proposed a settlement of the disputes between Nicaragua and Costa Rica, as to the territory along the San Juan. To this, however, Nicaragua would not listen.

At last Bulwer consented, in July, 1851, that Nicaragua should obtain Greytown, on condition of giving certain guarantees as to the independence of the Mosquitos, and granting other concessions to Costa Rica. To this Mr. Webster, who had succeeded Clayton, advised the Nicaraguans to consent.

No definite conclusion, however, was reached before Bulwer returned to England in August 1851, after which Mr. Crampton resumed charge of the British interests at Washington.

Immediately after this the internal affairs of Nicaragua fell into disorder, resulting in revolution and the prolonged Filibuster war. A stable form of government was not re-established until the adoption of the new constitution in 1858. By that time the domestic politics of the United States were in such a condition as to exclude all thoughts of the canal project.

Nothing more was done till 1880, when the project was once more revived. But interest lagged again while the Panama Canal was being constructed. The collapse of that undertaking gave the Nicaragua scheme new life. From 1889 to 1891 about $4,000,000 were spent on it. Nicaragua, however, could not stand prosperity. It underwent a boom, which developed the most flagrant political and economic corruption, and this in turn brought about the revolution of 1893. Then came the troubles with Britain in 1894.

President Cleveland appointed a board of experts to report on the feasibility of the canal in 1895. But in 1896 another revolution swept the country. At the present time still another commission is investigating the route.

The history of the whole subject seems to justify the following conclusions. It is impossible that such an important work as this canal should be built and maintained under the auspices of any Central American State. It is no remedy for this defect to provide a guarantee of neutrality by any outside powers, the real difficulty being instability within those states. If it is to be built at all, it must be under the direct auspices and control of some strong government. Unquestionably the only government which answers to the requirements of the situation is that of the United States. The circumstances under which the treaty became a necessity having vanished, and the good intentions of the treaty having been proved by experience to be impracticable, it should no longer be permitted to block the way of a most important enterprise. As already stated, all that is required in its place is a pledge on the part of the United States as to the use of the canal, on the same terms as for their own vessels, by those of all nations at peace with the United States, and subject to the rules of international law in times of war.

Given a free hand, the United States would no doubt obtain what they have already been offered, the concession of a strip of territory including the route of the canal. With the undertaking under the control of a strong power much capital could readily be obtained that now refuses to face the uncertainties of investment under any Central American Government.

Adam Shortt.

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A STORY OF KITCHENER.

IN Bishareen tents, throughout Dongalese bazaars, and on the caravan trail, they tell this story.

The House of Lords knows nothing about it. It is something that one of its latest-called members doesn't wish to talk about, that the Arab does not wish divulged. But it is worth telling.

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum—he was a big man fifteen years ago, but few recognized it except the Arab, who knew Kitchener and the force of his personality. He had seen him in the bazaars of Suakim, Cairo and Assouan, and he had learned to fear the man who had learned the ways and language of his own people. There was no homegoing in the early eighties for this man of action when leaves of absence were granted to the young lieutenant of Engineers in the Egyptian army with the rank of captain. They were spent in Arab villages, in crowded bazaars and on desert oases. His superiors recognized the value of the man, and the "leaves" were extended, and for two years he wandered from the Red Sea to Berber, from Cairo to Abu Hamed. He talked trade and commerce with the cross-legged merchant between the whiffs of his chibouk in Dongola, and Soudanese politics with Bishareen sheiks by the palm-shaded wells in the middle of the great Libyan desert.

And there came a time when the ramblings of Lieut. Kitchener throughout North-Eastern Africa became valuable enough to change the history of the world's greatest continent.

Kitchener has captured Khartoum and avenged the tragedy of Gordon. The marvellous success which overcame the difficulties that had confused the minds of half-a-dozen Khedives and the genius of a Gordon—the conquest of the Soudan—has come to him.

It was merely an incident when Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, Sirdar of Egypt, was only Chief of the Intelligence Corps under Lord Wolseley, on the Gordon Relief Expedition, but it may go some way to explain that success.

It was away back in January, 1885, immediately after news of the incomplete battle of Abouklea, with all its alarming details, had come in—the leader, Sir Herbert Stewart, fatally wounded, Burnaby killed, a side of a British square broken, no prisoners, a sailor, Lord Beresford, in command, and all communication broken off; these, with rushing cataracts behind us, a laggard Cabinet in London, and the fate of Stewart's flying column in doubt, were things that made our Commander-in-Chief and a few thousand men think. Things were at a tension at Korti, the base of operations, in those days. You could see it in each other's faces; you could feel it in the air. And treachery by our Dongalese allies was feared, was almost known.

The Mudir of Dongola, who was more than suspected of being a Mahdist, was in camp. English sovereigns and bayonets had changed his politics for the time being, but several thousand traitors living in your midst, creates an unpleasant feeling. Britishers as we were, we felt nervous, not in a timid sense, but just the nervousness of doubt. Men can be brigaded, put into all sorts of regiments, and read historical stories about Blenheim and Waterloo in the regimental library until their eyes are sore, but a besetting nervousness pervades an individual, Briton or no Briton, when the feeling gradually steals over him that a few hundred thousand gentlemen of the Arab persuasion are promenading around the neighbourhood with an intense Moslem idea of religiously carving him up carelessly with a two-handed sword. Two-handed swords in the hands of an athletic, aggressive gentle-

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man, who is labouring under an impression that he is dead-sure of Heaven if he dies in his carving efforts, are disagreeable things. And Tommy Atkins, lifting his mind from 'baccy and grub, understood this.

Kitchener understood it also, but he particularly understood the seriousness of the Dongalese conspiracy, and Major Kitchener—he was Major at the time of the Nile expedition—disappeared. Good, nice, conventional people might object to the manner of his disappearance. But, unfortunately, war is not conducted on good, nice, conventional principles. If it were, the British Empire would not have been a greater power than Rome ever was, and we would not be nearly as rich and comfortable as we are. People don't think of these things over their teacups, or in dressing-gown and slippers. Clive and Warren Hastings were hounded to their deaths, but there is many a household living in ease and comfort who read with sympathetic indignation Macaulay's indictments, who owe their livelihood to the provinces conquered by fraud and bloodshed—and I will complete that story of Kitchener.

I had met the future Sirdar as a quasi voyageur-correspondent would meet an officer, around the camel-dung fire, in various cantonments on the river. He appeared to me as an easy-going English gentleman, but with a look of latent energy in the strong face and well-knit figure. He was much talked about by soldiers and voyageurs. There was an attractive mysticism to Tommy Atkins about the man who was supposed to have interviewed Gordon in Khartoum and had served in the Mahdi's household for weeks in Omdurman. He was an Arabian Nights' character to them—a sort of Haroun al Raschid, and many a long, weary day on the river, when the wind was favourable and both sails bellied, was brightened by the visionary stories of the doings of the Chief of the Intelligence Corps, the Chief of the Secret Service. Oftentimes I was lulled to sleep in the Canadian camps by tales of the daring adventures of the best "scout," they called him, in the Soudan.

That January night I was scribbling in the tent which I shared with half-a-dozen others, by the light of a candle procured by flagrant bribery and corruption from the Ordnance stores, when Jim McBurney, a Canadian voyageur, dropped in. He said there was trouble again in the Dongalese camp. Jim was always looking for trouble. He wanted me to go with him and see the fun. I was a youngster then, and had no objections to any species of fun, so I laid my pencil down and listened. "You know," my Irish-Canadian friend went on, "about fifty or sixty Baggara and Bishareen Arabs came in the other day from Merawi and hired like the Dongalese in the boat-hauling business, and these mixed with the Mudir of Dongola's two regiments of Bashi-Bazouks, so what with this mixture the plotting devils have come to some disagreement, and they have been scrappin' and chewin' the rag for a week. By the signs, I guess there's goin' to be a Donnybrook to-night.' Jim, who was a Canadian riverman and therefore dearly loved a fight, was a dangerous man to travel with when blows were struck in the vicinity, so I told him that there were several thousand Canadians at home languishing to know how we were relieving Gordon, and I wasn't after trouble. He insisted—and I went.

They were at it, a couple of hundred of them it seemed. The Dongalese were in the majority, but they were a miserable crowd, the scum of the city of Dongola, and the spirit of the desert Arabs and the ferocity of the Bashi-Bazouks made up for the superiority in numbers. It could hardly be said to be a fight. It was more like a political ruction, a melee, with scattered fights throughout the crowd. McBurney showed them what a fight could be.

"There is one of those sons of guns that let my boat go when hauling me up Ambigol." And I knew the lust of battle was on McBurney. He jumped

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from my side into the thick of the crowd. That was a nice position to leave an otherwise self-respecting voyageur-correspondent, who was perfectly indifferent regarding Soudanese politics except in so far as they provided "copy." There were ten or twelve Dongalese surrounding him, and I knew he soon would be down; for wasn't he one of the hated infidels. McBurney was good for six, or it may be seven, Dongalese at any time, but the additional four or five were proving too many for him. I joined him—and we wound up in the guard tent. There were about a dozen Arabs of various complexions with us.

The affair didn't bother McBurney or myself very much. We knew that Canadian voyageurs would be released in the morning after going through a little formality before a subaltern.

I was listening to the regrets of McBurney at having only got one punch at the man who had nearly drowned him at Ambigol when a tall man, tied apparently hand and foot, was thrown amongst us. I thought he looked a different brand of Arab than I had been accustomed to. He was; he was Kitchener. He was after the conspiracy.

I didn't know much Arabic in those days, but we could hear the Dongalese—they were all Dongalese—talk and talk in excited tones the whole night, the bound man occasionally saying a few words.

When we paraded in and before the large open-faced orderly tent next morning we were almost paralyzed to see Lord Wolseley himself seated at the little table with Kitchener beside him, both in full staff uniform.

McBurney whispered, "How did he know we were run in? He's come to let us off, seein' we're Canucks." But we seemed to have been forgotten. A tall, fine looking Arab, the handsomest Dongalese Arab I ever saw, was being examined through the interpreter. He didn't seem impressed by the glittering uniforms or the presence of the Commander-in-chief, or embarrassed by their questions. Once or twice an expression of surprise flitted over his face, but his eyes were always fixed on Kitchener, who would now and again stoop and whisper something in Lord Wolseley's ear. Once he raised his voice. The prisoner heard its intonation and recognized him. With a fierce bound, the long, lithe Arab made a spring and was over the table, and had seized Kitchener by the throat. There was a short swift struggle. Wolseley's eye glistened and he half-drew his sword. Kitchener, athletic as he was, was being overpowered, and the Arab was throttling him to death. There was a rush of the guard ——, and within ten minutes a cordon of sentries surrounded the Mudir of Dongola's tent. Within three days he was a prisoner in his palace at Dongola, guarded by half a battalion of British soldiers. The conspiracy was broken.

How widespread it was, only half-a-dozen white men knew at that time, but that it embraced the Courts of the Khedive, the Mudir and the Mahdi leaked out in after years. To it the treachery of the Egyptian garrison at Khartoum and the death of Gordon was due, and the preservation of the desert column can be placed to its discovery. The powerful Bishareen tribe and their allies remained loyal—or bought.

Charles Lewis Shaw.



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ST. JOHN AS A WINTER PORT.

ALONG with the development of Canada and the growth of her transatlantic trade has come a more general recognition of the importance of directing that trade as far as possible through Canadian channels. So far as summer business was concerned, the great St. Lawrence route solved the problem but, until the winter of 1894-95, practically the whole of the winter ocean trade of the country west of the Maritime Provinces was carried on through the ports of Portland, New York and Boston. The fact appears to be, the public interest was so completely centred in the great west that the east had to be re-discovered before the Maritime Province ports could come into their own. It was ten years after the extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the port of St. John before the current of western trade began to flow in that direction, and not then until the people of the city had put their hands deep into their pockets to equip the port for the handling of this through traffic. Two years elapsed before the mail subsidies granted to steamships making their terminus at a foreign port were withdrawn.

We are now in the fourth season of winter port trade through St. John, and the second since the withdrawal of the mail subsidies from steamships having their terminus at Portland, Me. The growth of traffic has been continuous and even greater, in so brief a period, than the citizens anticipated. From the close of navigation on the St. Lawrence last fall until Jan. 31st, the steamers running to Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Belfast and Dublin, had cleared with cargo to the value of more than three millions of dollars, of which almost one-half originated in the Western States, coming to St. John for re-shipment from Chicago, Minneapolis and Kansas city. Had earlier action been taken and a steamship company secured this season to carry on the direct London service, which moved a large amount of valuable cargo in the preceding seasons, the figures would make a still more favourable showing. There is a regular fortnightly service via Halifax to London but the steamers are comparatively small. While the steamers of the Allan, Dominion and Manchester lines call at Halifax, the whole of their cargo, except a few hundred tons, is taken at St. John, which is the Atlantic terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The people of St. John have contended that all the more important steamship services to the port should be direct, giving to Halifax also whatever direct services its ability to provide cargo would warrant. This view, however, has not yet prevailed in official quarters. St. John's claim in this regard is based on the facts that a direct service is a better service in these days of keen competition, and that full cargoes can be got at St. John, without the necessity of calling at any other port.



ST. JOHN—A HARBOUR VIEW.

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VIEW OF ST. JOHN HARBOUR FROM THE EAST SIDE.

It is a long step to have overcome the prejudice, apathy, selfish interests, or all combined, which have in the past operated against a recognition of the just claims of the Maritime Province ports, and the citizens of St. John, with the record of these four seasons of almost phenomenal development of through traffic, are inspired by feelings of the most hopeful confidence. Each year has seen more and larger steamers in the port; and still larger ones, now building, are assured for next winter; while the demand for more wharves and warehouses at the Canadian Pacific terminus has already become so urgent as to receive the most serious attention of the railway corporation, the Board of Trade and City Council. In addition, two steamship berths and an elevator are to be constructed this year at the Intercolonial railway terminus, at the head of the harbour, the Minister of Railways and his colleagues being convinced that the Government railway is destined to control an important share in the steadily increasing volume of through traffic.

In a valuable book on St. John as a Winter Port,* issued recently by a joint committee of the Board of Trade and City Council, this sentence occurs: "St. John offers equally low rates, equally or more prompt delivery, perfect safety in transit, and all the advantages any foreign port can offer, with some distinctly its own." It is the recognition of these claims, long urged on the people of Canada, that explains the recent rapid development of St. John as a winter port.

Half a century ago leading men of the city declared it must in time become the winter port of the Canada of that day. That was prior to Confederation and before the active period of railway construction and communication. The claim was based on geographical grounds, and on the possession of a fine harbour, open throughout the year. At that time the great western country was as yet a hunting ground, and did not enter, to any large extent, into the calculations even of those who dreamed of a confederation of existing provinces. Confederation, railway construction in the east, the absorption of all the great west and the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway from ocean to ocean were in due time accomplished; and along with this development came an enlargement of the views of the hopeful people of St. John. Time, they held, and national necessities must vindicate their claims and establish St. John as the chief winter port of the Dominion. Had they been merely content, however, to leave to time the solution of the problem, the commercial history of the city for the past four years would not have been written. But as soon as the extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway brought the port into close communication with the west the campaign of education assumed an aggres-

* Copies of this book can be got on application to the Secretary, Board of Trade, St. John, N.B.

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ST. JOHN—THE BRIDGES AND "REVERSIBLE FALLS."

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ST. JOHN—IN ROCKWOOD PARK.

sive form. By resolutions of the Board of Trade and city council, by speeches in Parliament, by memorials, by personal and individual effort, and through the medium of the press, the attention of the public was directed to the claims and the aims of St. John. And faith was proved by works. A short branch railway, owned by the Federal Government, and which gave the Canadian Pacific Railway access to the water front on the west side of the harbour, was purchased by the city for $40,000 and presented to the railway corporation. Several years having passed without satisfactory results, the city expended a large amount of money in wharf and warehouse construction. The next step was a grant of $40,000 toward the construction of a grain elevator for the railway company. The campaign of education was meantime prosecuted with vigour. The Board of Trade was especially active and persistent, and a visit to Montreal, Toronto and other upper provincial cities by Mr. W. S. Fisher, then president of the board, produced excellent results. He addressed boards of trade, talked with merchants, presented facts and figures, and forcibly advanced the claims of the Canadian winter port.

And every St. John man who took a trip westward felt that he had a mission to perform. In time the agitation produced its effect. Public attention was arrested, and public interest aroused; and at last, in the winter of 1894-95, came the period of experiment. A Government subsidy was granted to the Beaver line of steamers for a fortnightly Liverpool service; to the Donaldson line for a Glasgow service; and the subsidy for the existing Furness line service to London was increased for the season. Only thirty-six sailings were provided for, but the result was so eminently satisfactory that for the winter of 1895-96 the subsidies were renewed, and an additional one granted to the Head line steamers for a monthly service to Belfast and Dublin. So rapidly did trade develop that in the next summer (1896) increased facilities had to be provided, and by further large civic expenditure the number of steamship berths was increased to five, with necessary warehouses and cattle sheds. A great deal of dredging and heavy construction work was involved. A small annual subsidy was granted by the Provincial Government, and the Federal Government gave assistance in the work of dredging, but the outlay by the city was very large. It is estimated that St. John has itself expended over one half of a million in terminal facilities for this western trade, which is certainly a creditable record for a city of less than fifty thousand people. In the matter of port charges the city has also made notable concessions in the interest of trade development. Last year the Canadian Pacific Railway enlarged its elevator to a capacity of over a million bushels, and provided additional track accommodation.

But already, as stated in a preceding paragraph, the demand for a further extension of terminal facilities is urgent. Having proved their claim respecting the merits of the port, and made a very large expenditure in providing needful harbour works, the citizens feel that in the further prosecu-

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tion of what is, in a very important sense, a national enterprise, they deserve something more than the moral support of the country at large. The past record of the port proves, however, that they will not be content merely to sit down and wait. To be "everlastingly at it" is a characteristic of the citizens wherever the interests of the place are involved.



ST. JOHN—KING STREET.

In the spring of 1898 Mr. George Robertson, then mayor of the city, was sent to Great Britain. He addressed the chambers of commerce in leading cities, and in other ways directed attention to the advantages of St. John, and was so successful that leading journals in Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol and elsewhere printed extended reports of his speeches and devoted leaders to a discussion of the subjects presented. Mr. Robertson also interviewed the Rt. Hon. Mr. Goschen and Joseph Chamberlain, and pressed upon the Admiralty authorities the importance, from the imperial standpoint, of an imperial subsidy toward the construction of a great modern dry dock at the port of St. John. This project has been endorsed and concessions granted by the St. John City Council, and the prospect for construction of the dock, at a cost of about a million dollars, is declared by its promoters to be very favourable.

With respect to the future of the winter port trade, the services to Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, London, Belfast and Dublin will, of course, be continued, and some of them enlarged. Care will, doubtless, be taken to secure a renewal of the direct London service, and a line of steamers to Bristol is expected shortly to materialize. The business of the present season will be very much larger than that of 1897-98, and next winter will assuredly show a still greater development. Goods from Liverpool for Toronto have been landed in the latter city more quickly via St. John than via Portland, in a fair competition. Goods from Liverpool via St. John can be landed in Chicago many hours ahead of goods via New York. The fact that grain, flour, lard, fresh and cured meats, glucose, corn oil, cattle and other cargo is sent from Chicago and other western cities via St. John to Liverpool, making up a considerable portion of the through business, proves the favourable position of the New Brunswick port. During the winter



ST. JOHN—KING SQUARE.

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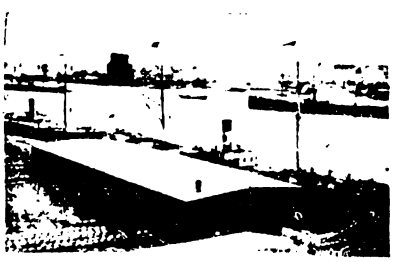
LOOKING SEAWARD



ABOVE THE BRIDGE.



A PARK VIEW.



A HARBOUR VIEW.

of 1897-98 United States produce to the value of $1,357,153 was so transhipped at St. John, and up to Jan. 31st of the present season the value had already amounted to $1,500,000. The possession of two competing lines of rai.way, reaching out through Canada, and by their connections tapping sources of supply in the Western and Southern States, is greatly to the advantage of St. John. There are two other lines, one through central New Brunswick into Quebec, and the other along the southern shore into Maine, but these are not yet factors in through traffic. Many times there has been a revival of a rumour that the Grand Trunk Railway sought an independent line to St. John, but nothing in that direction has actually transpired.

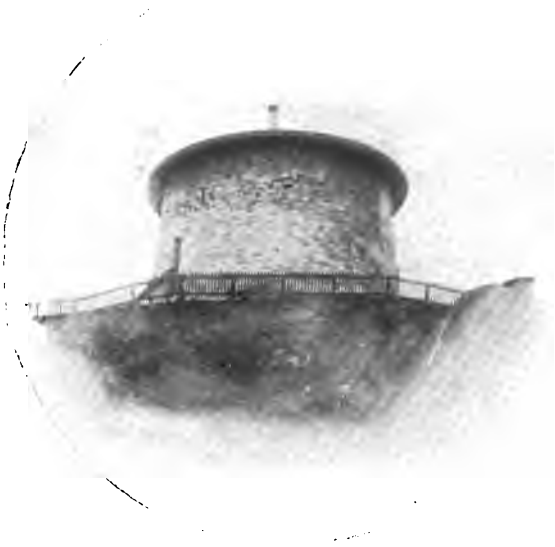
The effect of the development of ocean trade through St. John will, of course, have in time a marked effect on the industrial and agricultural life of the Province of New Brunswick. The people will not long be content to see the products of western farms and stock-yards passing their doors to a profitable market without taking steps to secure the share of this trade to which their fertile soil and proximity to the seaboard entitle them. Given ready means of access to the British market, the rest is comparatively easy. The development of new branches of the lumber industry will also occur. New Brunswick possesses in her millions of acres of woodland, enormous wealth. In 1898 forest products to the value of $2,987,756 were exported from St. John alone; and in 1897, a phenomenal year, the amount was $3,938,379. These exports went to the British Islands, United States, West Indies, South America, Australia, France, Spain, Holland and North and South Africa. But the shipments were almost wholly in the form of deals and other long lumber, and laths and shingles. An impetus, has, however, been given to the production of box material, both hard and soft wood, for British factories; and the tendency is steadily, though still slowly, toward the more finished products of wood-working es-

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tablishments. The pulp industry, too, is being rapidly developed. A large mill, erected by Scottish capital, has just been completed on the bay shore ten miles from St. John ; and a fifty-ton mill, in the construction and operation of which a large amount of English capital has been guaranteed, is likely to be erected in the city suburbs within the next two years. Experts testify that the location, natural advantages and wealth of necessary raw materials make St. John an exceptionally favourable centre for the prosecution of the pulp and paper industry. One of the advantages of St. John as a winter port is that lumber cargo is always available, if for any reason there should be a shortage of other freight.

The purpose and limits of this article will not permit an extended reference to the history of the city of St. John. Founded in 1783 by Loyalists, its position at the mouth of a magnificent river, over 450 miles long, at once marked it as a great centre of the lumbering and ship-building industries. In time St. John became the fourth ship-owning port in the British Empire. Later, its commercial men invested in iron ships, built in England. Still later, as steam gradually drove the old time sailing ships from the sea, St. John capital found investment in steamers, and a line of new and modern freight steamships is now managed and largely owned in the city. But, of course, with the decline of wooden ships much capital either melted away or sought new fields of enterprise. In 1877 fire destroyed the business portion of the city. The loss was estimated to be about $30,000,000. From this awful blow the sturdy citizens rose with undaunted courage, and built a finer city on the ruins of the old.

Its position makes St. John an admirable distributing centre for the trade of the Maritime Provinces. Apart from the dozen or more of large lumber mills and the loading of ships, no single industry employs a very large number of persons; but there are two cotton mills and a large number of factories, which turn out a great variety of products, and in the aggregate give employment to thousands.



ST. JOHN—A MARTELLO TOWER.
(Built in 1812.)

The fish trade of St. John is also important, for the Bay of Fundy yields salmon, halibut, cod, haddock, hake, pollock, herring, lobsters, shad and alewives, and the export of cured fish to the West Indies, the United States and Western Canada represents a large amount of money. The lime industry was extensively prosecuted until a practically prohibitive duty deprived the operators of the United States market. Close to the city are enormous deposits of limestone. The proximity of Nova Scotia coal and iron, with cheap water carriage, joined to other advantages, leads sanguine

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THREE ST. JOHN CHURCHES.

citizens to believe that the building of iron ships will yet become a great St. John industry.

St. John has a large trade with the West Indies, and for the last year or two the Board of Trade has been urging on the Federal Government the necessity for a more direct and frequent steamer service, in order that this route may secure the carriage of a large portion of western Canada's trade with the islands, now carried on through New York. Such a change would be right along the line of the Premier's motto, "Canadian trade through Canadian channels." Satisfactory developments are looked for as soon as the present contract affording steamship subsidies for the present West India service has expired Quite large shipments of flour have gone forward by the St. John route during the last year.

There is only space for reference to one other feature which makes St. John a place of interest. That feature is its delightful summer climate. The New Brunswick Tourist Association (which is practically the St. John T. A.) was the first of its kind to be organized for effective work in Canada. Other cities and provinces have in this respect followed the lead of the seaside city. The St. John Association, through the medium of magazine articles and booklets widely distributed, and in other ways, has done very valuable work in attracting the attention of tourists and health-seekers. As the mercury rarely rises to 80° in St. John in summer, and as the city and its picturesque surroundings, with the surpassingly beautiful St. John river, and numerous provincial points easy of access delight the visitor, while the hotel accommodation is good, and there are rare inducements for the angler and sportsman in New Brunswick, the Association are able to present an array of summer attractions not easily rivalled. The volume of summer travel from the New England and Middle States is large and steadily increasing. It is hoped that, in the fulness of time, the citizens of Ontario and Quebec, who frequent the American seaside resorts, will visit and be charmed by the city of the Loyalists, the winter port of Canada, and one of the popular summer resorts of all good Canadians.

A. M. Belding.

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THE CHILDHOOD OF SWEET-GRASS.

WHAT the great Chief Crowfoot was to the Blackfoot was Sweet-Grass to the Crees. He was the Seneca of this great tribe; that was when he was Sweet-Grass.

At the beginning he was next to nothing; a wee mite of a copper-coloured pagan Cree. His father had been too indifferent to even fight well, so he had been slain like an obese buffalo bull.

In the hunt there was no warrior to kill the buffalo for the widow's wigwam. She followed up the others, and gleaned what they left. In times of plenty this was not so difficult; but when Hunger stalked through the flapping tepees of the Indians in the winter months, the gleaning was nothing, and existence for the squaw and her little brown papoose became a struggle with the coyote-like dogs of the camp for the things the others threw away.

That was the childhood of Sweet-Grass. He did not even own a name—he was only the Nokum's child; nobody even had time to dream a name for him.

If, in the scramble for bits of jerked buffalo, he and the dogs fell out, and he struck his canine rivals, somebody would retaliate—the dogs were in the right of it, it was only the Nokum's child, anyway. The dogs belonged to somebody, after a fashion—so many to each tepee—but Sweet-Grass was only the Nokum's child.

His mother carried wood and smoked meat for others, stripped the red willow and made kinnikinick for lazy braves with lazier wives, and in return she was allowed to poke through the offal and find her living there—if she could. She was like the village poor woman, with the usual boy, who scrubs and washes and does all the village chores.

Sweet-Grass was the boy. As soon as he opened his eyes on the pleasant world he began to discover that life was a fight.

This conviction deepened as he grew older; and the village outcast always grows old fast. His years outstretched his stature; at fourteen he was small, but hard as nails; fighting for existence did not tend to soften him.

At fourteen he said to the Nokum: "Mother, I am now a warrior. I have not even a name. As I lie on my buffalo skin at night the wind whispers to me through the grass and the purple

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moose flowers and asks me what is my name. What can I answer, mother?

"I answer that I am the Nokum's child; and the wind laughs and sweeps away, and the pack dogs howl, and my heart grows black with anger. If I were a maiden the water would trickle from my eyes, my heart grows so sad. But I am a warrior, mother, a brave; and my heart beats hard and fast against my ribs, and I know that it is knocking that it may grow—grow big, and strong and fierce like Black Wolf's.



"Yesterday a big black eagle flew over the snow mountains, and his shadow swept like a cloud across the grass that is like the yellow gold. He flew toward the sun, mother—south toward the land of the Blackfoot, and he called to me. I looked up and I saw his eyes — they were bright and fierce just like Black Wolf's.

"But he was looking at me, mother, and he whistled shrill and sharp, as though the Great Spirit called me to follow.

"To-night I am going, mother. In five nights if I do not return it will not matter, for I have no name. I will bring a name if I come back."

The Nokum's eyes were old and blurred, the pupil was glazed with a bluish cast and the whites were streaked yellow and red, so not much expression could creep into them. They did not tell what she thought—they were like badly-coloured beads. Her tongue did not know how to give expression to sentiment; her poor old heart tugged and strained at its lashings and hurt her, but she was used to pain. It never occurred to her to complain because of pain.

So the boy looked in the poor gnarled eyes and saw nothing. The white withered lips told him nothing, and he thought, "The Nokum is glad—she would like her boy to have a name."

He took his bow and his knife and his tenderly feathered arrows and held them in his arms as the lover fondles the roses he takes to his lady love. It was a man's bow, for the boy's arms were like steel—got of the fighting with the dogs and everything else in the camp.

Cheap little bits of finery he togged himself out with; trifles of brass tied in his long black shining hair; a little remnant of bead work, blue and yellow and black, that his mother had saved from the deerskin shirt of his worth-

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less father, he fastened about his neck.

When he was ready to start the Nokum made his young heart bound with delight when she handed him a pair of delicately beaded moccasins; they had been worked for a young chief.

"For when you are coming back," she said.

Then the sky swallowed him up. The Nokum saw only millions of stars blinking at her as she sat in the rent of her battered old tepee, and looked toward the land of the Blackfoot.

Thus the childhood of Sweet-Grass.

THE NAMING OF SWEET-GRASS.

The chinook wind blew through the feathers of the boy's arrows and rubbed against his cheek. How light his heart was! For 14 years he had fought for existence without a name; in a few days he would come back again with one, and wearing the beautiful moccasins now tied up in the little pack on his back.

He reached up his hand and patted them affectionately. As he did so he came to the earth with a smash that shook his body—he had put his foot in a badger hole.

As he rose he chided the rose-pink flowers which hid the hole. They were the badger hole sentinel—the cleome.

"Why did you not tell me, little brothers?" he said, as he tore them up by the roots reproachfully. "They could not tell me because I had no name, I suppose," he muttered, as he sped on again.

The thought stopped him—he turned and called back to the crushed blossoms, "When I come again this way you will know my name."

All night he travelled, his feet crushing eagerly through the bunch grass and the silvered wolf willow; the long purple-tipped wild pea caught at his legs and caressed them gently. The gaillardies and the daisies stared sleepily at him as he passed like a grey shadow.

When the light began to steal up in the east he crawled down into a coulee and hid himself like a coyote and slept.

That night he travelled again. Across the shallow "Battle river," and the shallower "Nose creek"; before morning he knew that he was close to Souding lake, and closer still to the Blackfoot encampment he had been travelling toward.

In a little bluff of white poplar he hid and waited for the coming of day—the day that was to give him a name, or see his scalp hang drying in the tepee of some Blackfoot.

Close to where he crouched the Indians' ponies were herding. How his heart throbbed with exultation as he watched them passing in and out among each other as they fed.

As the grey light began to turn the dark brown of the earth to orange, his eyes singled out the leader of the herd, a heavy-quartered chestnut. Beyond the horses, a quarter of a mile away, were the Blackfoot tepees, cutting the bright horizon like the jagged teeth of a saw.

Like a general he waited, and strung his bow taut, as a musician keys up his harp.

"They will come to the horses," he thought, "some of them, for I must have scalps as well as ponies."

His heart grew warm as he thought of what it meant for the Nokum. With a name as a brave he would take part in the hunt and a share of the buffalo would fall to the lot of his mother. She would always have plenty to eat.

Something gorgeous caught his eye. It was a medicine man in all the grandeur of his barbaric splendour. Eagle-feathers, paint, bead-work and charms seemed to have been poured upon his tall figure like fruit from a cornucopia.

He was coming straight toward the boy—coming to commune with the Great Spirit in what was evidently his private prayer ground.

On a grey willow bush, forty yards from where the boy crouched, three pieces of red cloth hung limp in the morning sunlight. It was one of the

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DRAWN BY J. S. GORDON.

"The jagged iron head of the arrow tore a ghastly hole almost in the centre of the strong chest of the Blackfoot priest."

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medicine man's propitiatory offerings.

Behind the medicine man stalked a brave.

"He is coming to round up the horses," thought the boy.

He took an arrow from his quiver, held it up toward the east, and let the sunlight kiss its V-shaped head. Then he placed it to his heart. That was that it might go with unerring aim to the heart of the medicine man.

Then he knelt reverently and kissed the earth.

The steel-nerved arm drew the bow-string until the arrow-head came back against the hand that grasped the bow.

The medicine man was standing in front of his red-streaked bush, his lips muttering an incantation to the particular spirit he was having dealings with. His broad chest, thrust well out, seemed to invite the death-shaft.

"For mother's sake," hissed the boy, and "twang!" went the stretched sinew string. The jagged iron head of the arrow tore a ghastly hole just where a streak of yellow beads cut through a body-ground of blue, almost in the centre of the strong chest of the Blackfoot priest.

Never a sound he gave—only a little hoarse gurgle as he fell forward in a crumpled heap, and writhed over on his back, where he lay staring up at the smiling sky.

The boy's brain surged hot with a blood-like fury. He rushed from his concealment and pulled the feather of another arrow to his ear, as the dead Blackfoot's companion faced him.

It, too, found a mark, but only through the shoulder, and too eager for further combat of this sort, he and the brave drew their knives and closed in upon each other.

But the devil was in the boy—he had been blooded; while the other man had an arrow in his shoulder, which is not so good as an incentive to fight.

In a few minutes two Blackfoot scalps were dangling from the boy's shirt-front, and he was taking breath after his fierce struggle. He was mad with delight— he delirium of triumph was strong upon him. He felt like rushing upon the whole encampment; he wanted to kill, kill, even if he died killing.

He pulled a handful of "sweet grass" and dabbed it in the blood of the medicine man.

He held it aloft and screamed in his triumph. His high falsetto voice trilled the "Hi, hi,——!" of the Cree battle song.

That was the first sound the camp heard from the battle-field.

He thrust the wet grass in his breast and raced for the horses as an answering cry came back from among the blue columns of upward curling smoke.

In his pack was a little woven horse-hair halter. He pulled it out as he ran. He had lived among the ponies and dogs in his own camp—their ways were his ways.

Two or three of the ponies were hobbled as sheet anchors to keep the others steady. He tore the hobbles off—from the chestnut stallion last, then grasping the strong mane he swung himself on to the eager back and started the herd.

The Blackfoot warriors were running from their tepees, but the Cree laughed in victorious glee.

Round the herd of ponies he dashed on the chestnut with a wild yell, and when they were fairly stampeded, he swung into the lead. Their fast-beating hoofs pounded the grass-knit turf until it gave forth a sound like the roar of many drums.

A shower of arrows came hurtling after him. A few of the Blackfoot had muzzle-loading guns. A little puff of smoke here and there among his pursuers, a tiny white cloud of dust thrown up to one side, or in front of him, told of the useless shots.

They were pursuing him on foot, they had no choice for he had all their horses.

As he drew rapidly away he uttered once more his shrill note of triumph. Then he sat down on the stallion and

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rode with judgment—eased him up a little.

All that day, and all the next night he rode, resting his band of horses after he had forded the Battle river the first evening.

At day-break on the second day he sighted his own camp.

The appearance of so many horses in the distance excited the Crees; they thought their enemy, the Blackfoot, had swooped down upon them.

When the boy rode into the camp at the head of his footsore troop of ponies, the warriors swarmed about him.

Modestly he told his story, for the long ride had quieted down his spirits.

He showed them the scalps and his band of loot.

The braves pressed about him closely, and felt his arms and his legs to see where the strength had come from.

Suddenly there was a little commotion. An opening was made in the crowd, and the Nokum pressed forward to the feet of the tribe's idol.

"My boy, my boy!" She stopped short; her eyes caught sight of the blood on his breast.

"Are you wounded?" She thrust her hand in at the opening of his deerskin shirt and drew it back, clutching a mass of blood-stained grass.

"No," replied the boy, "that's Blackfoot blood, Nokum."

"It's sweet-grass," she cried exultingly, holding the well-known grass aloft in her hand.

Contagiously the others took up the cry "Sweet grass, Sweet grass!"

As by inspiration the tribe medicine man stepped forward and said, "He is a brave now. He must have a name. Let his name be Sweet-Grass."

Thus was the naming of the great "Chief Sweet-Grass."

THE RULING OF SWEET-GRASS.

That was the beginning. Sweet-Grass had graduated from his dog's life. The braves that had been before were as nothing to what Sweet-Grass became.

Black Wolf, who had been his model, was soon out-classed by the pupil. Brains and pluck and muscles of steel made the little man the greatest among all Crees.

He was an ideal pagan; no glinting of a light that illuminated the wrong-doing side of horse stealing and killing shot athwart the narrow pathway of his pagan mind.

If there were any commandments inscribed in the Cree pantheon they were aimed at the extinction of the enemies of the tribe—the Blackfoot.

So Sweet-Grass served the Great Spirit with an eager vigour that left many scalps hanging in his lodge.

He stole horses until the medicine man classed him as the greatest pagan of them all.

While he reduced the census of his neighbours, his own tribe waxed populous and rich through his wisdom.

Then came the day when he was chosen chief; and even as he had been the greatest warrior, so he became the greatest chief the tribe had ever known.

And the husks had all passed away from the Nokum, for Sweet-Grass honoured her in his prosperity even as she had toiled and slaved for him when they fought with the dogs for the scraps.

THE CONVERSION OF SWEET-GRASS.

Father Lacombe was as great a warrior as Sweet-Grass. He, too, was a fearless brave. His bow was the Christian religion and his arrows God's love, feathered by his own simple, honest ways.

Through the Crees' tepees he wandered at will; and with the Blackfoot he slept back to back on the sky-kissed prairie.

As a rule, an Indian does not receive religion with open arms—he is not looking for it. He has other things to think of. And though they received the father for his own sake, his Master's commands they cared not much about.

Father Lacombe was working his way southward through the Blackfoot country one morning in May. He

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came upon a small party of Blackfoot. With them they had a captive—a Cree maiden. Practical Christianity was part of the father's creed, and he determined to rescue the girl if he had to pawn his Red River carts to the Indians.

"Camp here," he said to them; for a bargain with Indians is like a Chinese play—it will end only when there is nothing more to be said on either side.

So they encamped where they were, among the spring flowers, and smoked the pipe of peace and bargained for the girl.

The priest meant to have her free at any cost, but it was also legitimate to get her cheaply. In the end he gave an order on the Hudson's Bay Company for a sum sufficient to bankrupt his small means.

He took the girl with him on his southern trip, for there was no way of sending her to her people till he should return in the autumn.

It had been the usual order of Blackfoot enterprise; the war party had swooped down upon the few Crees she had been with at the time, and killed them all but herself. Her parents had not been of the party.

In October Father Lacombe went north again—back among the Crees.

One evening, after he had camped, he saw a large outfit of Indians trailing toward him. He hid the girl under a cart, the sides of which were draped by a large canvas. It was Sweet-Grass' party. They encamped beside the father for the night. To Father Lacombe the Indians were as children; to him their lives were an open book, and the misery that was in one old couple's hearts was soon poured into his sympathetic ear.

To an Indian there is no loss so great as the loss of a child; even horses are less to be lamented.

And Many Herbs had lost a daughter; the Blackfoot had attacked the party she was with in the spring and all had been murdered, even the daughter. Father Lacombe had opened up a gold mine, and he knew it. The priest had several gifts besides his great generosity and his wide humanity. He had that fine dramatic instinct which makes the most of an opportunity. Evidently God had delivered the captive into his hands that good might come out of the evil which had been done.

That was the priest's way—profit for his Master. Another would have calculated how many furs the girl would exchange for.

When the father spoke of hope, Many Herbs scoffed. Alive there might be hope, yes! But was not Two Winds dead? Could the priest take a stripped wand of the red willow and change it into the form of Two Winds and alive?

Was not Sweet-Grass also like a stricken buffalo? Two Winds was to have gone to the chief's lodge even at that time—at the time of the great hunts.

"Surely," thought the priest, "the Father has given these people into my hands." If Sweet-Grass also loved the maid much good must come of the rescue.

Then he spoke aloud to the Crees and prayed silently in his heart the while. Eloquently he told, in the short, terse sentences of the Indian, the infinite power and mercy of the Lord. That if they would only listen it would heal the arrow wounds in their hearts.

"Will your God, who is so powerful, give me back Two Winds?" cried Many Herbs. "Or bring her back to my lodge?" asked the little Sweet-Grass.

"Have patience, my brothers," said the priest. "You have forgotten one thing—you have forgotten the power of this?" and he held aloft the black cross which was tucked in his girdle.

The light from the aspen camp fire flickered against the brass image of the Saviour drooping from the cruel, holding nails.

Surely the light of his mission was in the gray eyes of the black-cassocked man, as he drew himself up to his full height and held the figure towards the

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DRAWN BY J. S. GORDON.

THE CAPTIVE "TWO WINDS" IN A TEPEE.

Indians with a commanding supplication.

It was Sweet-Grass who said: "Call on your Medicine to give us Two Winds. If it can do that I will believe —I and my tribe. The Little Father shall have five horses if he can do this thing. I have spoken."

The chief and the priest were old friends—almost old antagonists on the question. Père Lacombe knew that Sweet-Grass's words were like the flow of the Saskatchewan—a thing to be depended upon.

"And I have heard," he said, as the Cree chief ceased speaking and placed the long stem of his pipe between his lips. "I have heard, and my Master has heard, and the power of the cross is for good!"

Among the whites Père Lacombe was the one man Sweet-Grass trusted; and as the priest spoke he started forward eagerly, in a half-famished way, as a gaunt wolf eyes a life that is just out of his reach.

"Two Winds," he whispered huskily, expectantly. "Yes!" answered the priest, in his deep voice, as he drew aside the canvas of the cart.

It was as though God had looked down and smiled upon the camp as Two Winds came and stood in the light of the camp-fire; the same light that had flickered at the brass Saviour streaked with bronze the black mass of her hair, and showed the great love-light in the sparkling eyes.

Père Lacombe stood a little to one side, with bowed head, his hands crossed lovingly over the brass Saviour, as he held it against his breast. The power of the cross had come to pass.

Thus was the conversion of Sweet-Grass.

Specially illustrated by J. S. Gordon.

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THE EARLY RAILWAY HISTORY OF CANADA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TARIFF HISTORY OF CANADA."

IN Canada, as in the other countries of the New World, settlement was in the first instance conditioned by the existing system of water communication. In default of other means of entrance into the unsettled lands, population spreads out in long tongue-like lines along the watercourses. The exceptional system of water communication existing in Canada, a system which gives ingress from the ocean to the centre of the continent, has made this tendency especially marked. Population spread along the banks of the navigable watercourses which opened up a way of communication with the interior, and the extent of settlement was thus, in the first instance, in great degree limited by the extent of such watercourses. The white-walled villages, which line the banks of the St. Lawrence to-day, take back the thoughts of the passing traveller to the time when the river was the only social link, the only commercial way.

With increasing population there was the necessity to obtain more efficient means of transportation, in order to facilitate the opening up of the country stretching back from the rivers and lakes. One of the first acts passed by the Province of Upper Canada was one which provided for the construction of highways. Governor Simcoe had large views as to the advantage of road construction. He devised a system of highways which were to run north and south and east and west throughout the province. Such was the success of the policy so inaugurated, so great was the opening up of the interior and hitherto inaccessible portions of the province, that the population had more than doubled by the end of Simcoe's tenure of office in 1796.

Although the unrivalled waterway, composed of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, afforded a means of communication with the interior, yet there were interposed barriers which made travel slow and tedious. The United Empire Loyalists, who made their way to Lake Ontario, found that the journey from Lachine to Kingston in the flat bottomed *bateaux* then in use consumed a period of from twelve to fourteen days. The cost of transportation of commodities was great, and the inconvenience was all the more apparent when the commercial needs became greater. During the war of 1812 the carriage of six 24-pound cannon from Montreal to Kingston cost £200. Wheat and other commodities sent from the interior to Montreal had to pay for transportation from one-third to one-half their value. In the attempt to obtain bettered means of transport recourse was had to steam navigation and the construction of canals. The first steamer in Canadian waters was the *Accommodation*, which sailed from Montreal to Quebec in 1809. The first steamer on Lake Ontario, the *Frontenac*, was built in 1816. By 1826 there were on that lake about seven vessels, which had cost £39,500 to build.

The barriers interposed in the way of navigation by rapids and falls drew attention at an early date to the advantage of constructing canals. In 1781 canals of shallow depth were constructed in order to circumvent the Cedar Rapids and the Coteau Rapids. Later developments were anticipated by a canal which the North-West Company built in 1797 to permit of loaded canoes being locked up past the Sault St. Marie. In the second and third decades of the present century great activity was shown in connection with the construction of the Welland Canal, the Lachine Canal, and the Rideau Canal. The two last-mentioned were intended to subserve primarily Imperial and military needs.

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In the Maritime Provinces there was not manifested the same keen interest in the obtaining of improved transportation ways as in the case of the inland provinces. In Nova Scotia the great extent of coast line, as compared with the territorial area of the province, and the serrated indentations, caused by the bays and the rivers which found their outlet there, rendered the early settlers satisfied with the means of communication and transport afforded by the waterways. In New Brunswick the general conditions may he gathered from the statements made in a letter of Sir Edmund Head to Earl Grey with reference to the Halifax and Quebec Railway. Writing at so late a date as 1849, he said that from the city of St. John to the Madawaska there was a line of settlement along the river St. John for about two hundred miles; another fringe of population extended along the Atlantic coast, and shorter lines of population extended along the southern coast. Between these scattered centres of population but little communication by means of highways existed.

The felt dependence of the colonies on improved methods of transport, caused the stories of the success of steam railroad transportation in the countries of the old world to be listened to with great attention in the sparsely settled provinces of the new; where the inhabitant of the old world saw in the railroad merely an improved means of communication whereby the existing facilities might be increased, and the friction which impeded the fullest development of the existing commerce might be removed, the colonist saw in the new means of transport a socializing and civilizing force. Mile after mile of unbroken woodland, acre after acre of fertile virgin soil, waited the advent of the pioneer; if this was to be accomplished and that development obtained which the English-speaking settler, proud of his lineage and his name, anticipated, then some systematic means of affording access to the as yet unsettled country must be obtained, and in the search for this his eyes turned to the railroad.

The first railway project discussed in Canada was that of a railway from St. Andrews to Quebec. As early as 1832 attention was drawn to the advantage of the construction of such a railway which would give Quebec a seaport open the year round. At the same time suggestions were made that another great line of railway from Halifax through the Province of New Brunswick to connect with the projected railway system of the New England States might with advantage be undertaken.

The port of St. Andrews had at this time a place of pre-eminence in point of commerce, and its merchants were quick to see the advantage of the proposed railway. Accordingly attempts were made in 1835 to have the project carried through. A preliminary survey was made, delegations were sent to the other Provinces in the endeavour to enlist their aid, and at the same time a delegation was sent to the Imperial authorities seeking for aid on account of the Imperial nature of the work. A grant of £10,000 towards the expenses of the survey was made by the Home Government, and it was inferred that if the survey should indicate that the route was practicable the Imperial Government stood ready to aid it in more considerable degree. The railroad, it was estimated, would cost $4,000,000, and from it a yearly revenue of $606,000 was anticipated. A company was chartered to undertake the construction of the road, and it seemed as if everything was in a condition to further the accomplishment of the work. Just at this juncture, however, the dispute with reference to the north-eastern boundary between Maine and New Brunswick took on a somewhat formidable aspect. The route surveyed ran through the disputed territory. A glance at the map will show that a straight line connecting St. Andrews and Quebec runs through what is now a portion of the territory of Maine. The disputes with reference to the boundary were probably intensified by the belief that one of the prime objects of the construction of the road

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was the desire to obtain a military road. In the troubles of the war of 1812, it had been suggested that a waggon-road which followed substantially the route surveyed for the Quebec and St. Andrews Railway would be of advantage in the transportation of troops. Pending the determination of the dispute, it was, of course, impossible to proceed with the construction of the work. The matter was finally settled by the Ashburton Treaty, which decided that the bulk of the territory, the title of which was contested, belonged to Maine. But before this agreement had been reached, there came to the front, as we shall see, another project, which distracted attention from the Quebec and St. Andrews scheme.

The year in which the first public suggestion of the advantage of the St. Andrews and Quebec Railway was made was also that in which a less ambitious project, which however met with more immediate success, was brought before the public. It was in that year that the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway was chartered by the Legislature of Lower Canada. For several years prior to the passing of this charter the newspapers of Quebec and Montreal had been busied with the discussion of the advantages of railroad construction. Statements which excite a smile nowadays occur with reference to the "stupendous" speed of *sixteen* miles an hour, which had been attained on the English railroads. A grave discussion was also carried on as to how the possibility of snow blockades might be avoided, and it was thought that by having the railroads built several feet above the ground, and by having them built in the direction of the prevailing winter winds, the possibility of having railroad travel interrupted by snow blockades would be precluded.

The floating talk of the newspapers and the street crystallized into the project for the construction of the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway. Instead of taking the water route by way of the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu to Lake Champlain, it was desired to economize time and distance by constructing a direct railroad communication. After a diligent scrutiny of contemporary English and Ameriran railroad legislation a charter was drafted. The influence of both systems of legislation is to be seen in the bill. The provisions for regulation of the rates, this being made dependent upon the amount of dividend received, is modelled on the provisions of the English acts. The English practice is followed in allowing the railroad proprietors to receive a maximum dividend of 12%; in case this maximum dividend was exceeded, then the company was to make an abatement of 25% in the maximum rates, for every ten shillings of dividend received over and above 12%. The provision for maximum rates was likewise copied from the English acts. The influence of contemporary American legislation, more especially of that of Massachussets is to be seen in the provisions for the assumption of the ownership of the railway at any time before or after its completion. The terms of such assumption are that the Government should pay to the railway the amount expended in construction by the company, together with a sum of 20% upon the money so expended and in addition 6% upon the latter sum.

The railway was incorporated with an initial capital of £50,000 in shares of £50, and in case this did not prove sufficient, power was given to increase it by the issue of £15,000 more of stock.

The close scrutiny of the policy outlined in connection with the chartering of this railway is of interest, not only because the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway was the first railway constructed in the British North American Provinces, but also because the policy outlined in the charter was that pursued towards railroad enterprise in the succeeding years. The Province definitely ranged itself on the side of the construction of railroads by private companies in contradistinction from a system of government ownership and management. During the

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discussion on the charter, Papineau, pronounced himself as unalterably opposed to government ownership of railroads, because of the opportunities for political interference such a system would place in the hands of the administration.

This pioneer railway was opened for traffic in 1836. The first train was drawn by horses. In the endeavour to obtain as cheap construction as possible a wooden rail, on top of which had been spiked flat iron bars, had been adopted. In the earlier railroad construction of the United States, more particularly in the Southern states, similar expedients had been made use of.

The precedent set by Lower Canada was soon followed by Upper Canada. In 1834 charters were granted to the Cobourg railroad and to the London and Gore railroad, afterwards known as the Great Western. Charter after charter was granted in rapid succession and by 1841 seven railroads had been chartered. It had been anticipated that the railroads would be constructed without any demand being made upon the Government for aid. The progress of events, however, soon demonstrated this hope to be ill-founded. The disturbed conditions connected with the panic of 1837 rendered it necessary for the Government to come to the aid of various road and harbour companies which had been chartered. And it was found necessary to make grants to the railroads also. Thus in 1837 the Government was empowered to make grants in aid of the London and Gore railroad to the extent of £200,000.

The aid extended to railroad enterprise did not have at the time the effect desired. The disturbed conditions, attendant upon the rebellion of 1837, had made English capitalists doubt the security of investments in Canadian enterprises, and the railroads found that some years had to elapse before this distrust was overcome. Notwithstanding the charters which had been granted only some sixteen miles of railroad had been constructed by 1841.

With the conditions of returning confidence which succeeded the passage of the Union Act somewhat greater activity in railroad construction manifested itself; and yet, after all, the activity was small as compared with that which manifested itself in the succeeding period.

Projects of vast extent were mooted; discussions took place with reference to the advantage of constructing a system of railroad to connect Montreal with the west. The first link in such a proposed line of railroad was laid in the construction of the Montreal and Lachine railroad, which, although intended in the first instance to serve as a portage road to circumvent the Lachine Rapids, was also intended to be the first link in a projected line of railroad connecting Montreal with Kingston, Toronto and the west. In Lower Canada the earliest projects, however, were more intimately connected with obtaining access to the American market. The Champlain and St. Lawrence had been constructed in order to obtain a more direct connection by a mixed rail and water route with New York. The following of such a conscious policy was seen in the agitation of 1844 and 1845, which culminated in the chartering of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railway. Railroad construction was being pushed in the New England States, and the merchants of that section, having become conscious of the advantages of Canadian trade, were eager to obtain a means of access to it. The merchants of Boston showed an especial activity in the endeavour to obtain a direct connection between Montreal and Boston. At the same time the State of Maine had been stirred up by the earnest advocacy of Mr. John A. Poor, who had interested himself in railroad construction within that state, to undertake the construction of a unified railroad system. Various attempts had been made to obtain a railroad connection with Canada; lines had been surveyed from Portland to Lake Champlain and to Quebec. Poor was quick to see the position of commercial advantage held by the City of Montreal and so directed all attention to obtain-

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ing a direct connection between Portland and Montreal. Just when the merits of Boston and Portland were wavering in the balance, he made a journey to Montreal to urge his scheme. The claims and advantages of Portland as a winter port were set before the public both in spoken and in written word, and the result was that it was determined to accept the route leading from Montreal to Portland.

It has already been indicated that the bettered conditions which attended the legislative union of Upper and Lower Canada were evidenced in a desire to obtain railroad construction. The people of Canada were waking up to the advantages of railroad construction as a medium of colonization. Including the charters already referred to, some thirty charters had been granted to railroads in Upper and Lower Canada by 1850, but very little had been done in the way of construction. Work had been done on the St. Lawrence and Atlantic, already mentioned, on the Lachine, the St. Lawrence and Industry, a small local railroad in Lower Canada, and on the Erie and Ontario; the latter road was built as a portage road to circumvent Niagara Falls.

Still less activity in railroad construction is to be met with in the case of the Maritime Provinces during this earlier period. Many projects were discussed, while nothing was done towards obtaining their accomplishment. It has already been seen that the disputes connected with the determination of the north-eastern boundary of Maine had precluded the possibility of the Quebec and St. Andrews line being constructed till the dispute was settled. The Ashburton Treaty determined in 1842 that the greater part of the contested territory belonged to Maine, and St. Andrews, in consequence, found itself deprived of the advantage which it had anticipated in the way of direct communication with Quebec, since it now found itself placed to one side. Attempts were made to revive the interest in the scheme, but the conditions which had hitherto favoured it had now been changed. When, in 1832, the project of the Quebec and St. Andrews line had been brought before the public, it was also suggested that Halifax might serve as a terminal of a railway system connecting the Maritime Provinces with the developing railway system of the Eastern States.

With the conclusions of the negotiations whose results were embodied in the Ashburton Treaty, the Maritime Provinces entered on a phase of railroad projection which was concerned with obtaining a railroad system which should have Halifax as the terminal.

Two propositions competed for public attention, the European and North American and the Halifax and Quebec. The latter project, which desired to connect the British colonies by a line running wholly through British soil, was first brought before the public in definite form in 1845 by a number of English capitalists. The definite proposals of these projectors, while not placing the project in a condition in which construction might be begun at once, were of value in that they served to attract the attention of the different provinces to the scheme.

The European and North American railway project, while laying stress on the commercial rather than on the patriotic motives, was in its implications equally as grand in scope as the proposed Halifax and Quebec railway.

It looked, in the first place, to obtaining a direct connection between the Maritime Provinces and the New England system of railways; a connection with Canada would also be effected by means of the railway from Portland to Montreal. There would thus be obtained a railroad communication between Montreal and Halifax, partly through Canadian, partly through American territory, the whole line being considerably shorter than the more roundabout route which it would be necessary to adopt in the case of a line lying wholly within British territory. It was intended, in addition, that from the terminus in Nova Scotia a line of fast mail steamers should run to Galway, and it was anticipated that by obtaining through connections with New York

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the journey from New York to Liverpool could be accomplished in seven or even in six days. Mr. John A. Poor, whose activity in connection with the Atlantic and St. Lawrence line has already been mentioned, was the moving spirit in connection with this project also.

In the Maritime Provinces the striking personality of the Hon. Joseph Howe is much in evidence throughout all this period. As early as 1835 he had become interested in the question of railroad construction and had been much struck by the advantages to be obtained therefrom. In 1846 the discussion in connection with the proposed Halifax and Quebec railway took more definite shape, the several provinces binding themselves to make good the expenses of a survey each within its own limits. Major Robinson, a British officer, was appointed to survey the line and chose a route which is substantially that followed by the Intercolonial. The colonies, conscious of their own financial weakness, and at the same time remembering the Imperial interests which would be subserved by the construction of the railway, endeavored to enlist Imperial aid. For their part they declared their willingness to set aside ten miles of land on each side of the track and in addition to make provision for payment of interest on the capital invested by the Imperial authorities; each province stood ready to pay £20,000 of interest charges.

In appealing to England for aid in an undertaking which it was claimed was of sufficiently Imperial nature to warrant the extension of Imperial aid, the colonies relied on what seemed to be for the moment a certain hope. In the period 1847 to 1850 much attention was devoted to projects connected with colonization in the British North American colonies. The brochures of Carmichael-Smyth and Synge which appeared in this period advocated the undertaking on the part of the Home Government of a vigorous system of colonization, by means of which the economic conditions of the poorer classes of the old land would be bettered, while the new country would, at the same time, receive a body of hardy emigrants who would develop and render more prosperous the country within which they settled. It was suggested by these writers that one of the best ways in which to ensure the wished-for development was to undertake the construction of railways aided by the Imperial Government. By this means the country would be opened up, while at the same time opportunities for work would be afforded the new emigrants. Not only was the attention of the British public drawn to the advantages of the Halifax and Quebec Railway, but stress was laid upon the advantages and possibilities connected with wider schemes.

Major Carmichael-Smyth, whose brochure has already been referred to, drew up a plan in 1849 whereby a transcontinental line might be constructed under the joint control and management of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Colonies and the Motherland. It was suggested that a board of fifteen, composed of three representatives of each of the parties should control the projected railroad. A suggestion was made that the presence of these representatives in the Imperial House of Commons might smooth the way for a closer union of the colonies and the homeland. The enthusiastic projector looked upon this railway as the great link required to unite in one powerful chain the whole English race.

But the feeling of confidence that the Imperial Government would aid in schemes of colonial development was not inspired by unofficial writings alone. In 1847 a select committee of the House of Lords was appointed to investigate the question of the advisability of assisting emigration from Ireland. A large amount of evidence was presented before this committee, and all seemed to favour the idea that, if colonization in British North America was to be undertaken, one of the best ways of furthering the end desired was by engaging in the construction of railways and other public works. In

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a despatch in 1847 to Lord Elgin, Earl Grey said that, if the Imperial Government came to the conclusion to aid colonization in the British colonies in America, in his judgment one of the best ways of accomplishing this would be to extend Imperial aid to railroad construction.

When there appeared to exist in England, at the time, such a widespread feeling in favor of the adoption of a systematic plan of colonization, and when the extending of aid to railroad construction appeared to be favoured as the appropriate means, the colonists turned expectantly to the Motherland for aid. But in 1850 they were informed that the pressure on the Imperial treasury was so great that nothing could be done in the way of extending aid.

This set-back caused attention to veer around to the European and North American project once more. A convention composed of representatives of Canada, the New England States, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, met in Portland in July of 1850. Much eloquent speech-making was indulged in, the appositeness of Latin quotations to discussions of railroad projects was vindicated, and the convention disbanded, its members going homeward in a spirit of mutual good-fellowship. The convention pronounced itself in favor of the construction of the proposed railway; ninety-six miles lay within the territory of the State of Maine, two hundred within New Brunswick, and one hundred and twenty-four in Nova Scotia. The whole railway, some four hundred and twenty miles in all, would cost, it was estimated, about $12,000,000. No precise way in which this money might be raised was indicated, but it was hoped that a system of government aid, together with the moneys obtained for the carriage of the American and the Canadian mails, would serve as a nucleus which would be increased by the private capital to be attracted by the advantages of the projected railway.

Meantime, Nova Scotia had embarked in the construction of a railway from Halifax to Windsor—a railway which, it was hoped, would form a portion of the trunk line of the proposed railway, no matter what route was chosen. Howe was sent to England in 1851, in order to obtain a guarantee on £800,000 of the funds requisite for the construction of the road. After his return from England he was informed that the Imperial authorities were prepared to grant the requisite guarantee. They, however, looked to the construction of a general system of railroad, and desired that agreements might be arrived at by the different provinces, whereby on condition of the extending of an Imperial guarantee, the railway might be undertaken.

It seemed now as if everything was in a satisfactory condition. A meeting of delegates from the different provinces was held in Toronto to arrive at some agreement that would be satisfactory to all. It was agreed that Canada was to be responsible for four-twelfths of the cost of construction, while Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were each to be responsible for three and one-half twelfths. Just at this juncture when everything seemed to be settled an obstacle intervened. In the earlier discussions several routes had been suggested. The Northern route, that surveyed by Major Robinson, lay close to the coast; the Valley route, by the valley of the St. John, had been much favoured by Canada and New Brunswick. New Brunswick had already incorporated the European and North American Railway and the New Brunswick and Canada Railway and had pledged its credit to them to the extent of £300,000. The province had anticipated that the Valley route would be chosen and that the lines in which it was so vitally interested would become integral portions of the proposed railway.

It had been understood in the course of the negotiations that the Imperial Government was not averse to extending the guarantee to that portion of the European and North American which gave New Brunswick connection with Maine, and that, although it

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favoured the Northern route, it would be willing to consider the advantageousness of the Valley route. Howe, in meeting the convention in Toronto, had conveyed this impression also. A despatch from Sir John Pakington to Lord Elgin, dated May 20th, 1852, showed that this interpretation had been erroneous. The Imperial Government was not prepared to guarantee aid to any other line than that originally surveyed by Major Robinson. While willing to admit the local commercial advantages of the Valley route yet the only reason for aiding the road was that of Imperial expediency. The Valley route was disadvantageous from a military point of view; while from the same point of view the Northern route by the Bay Chaleurs had everything in its favour.

This unexpected statement came like a thunderbolt in a clear sky; an attempt was made to effect some compromise so as to harmonize the divergent interests. But Canada and New Brunswick favoured the Valley route while Nova Scotia held to the Northern route—a route which the latter province considered would be more advantageous to it since it would tend to bring through traffic within its boundaries. Delegates were sent to England by the different provinces, but no compromise could be effected. The grand scheme of an intercolonial railway was for the moment put at rest and the colonies now busied themselves with railroad projects connected with local development.

The railroad construction which took place in the Canadas merits attention, not only because of its extent, but also because of the phases of conscious policy which it embodied. The changed commercial poliey of England had, by its departure from established conditions, entailed suffering for the time being on Canada. Under the Protective policy which had prevailed the industries of Canada had become habituated to protection. The lumber and grain of Canada were admitted into English markets at a much lower rate of duty than was customary on such commodities. The bonding privilege had not then been established, and consequently the trade of Western Canada had to come down the lakes and the watercourses to Montreal, which now became the commercial metropolis. Much capital was invested in mills and warehouses. To accommodate the increased traffic the canals had been greatly improved. The change which now came seemed for a moment to be destined to paralyze the industrial conditions of the country.

Other conditions co-operated to bring about a state of dissatisfaction and unrest. While the railroad policy of Lower Canada had looked to obtaining closer connection with the railroad system of the States the policy of Upper Canada had been modelled with a desire to capture the transit trade of the western States. One of the chief advantages urged in connection with the chartering of the Great Western had been that it would tap the trade between the western and eastern States and bring it through Canada. The inland waterways had also been improved with a view to this end. But the great era of railroad development had commenced in the United States, and Canada found that, if it was to retain its own carrying trade, not to speak of obtaining a share in the transit trade between the western and the eastern States, it was absolutely necessary to adopt some systematized policy of railway aid.

The Hon. Francis Hincks, who had a position in the Lafontaine Administration analogous to that of Finance Minister, was entrusted with the task of drafting a policy to subserve this end. When he undertook this in 1849, only fifty-four miles of railroad had been constructed. The only lines in process of construction at the time were the Great Western, the Northern, and the St. Lawrence and Atlantic.

The matter to which Hincks now addressed himself was threefold in its implications. He desired to devise a system of provincial aid, to add thereto a system of municipal aid, and in addition to facilitate the construction

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of a trunk line of railway running from the eastern to the western portion of the Province.

The first phase of the new policy manifested itself in 1849, when an Act was passed to guarantee interest on the bonds of railway companies. It was desired to obtain the construction of as extensive railroad systems as possible, for the provincial guarantee was not to be extended to any railroad which was less than seventy miles in length, nor was any such guarantee to be available until at least one-half of the road had been constructed. The Municipal Loan Fund Act, passed in 1852, was intended to extend the aid of the provincial credit to the municipalities when borrowing for the purpose of aiding in the construction of railways or other works of public benefit. The provisions of the Act at first applied to Upper Canada alone; it was not until 1854 that they were extended to Lower Canada.

The municipalities had in terms of their powers as municipalities been able to extend aid to the railway companies, but they had been hampered in borrowing since their financial status was not properly known in the money markets. It was now desired to exercise the borrowing power of the municipalities, the loans being raised against their common borrowing power. The Provincial Government acted in this matter only as an agent and specifically disclaimed all responsibility. It was anticipated that by the intervention of the Government there would be reflected upon the borrowing power of the otherwise isolated municipalities the power of the credit and good financial standing of the Province.

The measures, however, in which the people of the time were most interested were those which looked to the construction of a main trunk line of railway through the province. The feasibility of such a scheme had been suggested as early as 1830 in the columns of the Montreal Gazette, when the earlier railroad projects were under discussion. The feasibility of the railway from Halifax to Quebec had again attracted attention to this scheme. The earliest projects in connection with the construction of this road had had as a necessary implication the construction of a main trunk line running from one end of the province to the other.

In 1851, legislation to further the construction of the Halifax and Quebec Railway was passed. It was expected at the time that the negotiations there pending to obtain an Imperial guarantee would be successful; and it was provided in a subsequent act of the same year that £4,000,000 was to be raised for railway construction. It was understood at the time that, while the Imperial guarantee was to extend to the portion of the railway from Halifax to Quebec, the remaining portion of the line stretching westwards to the western boundary was to be constructed at the Provincial expense. This was bitterly attacked by the newspapers of the day, Conservative as well as Liberal, the Globe, under the leadership of the Hon. George Brown, being most pronounced in the opinion that this was a truckling to Lower Canada in order to placate the French vote.

The failure of the Halifax and Quebec project directed, as has already been noticed, the attention of the provinces to more purely local projects. Hincks had gone to England as a delegate to endeavour to obtain some compromise that would facilitate the construction of the Halifax and Quebec Railway. The negotiations failed, but while he was there he came in contact with the English contracting firm of Peto, Brassey & Betts. This firm had become interested in railroad construction in the colonies through the representations made by the Hon. Joseph Howe during a visit to England. They had already become actively interested, being, at the time of Hincks' visit, engaged in the construction of the Quebec and Richmond Railway, which had been chartered in 1850. Disappointed at the outcome of the negotiations regarding the grander project and driven forward by

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the pressure of local desire for railroad development, Hincks entered into negotiations with this constracting firm hoping thereby to interest English capitalists.

An acrimonious discussion was carried on between Hincks and Howe with reference to the Grand Trunk Rai way project. The latter accused the former of not having manifested sufficient diligence in the advocacy of the Halifax and Quebec Railway, and of having killed an Imperial project in order to further an undertaking which was purely local in its nature. Without endeavouring to exhaust the arguments on either side it may be said that there was much in the circumstances of the time which justified the step taken by Hincks.

The negotiations which were entered into led to the formation of a company in 1852 to construct the Grand Trunk Railway. The earlier policy of guaranteeing interest on one half the bonds of each railway had in 1851 been changed so that one half the principal might be guaranteed as well. Representations had been made by Messrs. Baring, and Glyn, Mills & Co., the Canadian financial agents in London, that the unconditional guarantee extended by the Government jeopardized the credit of the country. It had, therefore, been determined to limit the guarantee to such railroads as might form part of the Grand Trunk in case it was undertaken by individual companies, together with the Northern and the St. Lawrence and Atlantic.

In chartering the Grand Trunk a further change was made, the Government guarantee being limited to £3,000 per mile. The company to construct the western portion of the line was incorporated with a capital of £3,000,000, while the eastern portion from Quebec to Trois Pistoles was incorporated with a capital stock of £100,000.

With the chartering of the Grand Trunk an age of rapid railroad construction began; the contemporary railroad construction in the United States stirred the country up to still greater activity. In the fervor of railroad projection and construction Upper Canada was far ahead of Lower Canada. The more staid Lower Canadian *habitant* was not so much impressed with the advantages of railroad construction. It was not until 1854 that the provisions of the Municipal Loan Fund were extended to Lower Canada, and then the greater part of the money drawn from it was invested in works of local improvement other than railroads. In a brochure, entitled the "Philosophy of Railroads," published in 1853, Mr. Keefer complains of the apathy of Lower Canada, and points to the activity of Upper Canada in the matter of railroad construction. He states that the municipalities should have impressed on them an appreciation of the fact that taxation for railway purposes is in every sense a highly profitable investment. The extent to which aid had been extended to railroads in Upper Canada may be judged from the experience of two small towns. Port Hope, with a population of 2,500, had subscribed £130,000 to railroad construction, while Cobourg had subscribed £100,000.

It was truly the heyday of railroad construction. The general belief entertained by the municipalities that investment in railroad securities was a profitable way of obtaining an income, was at the time apparently warranted by the statement in the prospectus of the Grand Trunk that it was anticipated that the enterprise would yield 12% profit. Not only were important railway enterprises under construction in addition to the Grand Trunk, the Great Western, the Northern, and the St. Lawrence and Atlantic were in process of construction, but there was also an improved tone in trade which made people optimistic. The signers of the annexation manifesto of 1847 had predicted in gloomy mood that trade would be driven away from the shores of the St. Lawrence by the abrogation of the Protective policy which had hitherto been in vogue. But the gloomy predictions had not been justi-

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fied. In 1849 the value of the goods imported into Canada had amounted to £3,272,093, upon which a duty of £444,547 had been levied; in 1851 this had increased to £5,784,368, from which a revenue of £737,439 was obtained, and by 1854 the figures had increased to £10,835,768, and £1,224,251, respectively. The war conditions of Europe had caused a dislocation of the hitherto existing economic situation, and thereby created a demand for Canadian wheat, which had hitherto been non-existent, and in consequence prices rose. Everything conduced to a buoyancy of feeling and further expansion.

A close observer of the movement would have seen signs ominous of disaster. In the speculative vein that prevailed portents were disregarded. The railroad construction was attended with much jobbery, and there were not lacking allegations that the integrity of the legislators had been attacked in the attempt to further schemes of railroad construction. A charge was made that Sir Francis Hincks had obtained £50,000 of Grand Trunk stock without any consideration appearing therefor, but a parliamentary committee, after investigating the matter, exonerated him. Later events showed that, although it had at first been assumed that the Grand Trunk had been constructed in most enduring manner, the road-bed construction had not been uniformly good, and that many of the rails put down had been of poor quality.

In the selection of the route of the railways consideration had often been taken, not of the most advantageous route from a commercial point of view, but of the obtaining of a right-of-way at as cheap a rate as possible. Stations were built at a distance from the towns they were intended to serve, and in many instances the facilities afforded were so meagre that, instead of attracting, they tended to repel trade. In addition to the excessive charges consequent upon poor construction, which was charged for as if the work had been of first-rate quality, there were certain other matters which affected the railroads more intimately at the moment. The speculative condition which the railroads had done so much to create reacted upon the railroads. The wages of labour, skilled and unskilled, had gone up because of the greater demand which existed. It is interesting to note that in Lower Canada, in which the railroad development was so much less important, wages were from thirty to fifty per cent. lower than in Upper Canada. The increasing price of labor co-operated with the increased price of railroad supplies, consequent upon the disturbed conditions in Europe, to hamper the work of construction; contractors who had undertaken the building of sections at prices, which under former conditions would have yielded them a profit, now found it necessary to throw up their contracts, and construction of the sections had to be re-let. The difficulties in Canadian railroad construction were still further intensified by the tightness of the London money market consequent upon the Crimean war. Where formerly money could be obtained at two per cent. it was now necessary to pay from six to seven per cent.

The Grand Trunk was one of the first of the railways to feel the stress of altered circumstances, and it turned to the Government for further aid. The presence of the names of some members of the then Legislature in the prospectus of this railway, had begotten the impression in the minds of the English investors that the Government was in some way responsible for the success of this enterprise and that it had guaranteed its prosperity. An editorial writer in the London *Economist*, writing as late as the year 1860, stated that the Government was bound by its *guarantee* of 12% profit to see that the railway should have this profit upon its stock and that failing the earning of such a profit by the railway in operation, it should be made up by the Government. Although the Government disclaimed any such responsibility it found it necessary to come to the aid of the enterprise, if the utter cessation

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of operations was to be prevented. The enterprise whose first issue of stock had been subscribed for twice over and which had placed its shares at a premium, now found it impossible to obtain money except at a ruinous discount. It was now found necessary in 1855 to make a loan of £900,000 to the company which was secured by a first charge on the property of the company. In 1856 authority was given to issue £2,000,000 of preferential bonds, the proceeds of which were to be expended on improvements. By this issue the Provincial line for the grants already made was postponed. And in 1857 still further aid was granted by the Provincial line being deferred until a 6% dividend was received on the common stock. At the same time the provisions which had required the presence of Government directors on the board of the company were rescinded. Instead of safeguarding the Government interests the presence of the Government directors on the board had in reality still further complicated matters, for this was construed by investors as a recognition of Government responsibility.

The difficulties of the time were manifest not only in the case of the Grand Trunk Railway, but also in the case of the other railways. The Northern Railway, which had only been completed in 1855, defaulted in its payments of interest on the Government loans in 1856. The condition of the road was so poor that it was necessary for the Government to advance $60,000 in order to put the road into such a shape that it would be safe for traffic. In the same year the Government found it necessary to assume possession of the road in order to protect its interests.

The earlier period of railroad construction in the Canadas may be said to have terminated about the year 1854; the railroad construction which was undertaken after this was in reality the completion of the undertakings already commenced.

The picture of the earlier railroad development of the British North American colonies is not complete without a consideration of the railroad construction which took place in the Maritime Provinces. The differences in point of policy there indicated are of interest not only in themselves but also because of the light they throw upon the after developments of railroad policy in Canada.

The interests of New Brunswick were concerned with two railroad schemes—the St. Andrews and Quebec, which was also known as the New Brunswick and Canada, and the European and North American. The temporary set-back which the St. Andrews and Quebec project had received by the settlement of the boundary dispute did not lessen the interest felt in this railroad by the Province. At the same time it was desired to obtain a connection with the New England railway system; the St. John and Shediac Railway, which was chartered in 1849, and the St. Stephen Railway, which received its charter in 1850, were looked upon as links in the chain.

The European and North American Railway received, as we have already seen, a considerable amount of discussion at the time the Halifax and Quebec Railway was under discussion. It was not, however, until 1852 that a contract was entered into with Messrs. Peto, Brassey & Betts, who were also engaged in the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway, for the construction of the portion of this railway falling within the limits of the Province at a contract price of $32,500 per mile. The Government agreed at the same time to extend aid in the way of bonuses and advances to the extent of $14,600 per mile. The premonitory symptoms of the crisis of 1857 led to the abandonment of the enterprise by the contractors, the Government extinguishing their claim by a payment of $450,000. The enterprise was now undertaken as a Government work and was placed under a board of Government commissioners. The line was opened from St. John to Shediac, a distance of 108 miles, in 1860.

The pages of the New Brunswick

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statute-book are plentifully supplied with legislation dealing with railroad matters, but the only other enterprise which was undertaken and completed prior to 1867 was the portion of the New Brunswick and Canada between St. Andrews and Richmond, a distance of 88 miles. This road was undertaken as a private work, aid being extended to it not only by the Government but also by the municipalities.

Thanks to the dominating personality of Howe the earlier railroad activity of Nova Scotia had looked to the construction of the Halifax and Quebec Railway. In the activity which succeeded in the following period, a period concerned with local development, the influence of Howe is also potent.

In 1852 it was determined to construct a system of railroads branching east and west from Halifax to open up the Province. Some were in favour of handing over the construction and management of the railways to private companies. Howe, however, was opposed to this. The English contracting firm which had undertaken the construction, not only of the Grand Trunk, but also of the European and North American, had tendered for the construction of the projected Nova Scotian railways. Howe said that if any agreement was entered into with them, the greatest care should be taken to adequately safeguard the provincial interests and preclude the possibility of the company making an exorbitant profit. The policy, however, which he really favoured was that of Government ownership. In the course of his letters and speeches, he had spoken in laudatory terms of the system of nationalization of the railroads prevalent in Belgium, and had advanced the opinion that only in this way could the interests of the public be adequately protected. In a communication to Earl Grey, in 1850, with reference to the Windsor railroad, he had taken the extreme position that the only thing which rendered it inadvisable to carry passengers free on Government roads was the inability of the Government to stand the financial strain.

The policy advocated by Howe was materially advanced by the fact that the financial disquietudes of the time rendered it difficult to obtain the construction of the railroads as private enterprises. Accordingly it was determined, in 1854, to undertake the construction as Government works of a trunk line of railroad from Halifax to the New Brunswick border, together with branches to open up the eastern counties. An attempt was made to call to the aid of the provincial undertaking, the support of the municipalities. The city of Halifax was empowered to take £100,000 of stock in the undertaking, and the different municipalities through which the railroad was to pass were to bear their aliquot portion of the expenses consequent upon the expropriation of the lands necessary for the right of way.

The general control of construction and management was placed in the hands of a commission of six members. The policy of Government construction thus adopted was pursued throughout the period prior to Confederation, with one exception only; following the precedent set by New Brunswick in 1864, a policy of subsidizing was adopted by Nova Scotia in 1866. In this year a subvention of £16,320 per annum, which was afterwards capitalized, was granted towards the construction of the Windsor and Annapolis railway, which was intended to open up the western counties. As, however, this railway was not completed until after Confederation was accomplished, it does not fall within the purview of the present sketch.

Of the railways undertaken by Nova Scotia, 145 miles in all were completed by the date of Confederation. The Halifax, Truro and Windsor, 93 miles in length, was completed in 1858, while the road from Truro to Pictou, a distance of 52 miles, was not completed until 1867.

In any sketch of the eastern railroad history of Canada the portion which

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must necessarily attract most attention is that which deals with the railroad development of the Canadas. There exists valid opportunity for criticism of the details of the policy adopted, and yet one must admit that the policy as a whole was advantageous in that it facilitated a railroad development which would not otherwise have been obtained. There existed faults in the guarantee Act. For example, the Northern Railway was practically built at the Government expense. The figures returned to the Government as the cost of construction were twice the actual cost of construction, and the assumption by the Government of one-half the cost in reality made it responsible for all. The opinion prevalent at the time that investment in railroads was of a profitable nature, in the shape of immediate returns, entailed much disillusionment. When the Government had undertaken to aid the railroads under the guarantee Act there was no anticipation that it would be an assumption of a perpetual obligation. The difficulties of the time affected the Great Western so that it had also to apply for a postponement of payment of interest in 1859. In 1867, the year when the earlier phase of Canadian railroad history may be said to end, the Government had incurred on account of railroad construction a direct and unanticipated expenditure on account of the Great Western, the Grand Trunk and the Northern Railway of upwards of $33,000,000. The exact figures are as follows:

Grand Trunk Railway,		$25,607,393·53
Great Western	"	3,941,247·50
Northern	"	3,776,403·60
		$33,325,044·63

Sir Francis Hincks, who devised the Municipal Loan Fund scheme, admitted that he was disappointed at the fate which this phase of his policy met. It had been anticipated that this would enable the municipalities to raise loans at a much lower rate than if they had been borrowing on their individual security. The opportunities for borrowing extended by the Municipal Loan Fund led to lavish borrowing. The idea current was that the municipalities would obtain from their investments in railroad securities a return which would obviate the necessity of their levying taxes. When the time of trouble came, when the cessation of railroad construction co-operated with the distress consequent upon the crisis of 1857 and the meagre harvests of that and the succeeding years, the municipalities found that they were unable to meet the obligations they had so lavishly incurred, and default was made. Upper Canada was especially affected by this, since it was there that railroad aid had been granted on the most extravagant scale. The Government, although it had stated most explicitly that it was in no way responsible for the municipal obligations, found it necessary to intervene.

Full powers had indeed been granted to the central authorities to compel defaulting municipalities to make good their payments. But a representative Government finds it difficult indeed to carry out such invidious functions. It was alleged at the time that the central Government, in permitting municipalities to incur indebtedness, had had in mind the political support to be gained thereby. It is obvious that a fear of alienating political support would likewise keep the Government from having recourse to drastic measures once the default was made. In the attempt to keep up the value of the Municipal Loan Fund debentures, the Inspector-General was authorized in 1858 to sell Provincial debentures and with the proceeds to purchase the Loan Fund debentures. In the next year a further step was taken, the Municipal Loan Fund debentures being now declared receivable in payment for stock. It was now found advisable to close the Municipal Loan Fund altogether.

But the work of the Government was not yet completed. It was found necessary to assume the obligations incurred on the strength of the Municipal Loan Fund to the amount, including capital and payments of interest,

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of $12,015,800.00. In addition to the aid granted on the strength of this fund, other municipalities had, in terms of their general powers, granted aid to the extent of $3,000,000.

The difficulties which have throughout attended the Grand Trunk manifested themselves in this period. The poor credit of the company's stock led to an inordinately heavy capitalization which in turn reacted seriously upon its dividend-paying power. Even had the road-bed construction been of the high character it was at the time stated to be, the charges of construction, upwards of $66,000 per mile, would have been inordinate. At the same time the average cost of railroad construction in the United States was only $44,000 per mile, and of this, at least one-third was water. The excessive charge of construction is all the more apparent when we see, from the official reports of the railroad as well as from those of the Legislative Committee, which investigated the affairs of the company in 1861, the skimped nature of the construction and the jobbery which had been connected with it.

But other difficulties confronted the railroad. In the desire to extend its system sufficient care was not shown in the purchase of railroads. For example, when the Atlantic and St. Lawrence, the Portland connection of the Grand Trunk, was leased in 1853, it was assumed that the road was in good condition. It was found, however, that the grades were too heavy and the curves too sharp for the traffic it was desired to send over the road, and over $2,000,000 had to be expended in construction.

The route chosen by the Grand Trunk also exposed it to much competition. From Toronto to Montreal it skirts one of the finest inland waterways of the world and the difficulty of competing with this was felt from the first. A further difficulty was the unfriendly feeling which existed between the Great Western and the Grand Trunk, a feeling which manifested itself in excessive competition and rate cutting. The Great Western had understood that its line westwards from Hamilton was to form part of any trunk line constructed in the Province. When the petition of the Grand Trunk for western extension had been under consideration, the Committee on Railways had reported that the Great Western had certain vested rights which should not be infringed. Notwithstanding this, leave was granted to the Grand Trunk to extend its line to the west. The Grand Trunk was greatly desirous of obtaining this connection because it was hoped thereby to obtain a share in the trade of the United States that would recoup the losses on the eastern section of the railway. Its unfriendly relations with the Great Western went far to minimize the anticipated advantage, and the railroad found itself more than once a suppliant for Government aid.

The difficulties of railroad construction were much intensified by the speculative conditions which prevailed. The stagnation in business following the crisis of 1857 brought about an almost complete cessation of railroad construction. The excessive mileage cost, coupled with the unfortunate experience of the municipalities in extending aid to railways, turned attention aside for the time from railroad construction and so when, after Confederation, the Provinces engaged in railroad construction, they turned their attention to narrow gauge railroads of cheaper cost.

The railroad activity of the period may be summed up in the dry form of figures. Some indication of the expenditure incurred by the Canadas has been given, a general summary will set the condition of railroad development before the eye. At Confederation there existed in Upper and Lower Canada sixteen railroads having a mileage of 2,188.25 miles, which had been constructed at a cost of $145,794,853. The majority of these railroads were merely local, since two of them, the Great Western and the Grand Trunk, embraced in their systems 1,728.75 miles, the figures being 352.25 and

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1,376.50 respectively; the figures of capital cost are $24,777,430 and $104,477,699 respectively. The Maritime Provinces had at the time 341 miles of railroad; New Brunswick possessed 196 which had cost $7,511,980, while Nova Scotia had constructed 145 miles of railroad at an expense of $6,326,266. In all, Canada had at Confederation 2,529.25 miles of railroad which had been constructed at a cost of $159,643,139.

In the ardour of railroad construction, in the desire for rapid development of the resources of the country, Canada had made sacrifices which involved a serious strain. There was now to follow a season of rest and adaptation to be again followed by a period of renewed activity. The Intercolonial, whose earlier history has been sketched, and which had again been discussed in the years 1856 and 1862, came once more to the front. The discussions of the past had prepared the way for the development of the newer period; and with the undertaking of the construction of the Intercolonial, which was at once the bequest of older conditions and the harbinger of a newer national life, we pass from the earlier to the later stage of Canadian railroad history.

S. J. McLean.

SAPPHO'S SOLILOQUY.

Grillparser's Sappho, Act III, ll. 24-50.

THE man steps freely on life's open path,
And round him beams the morning flush of hope,
With strength and courage, as with sword and shield,
Armed well to win the laurel wreath of fame.
Too narrow seems the life of thought to him,
To the outside world his restless striving turns;
If love mayhap he chance upon, he stoops
To pick the winsome floweret from the earth,
Looks at it, likes it well, and sticks it coolly
Amongst his other trophies in his helm.
He does not know the silent powerful glow
Which love awakes within a woman's breast;
How all her being, thought, all her desire
Revolves alone around this single point,
How all her wishes, like to tender fledglings
Which timid flutter round the mother's nest,
How all her wishes shy, with many a pang,
Still cherish love, their cradle and their grave;
Her whole life like some costly precious stone
Hangs from the maiden neck of new-born love!
The man loves too; but in his broader bosom
Is room for something else than love alone,
And much that to the woman seems a crime
He feels, as jest, at liberty to do.
A kiss, wherever he may happen on 't,
He thinks himself still justified in taking;
'Tis evil so to be, yet so it is!

W. A. R. Kerr.

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GRANVILLE SHARP.



THOMAS CLARKSON.

THE ABOLITIONISTS.

WITH SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL PORTRAITS IN WAX.*

IN a few remarks on the Abolition of the Slave Trade and of Slavery in the British Dominions it is unnecessary to describe the early history and prove the antiquity of the institution which was to be assailed. We have all read the humane mitigations of the hardships of slavery prescribed by the law of Moses, and many have studied the condition of slaves among the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, and during the earlier periods of British history. We may then "passer au. déluge" and consider the extent and character of slavery as it existed in the British empire when the brave, devoted and untiring besiegers began their attack.

Even in the British Isles men of our own race and their families were held in absolute slavery by their fellow countrymen less than one hundred years ago. The colliers and salters of Scotland, native Scotsmen, were slaves in every sense of the word until freed by Act of Parliament in 1799. They were bound to serve during their lives, were forbidden to leave the parish in which they were born, and were sold together with the mines or quarries in which they worked; so that they were "adscriptitii glebae"—bound to the soil. Their extraordinary condition was so far from being due to an unnoticed or forgotten remnant of ancient law that it was actually provided for in a modern enactment. In the Scottish "Habeas Corpus" Act of 1701 the colliers and salters were expressly excepted from its operation, so that their slavery was recognized and their fetters riveted anew by the formal act of their fellow countrymen. An attempt was made to enfranchise them in 1775, but it proved ineffectual, and it was not until 1799 that their freedom was absolutely established by law. With this exception, however, British soil has been free from the reproach of slavery since the expiration of "villenage" at about the end of the sixteenth century.

In the colonies the natives had generally been reduced to slavery by the first settlers, and, as this source of labour became insufficient, the supply was recruited by importations from the African coast.

In 1502 the Spaniards were employ-

* The portraits illustrating this paper are from originals by Miss Catherine Andras, taken from life and now in the possession of the writer.

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ing negro-slaves in the mines of Hispañola, and even the pious and heroic Las Casas wrote and argued elaborately in favour of negro-slavery in order that he might save the natives, who were totally unfitted for hard labour, from extermination.

The first Englishman known to have engaged in slave-dealing was John Hawkins, a native of Devon, who obtained three hundred negroes by purchase or capture on the coast of Guinea, whom he exchanged in Hispañola for hides, ginger, sugar and pearls. He returned to England after a prosperous voyage in 1563, and was knighted by Queen Elizabeth. His adventurous spirit and love of gain led him at last to a cruel death, but he had many imitators, daring seamen, induced by hope of riches or by a desire to fight the Spaniard, who seized negroes and sold them for slaves, captured Spanish treasureships or landed and plundered Spanish towns with equal lightheartedness.

In those West India Islands which afterwards fell by conquest under British rule, slavery had then been long established. In Jamaica, when it was captured by Admiral Penn and General Venables, 1655, the population was said to consist of 4,500 whites and 1,400 negroes, while Martin gives the population in 1828 as 35,000 whites and 322,000 slaves.

Formally legalized by statutes (10 Will. iii., c. 26, 5 Geo. ii., cap. 7, and 32 Geo. ii., cap. 31) neither the injustice and inhumanity of keeping slaves nor the horrible cruelties perpetrated in the slave-trade seem to have drawn any protest from the Christian communities of Great Britain until late in the eighteenth century.

Many public writers, it is true, had written in condemnation of negro-slavery from an early period of our colonial history, but the Society of Friends alone, as a community, opposed strenuously in principle and practice the enslavement of the African race. George Fox, a prominent member, delivered an address on the subject to the inhabitants of Barbadoes, but the first public censure of the traffic passed by the Friends in their collective capacity was in 1727, when it was resolved "that the importing of negroes from their native country and relations by Friends is not a commendable or allowed practice, and is therefore censured by this meeting."

In 1761 it was resolved to disown any member of the Society of Friends who should have any concern in the traffic.

Meanwhile the question of the rights of a colonial slave who visited the mother country had not been raised.

The first case brought to the notice of a law court was that of a negro brought to Scotland by his master, Robert Sheddan. The negro claimed his liberty and, but that the unfortunate man died before his case could be heard, there is little doubt that a Scottish Court would have had the honour of first establishing the glorious law of liberty to all, irrespective of colour, who set foot on British soil.

Granville Sharp in 1765 took up the case of Jonathan Strong, a negro slave in London, but, in spite of strenuous efforts and able pleading, Mansfield and Blackstone both decided against him, following the judgment of Yorke and Talbot in 1729 which affirmed property in slaves even when in England. Mr. Sharp fought several other such cases unsuccessfully until 1771 when James Somersett, a negro servant, brought to London by his master, left his service and refused to return. Mr. Stewart, the owner, caused him to be apprehended and put in irons on board a ship in the Thames about to sail for Jamaica when some friends, acting on legal advice, obtained a writ of "Habeas Corpus" and brought him before the Court of King's Bench where finally, after long and thorough discussion, Lord Mansfield gave judgment to the effect that slavery in England was illegal and that the negro must be declared free.

This first great victory was due to Granville Sharp who, though poor and dependent and engaged in the duties

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WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.



PITT.

of a toilsome calling, supplied the money, the leisure, the perseverance and the learning required for this great controversy. Some four years later a consentient opinion was delivered in Scotland in the case of Knight, also a coloured man who claimed his freedom, On this occasion the Sheriff gave judgment that "the state of slavery is not recognized by the laws of this kingdom."

But the holding of slaves in the Colonies and the supplying of them from the coast of Africa, went on without opposition until the newly formed "Society for the Abolition of Slavery" made their first appeal to Parliament in 1788.

This society consisted wholly of "Friends," except two members, Granville Sharp, who was chairman, and Thomas Clarkson.

Mr. Granville Sharp, whose grandfather was Archbishop of York, and father Archdeacon of Northumberland, was educated at Durham Grammar School, and, afterwards going into business, served successively under a Quaker, an Irish Roman Catholic, a Presbyterian and an atheist. His learning was great and his chivalry amounted to Quixotism. He was the author of innumerable works on Law, Divinity and Philology. Students of the Greek Testament will remember his "Remarks on the Uses of the Definite Article in the New Testament," in which he lays down the important rule, called "Granville Sharp's Canon," that, when two personal nouns of the same case are connected by *Καί* while the former has the definite article and the latter has not, then they both denote the same person—a rule of priceless importance in dealing with the Unitarian heresy. In 1758 he was appointed to a post in the Ordnance Department but resigned when the American War of Independence broke out because he disapproved of the manner in which the Colonies had been treated. His energy and ability, the multitude of questions of public and private interest that he fought to a successful issue would take too much space to describe, but the cream and most valuable part of his life was devoted to the Abolition of Slavery. Sir James Mackintosh, himself a fervent philanthropist, says of Granville Sharp: "He possessed the most inflexible of human wills united to the gentlest of human hearts," and, alluding to Burke's famous sentence, he said that "as long as Granville Sharp lived it was too soon to

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proclaim that the age of chivalry was past." He lived until 1813, long enough to see the abolition of the slave trade, but not to witness the final triumph of the cause he had espoused. A new and energetic ally had entered the field in 1785 in the person of Thomas Clarkson, a young Cambridge student. He gained the prize for an essay on the subject "an liceat invitos in servitutem dare," and, in collecting materials for his composition, was so moved by the horrible cruelty of the traffic in slaves that he determined to devote his life to its abolition. Clarkson travelled to Bristol, Liverpool and other ports whence slave-ships were fitted out, collecting evidence and securing witnesses, in which task he endured much opposition, abuse and even violence at the hands of unscrupulous men interested in the slave trade. At last, armed with a long array of facts, records of atrocious cruelty committed, not only on the persons of the unfortunate negroes, but also upon members of the crews of slave-ships, he obtained an interview with William Wilberforce, and induced that eloquent and earnest Christian man to bring the matter before Parliament.

In a beautiful park near Sevenoaks, in Kent, on the crest of a hill and overshadowed by noble trees, there stands to this day a rustic seat on the back of which is an inscription to the effect that, sitting in that seat, William Wilberforce, in company with his firm friend and powerful ally, William Pitt, declared his intention to devote himself, with the help of God, to the cause of the oppressed negro-slave. Worthily was the promise kept. Session after session he persisted, in spite of bitter opposition and misrepresentation, in leading an ever-increasing minority to the charge, until at last he had the happiness to see his efforts successful.

The first resolution in Parliament against the slave trade was moved in 1788, but Wilberforce was prevented by illness from being present. Here Pitt stepped generously forward and took up the task of his absent friend, although the young minister was well aware of the opposition he would thereby bring upon his party from the rich and powerful combination of those interested in maintaining the iniquitous institution.

The resolution was adopted by the House, but a resolution of the House of Commons is often long in bearing the fruit of practical legislation. There were many pressing matters before Parliament which clamoured for precedence, and meanwhile men, women and children were suffering indescribable misery at the hands of their inhuman captors and purchasers. Sir William Dolben, whose kindly heart was touched deeply by the recital of the horrors of the "Middle Passage," as the voyage from the coast of Africa to the West India Islands and America was then called, rose and, in an eloquent and impassioned speech, urged that something should be done at once to check the awful suffering and loss of life attendant on the transport of the negroes to the market where they were to be sold as dumb cattle. The feelings of the House were roused; a short Bill was passed to mitigate the horrors of the "Middle Passage," providing against over-crowding in slave-ships, but even this modest measure of humanity did not pass without opposition. It was, however, the first successful blow struck at the disgraceful system.

Though the clash of arms and the noise of battle drowned at times the earnest voices of the advocates of freedom, yet they persevered until their glorious task was done.

The fearful thunder-peal of revolution and war on the continent turned every face to watch the progress of the storm, so that little notice could be gained for even the most pressing needs at home, while in the great political earthquake any changes, even the most salutary, were regarded with suspicion.

The cause of the negro especially suffered from the outrages committed by the slave population of San Domingo, who, catching the spirit of revolt

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SIR WILLIAM DOLBEN.



LORD THURLOW.

from their masters, outdid even them in the fury of their revenge for past wrongs.

Another cause of delay operated even upon those friendly to the cause. In 1787 and 1788 no fewer than 100 petitions signed by many thousands of people from influential places produced such effect upon the deliberations of Parliament that the question of the slave trade was at once taken into consideration by the Government, remedial measures were adopted and resolutions passed which ultimately led to its abolition. Now the King, and even Mr. Pitt, friendly as he was to the cause, viewed with disfavour this triumph of the method of influencing Parliament by addresses and petitions. They feared that the same power might be exercised on future occasions for ends less worthy, or, at any rate, less acceptable to the Executive.

In 1793 and 1794 Mr. Wilberforce renewed the attack, but though he obtained a majority in the Commons, his motions were negatived in the Lords, chiefly through the loud and energetic opposition of Lord Thurlow. During the next four years Mr. Wilberforce brought the matter repeatedly before the House, after which active measures in Parliament were suspended for some years, but no pains were spared to open the eyes and awaken the conscience of the nation. All classes of the people and all religious communities of every denomination were represented in the Anti-slavery Society. Evidence was collected at great labour and expense to expose the barbarity and iniquity of the traffic.

Tracts were delivered in almost every house; from pulpit and platform the cause of the negro was pleaded.

Nothing less would have sufficed for success. The negro was far away, despised, too often a subject of ridicule. No profit could accrue to the nation from his emancipation. On the contrary, it was to be apprehended that this act of justice and benevolence would, as it eventually did, cost the country a heavy sum.

Powerful, numerous and wealthy classes were interested in the maintenance of slavery. Merchants, shipowners and mariners, as well as planters, thought their interest and even their livelihood bound up with the institution.

Thus obstacles of all kinds had to be overcome, but the chief of these—indifference, ignorance and prejudice—gave way to the energy, eloquence and untiring good temper of the assailants until the Society, with all that was

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best and noblest in the nation arrayed on its side, had to face only the openly selfish opposition of vested interests.

In 1804, after this active campaign of fourteen years, the matter came again before Parliament, when a bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade was actually read a second time, but postponed.

Again the sound of battle called off the attention of the people—the threatened invasion by the French, the overthrow of our allies at Ulm and Austerlitz, the glorious victory of Trafalgar, and the loss within a few months of Nelson and of Pitt delayed action, but Fox, who for this benevolent purpose had joined hands with his great rival, had the honour of passing into law, in 1806, the first bill making the slave trade illegal.

Thus, at last, the victory was won. The slave trade was not only prohibited by law—that might perhaps have been accomplished twenty years earlier but for the interruptions of war—but denounced and proscribed by public opinion, so that it had not, as smuggling long had, and duelling still longer, the countenance of society in secret to support it in defiance or evasion of the law.

Much remained still to be done, but it was the pursuit of a flying enemy—the forces of slavery were routed.

In 1807, after the death of Fox, the penalty of transportation was assigned to the offence of procuring slaves in Africa.

In 1811 Brougham's bill fixed the penalty for trading in slaves in any part of His Majesty's dominions at fourteen years' penal servitude.

The emancipation of those who had already been made slaves, or who had been born in slavery, was next to be considered, as well as provision made for the disposal of those rescued from slave-ships "in transitu."

It was obvious that to set free unconditionally and suddenly a great number of negroes in a white settlement before the harsh restraints of slavery had been replaced by some juster and more humane provision for their good conduct would be an act of madness, fraught with imminent danger to the white population, and eventually to the blacks themselves, whose interests were under consideration. The state of slavery then was succeeded by an intermediate system of apprenticeship, which, it was hoped, would educate the slaves in habits of industry and saving before complete freedom was granted.

This plan, though not completely successful, was instrumental in lessening the dangers apprehended, and the West India Islands under British rule have suffered since emancipation rather from fiscal and natural economical causes than from the change in the labour system.

The immediate loss to the planters caused by suddenly depriving them of so large a proportion of their property as their slaves constituted was met by a noble gift from the nation of £20-,000,000, worth then in round numbers $100,000,000. This sum was apportioned among the different islands according to the number of slaves freed and their value, calculated on an average of eight years' private and public sales in each island.

From the official account it appears that 780,993 slaves were freed, and compensation for each varied from £120 per head in British Honduras to £30 per head in the Bahamas.

In consequence of the decision of Parliament making the slave trade illegal many slave-ships were captured and their unhappy freights set free, but it was difficult to know how to dispose of the numbers of negroes thus fallen into the hands of their liberators.

Some were set ashore on the coast of Africa, supplied with tools, arms and provisions, but it was probable that the greater number of these would fall again into the hands of the slavers or be exterminated or enslaved by the tribes to which they might come. Granville Sharp, aided by philanthropic capitalists, established a settlement in Sierra Leone for their reception, which, after undergoing many vicissitudes, is now a thriving colony.

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The British Government afterwards provided a temporary settlement in St. Helena to which the captors of slavers might bring their rescued negroes. A humane and gallant officer, Major Young, of the St. Helena Militia, who was for many years the Government's agent for the reception and disposal of liberated slaves, has often described his labours to the present writer. On the arrival of a captured slaver he would go on board at once to inspect her, where, notwithstanding the good-natured efforts of the prize crew, the sights, sounds and effluvia were appalling. The first task was to get the negroes out of the ship and march them or carry them under guard to a large open space among the cabins prepared for their temporary dwellings. There they were ranged in two lines, men on one side, women and children on the other, and each woman in turn was ordered, through an interpreter, to pick out her own husband, father or brother.

Many affecting sights attended these unexpected reunions of families. Often mother and son, husband and wife, met there for the first time since they had been forcibly seized in their inland village and marched in gangs to the coast, ignorant each of the other's fate. When the families had been as well collected as possible all were supplied with baths and clean clothes and the newly united households installed in the several cabins assigned to them.

Some few remained to work in the island as hired servants, some shipped to Sierra Leone, others to various places where their labour could procure them a living.

It is distressing to hear from recent accounts of travellers in Africa that the slave trade is not by any means destroyed as yet. M. Héli Chatelain estimates the slave population of Africa as still numbering 50 millions, and a British estimate to which he refers considers that even now 500,000 lives are yearly sacrificed in the traffic. In a large part of the interior slaves constitute still the regular currency. Parents sell their children. The tracks of the caravans may be followed between rows of bleaching bones. These are statements made in December last by an apparently trustworthy witness. Let us hope that European occupation of the "Dark Continent" may soon put an end to this appalling state of things and that, especially where the British flag has been planted by her brave soldiers, liberty and wise government may spread and continue; that the labours and lives of Livingstone, Cameron, Gordon and Baker and of a host of other gallant and humane pioneers may bear good fruit, and while we honour these names, let us hold also in loving remembrance the less dazzling achievements of those who toiled to free our own hearts and consciences from the guilt of the Slave Trade.



FOX.

Gay Andras.

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CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

MR. E. S. CLOUSTON.

BORN at Moose Factory, Hudson's Bay, on May the 9th, 1849, educated at the High School, Montreal; and at the age of forty-nine steering one of the largest craft in the world's fleet of finance, Edward Seabourne Clouston is an encouraging example to the ambitious and patriotic youth of our great Dominion.

Mr. Clouston spent one year in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, of which his father, James Stewart Clouston, was at that time Chief Factor, before entering the Bank of Montreal at the age of sixteen.

Mr. Clouston's very successful career is most interesting to follow. In his twentieth year he was appointed accountant at Brockville; accountant at Hamilton two years later; assistant accountant at Montreal in 1874; attached to the London, England, office in 1875; the New York office in 1876; assistant inspector in 1877; assistant manager at Montreal in 1879; manager at Montreal Branch in 1881; assistant general manager in 1887; joint general manager, and finally general manager at the youthful age of forty-one.

Mr. Clouston took the helm at a critical period in the Bank's history; the Baring crisis occurred almost immediately after his appointment, and was followed in rapid succession by the Australian crisis, the U.S. Currency famine of 1893, and the Silver crisis of 1896, beside several minor American and local financial disturbances. Owing to the great ramifications of the business of the Bank of Montreal all these troubles affected the institution to a certain extent; but the able brain, keen judgment and unflagging supervision of this master of finance brought his leviathan charge in safety through shoals and reefs upon which lay broken many a lesser craft.

In the second year of Mr. Clouston's administration the Bank became the Government agent for Canada in London, and in 1895 the Government Bankers for Newfoundland.



MR. CLOUSTON'S MONTREAL RESIDENCE.

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AT 18.

In Mr. Clouston's opinion, Canada's financial future depends largely upon the judicious administration of the finances of the country by the Dominion Government, and the conservative management of the larger banks. He considers that so far the selection of Ministers of Finance has been most fortunate, and that there is no reason, except through dishonest, extravagant, or bungling financiering, why Canada, backed by her great natural wealth, should not always be the premier colony of the Empire. With regard to our present admirable system of banking, Mr. Clouston has no doubt that from time to time changes will have to be made to keep pace with the requirements of the country. When asked what he considered the most important elements in a successful financial career, Mr. Clouston pertinently replied, "chiefly common sense, a good digestion and a knowledge of mankind. Brilliant men and theorists are often as dangerous in banking as they are in other professions."



AT 24.



E. S. CLOUSTON—AT 48.

He has always led an athletic life, having a firm belief in "Mens sana in corpore sano," and thinks that to be successful in banking as in athletics, a man must be temperate, have good judgment, control of his temper, and be persevering.

To a strict adherence to these excellent rules much of Mr. Clouston's success is undoubtedly due.

In sports as in other matters, this many-sided man is extremely patriotic: in his youth playing our national games, lacrosse and hockey, since then winning distinction on cricket and football fields, as well as at rackets, tennis, sailing, canoeing and golf; but at the present time preferring riding and sailing during his leisure moments.



AT 31.



AT 40.

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BOISBRIANT—MR. CLOUSTON'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

In addition to being a practical admirer of foreign art and literature, Mr. Clouston takes an intense interest in that of Canada, and from the rapid development in both during the past ten years looks forward with great expectation to the next decade.

Among the photographs we are fortunate in being able to reproduce is that of "Boisbriant," lately purchased by Mr. Clouston and formerly the country seat of the late Sir John Abbott, Prime Minister of Canada. This historical estate, situated on the Lake of Two Mountains, is peculiarly interesting to Canadians, for within its boundaries stand the picturesque and time beautiful ruins of Fort Senneville, built by the son of Jacques Le Ber, "when the world was younger."

Owing to the enforced brevity of this sketch it is impossible to convey any sense of the latent power, the singular versatility, and the overpowering individuality of this Canadian, who by the "living of his life," strong personality, instantaneous grasp of the most complicated subject, and splendid pertinacity of purpose in the responsible position to which he has been called, fully bears out that

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night."

"E. Q. V."

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MACKINAC—THE SAULT STE. MARIE RAPIDS.

MICHILIMACKINAC.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH BY JUDGE ERMATINGER.

THERE are a few spots on this continent which appeal at once to the eye, to the memory and to the imagination, by reason of the outward beauty, historic interest and wealth of legendary lore, attaching to them. Quebec is one of these spots; Michilimackinac, now commonly abbreviated to Mackinac, is another. Michilimackinac was the rendezvous of the red men—where, more than two centuries ago, the Jesuit fathers gathered them in chapel and school. The soldiers of France, England and the United States have successively garrisoned it, while the traders of the three nations made it their chief depot in the west. Four times its flag has changed.

The evacuation of this old fortress* by the United States troops more than two years ago, brought to a close its military annals—though the people of the island still live in hope of a return of the blue coats to their former quarters there. Though some of the ancient trading books are preserved at the John Jacob Astor hotel, the former home of the American Fur Company, the glory of the old trading post has departed, to be succeeded by the bazaars and stalls of the vendors of curios and Indian work and the shops of the modern tradespeople. Even the fish, for which the surrounding waters have been justly celebrated from time immemorial, have been threatened with extinction by the rapacious modern pound-net.

For centuries the Indians of that vast region of lake and river were wont to gather at Michilimackinac, their canoes dancing in hundreds upon the clear waters surrounding the beautiful little island, whose peculiar shape, or the mysterious legends as to its being the abode of certain supernatural beings—it is not quite certain which—gave it its name, which signifies, according to common acceptation, the "Great Turtle."

Of late years the ancient military and trading post has acquired a new character. The charm and singular beauty of the island's situation and

* More accurately speaking the last of three successive neighbouring posts. The site of the first post was at St. Ignace on the northerly mainland of Michigan. Mackinaw on the southerly mainland, across the straits, occupies the site of the second, while Mackinac is the name now usually applied to the island, on which the third or present fort stands.

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scenery, as well as its healthful atmosphere, have brought the inevitable tourist; while the big summer hotel, the more or less artistic summer mansion and cottage, the crowded excursion steamer and the electric lighted pleasure yacht, have eclipsed the picturesque wigwam, the log dwelling and



MACKINAC—ARCH ROCK.

the birch-bark canoe. The guns fired by the *Northwest* and *Northland*—those palatial twin steamships which make the island a port of call—or the parting report from the brightly burnished brass ordnance of visiting yachts are the only sounds to now remind the islanders of the boom of cannon, which used daily to resound from the fort above them.

According to the Jesuit relations of 1671,

"Michilimackinac is an island famous in these regions, of more than a league in diameter, and elevated in some places by such high cliffs as to be seen more than twelve leagues off. It is situated just in the strait forming the communication between Lake Huron and Illinois (Michigan). It is the key and, as it were, the gate for all the tribes from the south, as the Sault is for those from the north, there being in this section of country only these two passages by water; for a great number of nations have to go by one or other of these channels in order to reach the French settlements. This presents a peculiarly favourable opportunity, both for instructing those who pass here, and also for obtaining easy access and conveyance to their places of abode."

The good father next expatiates on the opportunity for combining instruction with fishing—even as his Master did. "This place," he says, "is the most noted in these regions for the abundance of its fishes; for, according to the Indian saying, 'this is the home of the fishes.' Elsewhere," he naively remarks, "although they exist in large numbers, is not properly their home (*demeure*) which is in the neighbourhood of Michilimackinac." He descants upon their variety and size and the attraction which they present, combined with the excellence of the soil for Indian corn, to the Indians of those regions, formerly driven away by the Iroquois, to once more make this their headquarters. He continues:

"In order to aid the execution of the design, signified to us by many of the savages, of taking up their abode at this point, where some have already passed the winter, hunting in the neighbourhood, we ourselves have also wintered here, in order to make arrangements for establishing the mission of *St. Ignace*, from whence it will be easy to have access to all the Indians of Lake Huron, when the several tribes shall have settled each on its own land."

Accordingly the Jesuit mission of St. Ignace was established on the northerly point of the mainland and a chapel built by Father Dablon, the Superior, where Father Marquette gathered the Huron Indians, now settled there, for Christian worship. On the 14th June, 1671, they both were present, with several other Jesuit missionaries, at a somewhat elaborate ceremony performed at the Sault Ste. Marie by Sieur de Saint Lusson, subdelegate of the Intendant of New France, after a solemn treaty had been entered into with some fourteen of the Indian tribes. The ceremony was described in a *procès verbal* which, after various recitals, proceeds:

"We have caused this, our said commission, to be read to them [the Indians] in the presence of the reverend fathers of the Society of Jesus, and of all the Frenchmen nam-

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ed below, and have had it interpreted by Nicolas Perrot, interpreter of His Majesty in this matter, in order that they may not be able (to claim) to be ignorant of it. Having then caused a cross to be erected to produce the fruits there of Christianity, and near it a cedar pole, to which we have attached the arms of France, saying three times with a loud voice and public proclamation, that *in the name of the most high, most powerful and most redoubtable monarch, Louis XIV. of name, most Christian King of France and Navarre,* we take possession of said place Sainte Marie du Sault, as also of the Lakes Huron and Superior, the Island of Caientaton (Manitoulin) and of all other lands, rivers, lakes and streams contiguous to and adjacent here, as well discovered as undiscovered, which are bounded on the one side by the seas of the North and West, and on the other side by the sea of the South, in its whole length or depth, taking up at each of the said three proclamations a sod of earth, crying 'Vive le Roi' and causing the same to be cried by the whole assembly as well French as Indians, declaring to the said nations aforesaid and hereafter that from henceforth they were to be protégés (subjects) of His Majesty, subject to obey his laws and follow his customs, promising them all protection and succour on his part against the incursion and invasion of their enemies, declaring to all other potentates, sovereign princes, as well States as Republics, to them or their subjects, that they neither can nor shall seize upon or dwell in any place of this country, unless with the good pleasure of his most Christian Majesty, and of him who shall govern the land in his name, under penalty of incurring his hatred and the efforts of his arms—and that none may pretend ignorance of this transaction, we have now attached on the reverse side of the arms of France our *procès verbal* of the taking possession, signed by ourselves and the persons below—Done at Sainte Marie du Sault, the 14th day of June, in the year of grace 1671.—DAUMONT DE SAINT LUSSON" followed by the signatures of the witnesses.*

It must have formed a picturesque scene—the gaily-dressed officers and traders, the black-robed priests, the sober faces of the fourteen tribes of dusky protégés—as the sod was raised and the cry "Vive le Roi!" rent the air, the glimmering waters of the Sault rapids dancing past, laughing as if in derision of so idle a ceremony and such fleeting power as that of earthly kings, when compared with their own resistless, ever continuous force!

On the 17th May, 1673, Marquette departed, in company with M. Joliet, from Michilimackinac, under orders from Count Frontenac, the Governor, and M. Talon, the Intendant, of New France, to visit and explore the Mississippi—an expedition Marquette had long yearned to take part in. Five men and two birch-bark canoes accompanied them. "Our joy at being chosen for this expedition," says Marquette, "roused our courage and sweetened the labour of rowing from morning till night." On their well-known voyage by way of the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers to the Mississippi and as far down as the Arkansas, and their return to Green Bay, it is unnecessary to dwell. Joliet returned to Quebec. Marquette remained at Green Bay mission until October, 1674, proceeding thence to the Chicago River, from whence, after a few



MACKINAC—SUGAR LOAF ROCK.

months, his strength failing, he set sail for Michilimackinac once more in May, 1675. On the way his spirit fled, while he was engaged at his devotions by a little river in Michigan, where he and his men had put in. Two years later, on the anniversary of

* Perrot's Memoires.

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his death, his bones were transported by the Indians, with a convoy of thirty canoes, to Point St. Ignace, where they were received with great ceremony by the missionaries and people, and remained in state all day Whitmonday, 1677, and were next day deposited in a little vault under the church. The spot is now marked by a a monument.

In 1679 La Salle, accompanied by Father Hennepin, Henry de Tonty, DuLhut and others arrived at Michilimackinac in a large vessel, whose size and the noise of whose cannon astonished the Hurons and their neighbours, the Ottawas. Hennepin writes:



MACKINAC—A BLOCK HOUSE.

"We went to see the Ottawas, and celebrated mass in their colony (*habitation*). M. La Salle was finely dressed, having a scarlet cloak with broad gold lace, and most of his men, with their arms, attended him. The chiefs of this people received us with great civility, after their own way, and some of them came on board with us to see our ship, which rode meantime in the bay or creek I have spoken of. It was a diverting prospect to see, every day, above six score canoes about it, and savages staring and admiring that fine wooden canoe, as they called it. They brought us abundance of whitings, and some trout of fifty or sixty pounds weight.

"We went next day to pay a visit to the Hurons, who inhabit a rising ground on a neck of land over against Michilimackinac. Their villages are fortified with palisades twenty-five feet high, and always situated upon eminences or hills. They received us with more respect than the Ottawas; for they made a triple discharge of all the small guns they had, having learned from some Europeans that it is the greatest civility among us. However, they took such a fear (*jalousie*) of our ship that, as we understood since, they endeavoured to make our expedition odious to all the nations about them."*

This ship, which had been built under the direction of La Salle near the Niagara River early that year and called the *Griffon*, was the first to navigate the upper lakes. She was despatched by La Salle from Green Bay, but was lost, together with her cargo of furs.

Baron La Hontan, writing from Michilimackinac in 1688, describes it as "certainly a place of great importance," and in 1695 M. de la Motte Cadillac, who was in command there, states "that this village is one of the largest in all Canada. There is a fine fort of pickets, and sixty houses that form a street in a straight line. There is a garrison of well-disciplined, chosen soldiers, consisting of about two hundred men, besides many other persons who are residents here during two or three months in the year."

On Cadillac's subsequently establishing a fort at Detroit, in 1701, the French garrison went thither, and the Hurons and a portion of the Ottawas followed. A dispute with the Jesuits ensuing, the latter burned their chapel and college and withdrew to Quebec in 1705. The Mission was re-established, but the garrison was not until 1714, and on Father Charlevoix' visit in 1721 he found it still languishing from the stroke given it by Cadillac.

Disputes between the French and English as to the fur trade had long since arisen, insomuch that M. de Denonville in 1687 was remonstrating with Governor Dongan of New York for having given orders for the des-

* This and some other translations in this article are, with some slight alterations, adopted from Dr. Bailey's "Mackinac."

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patch of "canoes to trade at Missilimaquina, where an Englishman had never set his foot, and where we, the French, are established more than 60 years."

These disputes continued during many long years, down to the fall of Quebec before the arms of Wolfe, and the surrender of Canada to the British. On the capitulation of Montreal, the Marquis de Vaudreuil wrote on the 9th Feb., 1760, "I have wisely capitulated with General Amherst on very advantageous terms for the colours, and particularly for the inhabitants of the post of Michilimakinac. They have liberty to exercise their own religion, keep possession of their household goods and real estate, and also of their furs, etc. They have the same privileges as all the subjects of Great Britain."

The writer of this article stood, on a Sunday afternoon of the past summer, upon the wall of the present fort on Mackinac Island, looking down at the baseball ground in its rear, where many spectators were gathering to witness a match between a team from the Sault Ste. Marie and a local nine. One could not but think of that unhappy 4th of June, 1763,* when the Ojibways gathered to play ball without the Fort of Michilimakinac, which before that time had been shifted across the straits from the northerly to the southerly peninsula, where "Mackinaw City" now is. The game played, however, on that occasion was not baseball, but *baggatiway*, practically identical with the game known now so well as lacrosse, Canada's national game. The salient features of the game as then played, as well as the thrilling sequel to that day's match, are exceedingly well described by the trader Henry, who was one of the survivors of the massacre, and since repeated with slightly varying details by Parkman and others. A repetition of the details is unnecessary here, the bare facts being that Major Etherington, the commandant, and another officer were induced to go outside the fort to witness the game, and, while there, the ball was thrown, as if by accident, over the stockade. The Indians rushed in after it and, snatching from their squaws, who had placed themselves previously within the enclosure, tomahawks, which were concealed beneath the women's blankets, slaughtered all but about half a dozen of the surprised whites.



MACKINAC—A BEACH VIEW.

Among the latter were the trader Henry, as well as Major Etherington, and the story of the former's escape and subsequent perilous adventures among the Indians, with whom he was obliged to sojourn for many months, part of the time himself disguised as a redman, goes to prove that truth is sometimes stranger than even border fiction. Many times the knife, the tomahawk, cold, exposure and hunger threatened his life, yet he was preserved and lived to return to civilization, and write a narrative of his adventures as

*The 4th June (the King's birthday) was evidently the true date. Parkman in a note in his *Pontiac* says: "Etherington says the second," but this is founded on an obvious error in Etherington's letter to Major Gladwin of 12th June, for on the 11th June he had written Lieut. Gorall, "This place was taken by surprise on the 4th instant by the Chippewas (Ojibways)," etc.

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strange, thrilling, and well-nigh incredible as ever dime novel or the pen of a Mayne Reid presented. Yet the tale bears the impress of truth and has been generally so accepted.



MACKINAC—THE FORT.

Alexander Henry was one of the first, if not the first, of the English traders, who attempted to establish themselves at Michilimackinac, where he arrived in 1761. The fort was at that time on the south side of the Straits and garrisoned by a small number of militia, with their families—settlers rather than soldiers. Most of those he found in the fort, Henry says, had originally served in the French army. The reception of Henry and some other English traders who came shortly after, by both Chippewas and Ottawas, was of such a nature as to excite their gravest apprehension, not only as to the safety of their goods but their lives as well. The timely arrival of a strong detachment of the 60th regiment under Lieut. Lesslie, put an end, for the time being, to their fears.

Henry did not, fortunately for himself, go out to witness the game of ball on the King's birthday, 1763. Major Etherington with two subalterns and ninety privates at this time formed the garrison and four English merchants, among whom was Henry, were also at the Fort. The commandant had received warning of an attempt to destroy the garrison and all the English of the upper country, but, ignorant of the bloody drama in preparation and in process of enactment elsewhere under Pontiac, Etherington disregarded the warning. Henry had also received hints of the same kind from a Chippewa chief, Wawatam by name, who had, the year previous, formed a strong personal regard for the English trader, and adopted him as a brother, under the guidance, as he said,



MACKINAC—THE VILLAGE, FROM THE FORT.

of the Great Spirit. A brother in time of need he afterwards proved. It was not due to his warning, however, but to pressure of business, that Henry was writing in a house, next that of an interpreter named Langlade, when

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the slaughter began. Attracted by a war cry to the window, he witnessed the cutting down and scalping of a number of the English and the death of one of the subalterns, Lieutenant Janette. Escaping to Langlade's house unseen, he sought protection there; but Langlade and his family were too much engrossed with the spectacle they were witnessing from the windows to regard him. Fortunately a Pawnee slave woman beckoned him to a place of concealment in the attic of the house, where through an aperture he again witnessed the horrors being enacted without — the scalping and mangling of bodies, the agonies of the victims who were still alive, the quaffing of the blood of the slaughtered by their relentless butchers. Henry was sought for. Even the garret where he lay was penetrated by the blood-smeared savages, from whom for the time being he remained concealed in a corner in the dark. All that day and night he remained hidden in this attic, his feelings more easily imagined than described. In the morning Langlade's wife, who had become aware of his presence and given him some water to drink, fearing that their friendship or kinship with the Indians, would not secure the safety of themselves and their children, should it become known that they were shielding an Englishman, disclosed his hiding place. Henry was pounced upon by the almost naked and wholly intoxicated savages, one of whom, six feet in height, with face and body covered with charcoal and grease, except for a white circle around either eye, seized the terrified trader by the collar and held to his breast the point of a large carving knife. The spirits he had imbibed—if not the Great Spirit —seem to have impelled him to drop his uplifted hand at this moment and announce that he—like Wawatam—had lost a brother and would adopt the Englishman in his stead. Relinquished by this new brother, Wenniway by name, and left in the shelter of Langlade's house still, he was shortly visited by another savage, announcing himself a messenger of Wenniway's, who first compelled the trader to exchange clothing with him, for the purpose, as he subsequently learned, of preserving his captive's garments from bloodstains, when he should, as he then intended, kill him. While being led to a secluded spot without the fort, Henry made bold to come to a halt and charge his guardian, whom he recognized as a man in his debt for merchandize, with the intention of murdering him, telling him he might as well strike without going farther. The Indian admitted that he was about settling his indebtedness in that way and, producing his knife, made ready to strike. The trader, shoving him aside—he knew not how—took to his heels and succeded in reaching the fort and the temporary protection of Wenniway, regaining once more his quarters in the garret at Langlade's. He was soon summoned to the room below to meet Major Etherington, Lieutenant Lesslie and M. Bostwick, another trader, who had, like himself, been stripped of their clothes. These shared with him the garret that night. Next day Henry's fortunes were joined with those of Mr. Ezekiel Solomons, another survivor of the four traders already mentioned, a soldier and a certain other Englishman from Detroit. These four unfortunates, suffering from cold in their half-clad condition—Henry had only a shirt, but with much difficulty procured a blanket in addition—were embarked by canoe for Isles du Castor. They suffered not only from cold, but hunger, for the only food offered them, Henry asserts, was some bread, cut with knives employed in the massacre, and smeared with spittle and blood, rubbed on the bread which was offered them for food, with the invitation to eat the blood of their countrymen! Hunger was preferable to this. Midway on their trip they were taken from their captors by a stronger body of Ottawas (who were incensed at the Chippewas for having precipitated the massacre without consulting them) and forthwith brought back to Fort Michilimackinac. Here a council was held for two days, at

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which the Chippewas—using such false though potent arguments as that Pontiac had captured Detroit and the French King retaken Quebec—won over the Ottawas and obtained their prisoners once more. The latter were at once marched to the Chippewa village where, clad for a second time only in an old shirt, Henry spent a night of wretchedness on the bare ground, in company with fourteen soldiers and his former companions.

It was at this juncture that Henry's good first brother by adoption, Wawatam, appeared and by means of an eloquent speech and a valuable present of merchandize obtained the deliverance into the bosom of his hospitable family of the English trader, for whom he had formed so powerful an attachment. Long before, as has been already stated, this faithful friend had proved the sincerity of his attachment by hinting at the approaching danger, but in terms, after the Indian manner "so extravagantly figurative" that to that and his then want of acquaintance with the Indian manner of speech, Henry attributes his refusal to take the hint and depart with Wawatam and his wife, who showed their disappointment by dejected countenances and even tears. The speeches at the council now disclosed to Henry that Wawatam had been excluded from the fort, at the time of the massacre, owing to his known attachment to the Englishman, but with a promise from one of the chiefs to preserve the life of his white "brother"—a promise which, owing to circumstances then detailed, he had well-nigh forfeited.

Poor Wawatam! The darkest blot in his history, as given by Henry, is his participation in a horrible feast supplied by a chief, called by the Canadians Le Grand Sable. This man, having been absent when the massacre took place at the fort, sought to mark his appreciation of the work done by his fellow savages, by going into the prison lodge and there putting to death, with his knife, seven of the prisoners. Their bodies Henry himself saw carried forth. The horrible preparations for the cannibalism which followed, detailed by Henry, are spared the present reader. Suffice it to say that Wawatam was invited and felt compelled—let us hope—to attend. He did not appear, according to Henry, to have relished the repast, but excused it on the ground of a universal custom among Indians to hold such "war feasts," to inspire courage and fearlessness in the participants. The evening of the same day a large canoe arrived and some further English traders in it were seized, maltreated and made prisoners.

Of the four traders who fell into the hands of the Indians, says Henry, at the capture of the fort, Mr. Tracy was the only one who lost his life. Mr. Ezekiel Solomons and Mr. Henry Bostwick were taken by the Ottawas and after the peace carried down to Montreal and there ransomed. Of ninety troops, about seventy were killed; the rest, together with those of the posts in the Bay des Puants, and at the river St. Joseph, were also kept in safety by the Ottawas, till the peace and then either freely restored or ransomed at Montreal. Etherington and his remaining subaltern, with several soldiers, were kept by the Ottawas, after the delivery of Henry and his companions to the Chippewas. Lieutenant Gorell, in command at Green Bay, having received a letter from Major Etherington, came to his assistance and succeeded in obtaining his release and a safe conduct for him and all the English—Henry excepted—to Montreal where they safely arrived on 13th August, 1763.

During the next eight or nine months Henry's adventures were many and varied. He was first carried by the Indians to the Island of Michilimackinac, where they retired for greater safety, and where they received an embassy from Pontiac, but declined the invitation to join him at Detroit. The capture of fresh Montreal canoes with a quantity of liquor aboard led to a debauch, in which poor Wawatam could not resist taking part—though he considerately led his white brother out of harm's way, before the orgie began.

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He took him up the mountain and left him concealed in a small cave where he slept one night, happily unconscious of the fact that he was passing the night among the bones of a past generation of redmen, as he discovered in the morning. He shifted his quarters the second night to the shelter of a bush. The cave in question is still pointed out to tourists as one of the objects of interest in the island.

The daily arrival of Indians, hostile to the English, from Detroit, now rendered it advisable that the white trader should be made to resemble his Indian friends as closely as possible and to this end his head was shaved, with the exception of a spot on the crown, his face painted three or four different colours. A shirt painted with vermilion mixed with grease, two collars of wampam, silver armlets and wristlets, scarlet cloth *mittasses* or hose, a scarlet blanket and a bunch of feathers for the head made up his costume. "The ladies of the family," Henry modestly observes, "and of the village in general, appeared to think my person improved, and now condescended to call me handsome, even among Indians."

This disguise the trader continued to wear until the following spring. He accompanied the family of his adoption to various points, spent the winter with them alone at their hunting grounds, returning with them in the spring, with 100 beaver skins, 60 racoon skins and six otter, "of the total value of one hundred and sixty dollars" to his individual credit, as his share of the winter's work. A band of Indians who had assisted at the siege of Detroit soon arrived and declared their intention of making "English broth" of him, to raise their drooping courage. To reach the Sault and the protection of M. Cadotte, by whose influence the Chippewas of Lake Superior had been prevented from joining Pontiac, now became Henry's object. With this intent, Wawatam and family set out secretly, but his wife falling ill before they had proceeded far, necessitated a halt. During this enforced delay, the trader was a prey to many anxieties, but the unexpected appearance of a canoe, containing the wife of M. Cadotte, herself an Indian woman, on her way to join her husband at the Sault, afforded Henry the opportunity he had long sought. After an affecting parting from Wawatam and family the Englishman joined her party and proceeded northward. A somewhat premature change from the Indian to the Canadian costume, almost brought him into trouble once more; for a fleet of some twenty canoes overhauled the party and hailed him as an Englishman, and, but for Madame Cadotte's ready resource in deception, he would probably have shared the fate of so many of his nation with whom these Indians were at war.

This danger passed, the party next day reached the Sault and M. Cadotte in safety. Six tranquil days, an arrival of more hostile Indians, recruiting for the war at Detroit, the concealment of Henry in another garret, until the good offices of M. Cadotte once more rescuted him, and a pow-wow between M. Cadotte, the chief of the village, and the strangers, ending in the departure of Pontiac's friends—were among the trader's next experiences. Almost simultaneously with the departure of this Indian embassy came a canoe from Niagara with a belt from Sir William Johnson and an invitation from him to a great feast at that post, accompanied by an intimation that non-acceptance of this invitation would be speedily followed by condign punishment by the advancing English. Great alarm ensued, and twenty deputies were at once chosen to proceed to Niagara, previous to whose departure, however, the "Great Turtle" had to be consulted and his sanction obtained by a very mysterious and unintelligible ceremonial which Henry minutely describes. The English trader saw his chance of escape to civilization at last and seized it, accompanying the deputation to Niagara, where he received a cordial reception from Sir William Johnson.

(To be concluded in next issue.)

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A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A Romance in Twelve Chapters.

BY JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND", "JUDITH MOORE", ETC.

CHAPTER V.

SALLY, the small bondmaiden of Mrs. Didymus, stood at the garden gate of the parsonage.

No smoke curled up from the parsonage chimney, for the kitchen fire was out, Sally being much too occupied with other affairs to attend to her work that day. Work, in Sally's estimation, was the one superfluous thing in the world, and that she should be harassed with sweeping, and tormented with dish-washing, seemed to her an extraordinary and unjust dispensation. Sally had passed the first twelve years of her life in the slums, and her unregenerate soul yearned to return to the delights of dirt and idleness.

"Wouldn't I just love t' go back t' Blueberry Alley!" she said to Mrs. Didymus. "Wouldn't I just! My! I'd preach t' em!"

Mrs. Didymus' regret over Sally's first aspiration was quite lost sight of in her delight at the latter idea. She thought of "the little maid of Samaria," and smiled benignly upon Sally.

"That is well said," she answered; "some day, perhaps, you may carry the tidings. Little children have before now worked miracles. But over-confidence is a dangerous thing. You must not be too hasty, Sally; do you feel prepared?"

"Do I? Don't I jest? Sakes, I could tell 'em more about Hellfire and Damnation than ever they've heard of in all their born days. *Do I feel prepared?* Ruther! I'd jest like old Lank Smith t' step up t' me, and begin a swearin', I'd let him hear a word or two that 'd astonish him. He thinks he can swear!"

"Sally," said poor gentle Mrs. Didymus, hardly able to believe her ears, "Sally! Never let me hear you talk so again. The gospel is a Gospel of Peace."

"Gorspel o' Peace," said Sally, looking at Mrs. Didymus pityingly, "Gorspel o' Peace! Laws, mum, you are green! What chance d'ye think a Gorspel o' Peace 'ud have in Blueberry Alley? It's night sticks they needs there. Why, when I was a kid" (Sally had turned thirteen, but talked as if she was fifty) "there was missionars out o' count came to Blueberry Alley, but they mostly left a sight quicker than they came. There was a young priest came there, tho', and the first day he went through the Alley the boys started t' have fun with him. Scrappin' Johnstone picked up a handful of dirt and hit him in the ear with it, and the priest got very pale, and he sez, 'It sez in the Scripter t' turn the other cheek t' the smiter,' and with that he turned hisself round, and Scrappin' Johnstone, thinking he had got a snap, let him have some soft mud on the other side. The whole Alley was on hand by that time. I was there. I mind I had a row myself a minnet after; but anyhow, after Johnstone throwed the second handful he stood grinning in the priest's face, and the priest he got sickly white, and sez very quiet like, 'the Scripter sez t' turn the other cheek t' the smiter, and I've done that,' sez he, 'but,' sez he, 'it don't say nothin' as to what you'r t' do after that,' and with that he pitched into Scrappin' Johnstone. He batted him over the head, and clipped him on the jaw, and biffed him back of the ear, and knocked him down, and stood him up and knocked him down again, then he laid him in the gutter, and stood over him, and told him he should behave hisself more gentle t'

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folks, and that fightin' was a sin, and that he shouldn't take advantage of strangers, and then he gave Johnstone and the Alley an invite t' come round and hear him preach in the chapel. The whole Alley's Catholic now. Gorspel o' Peace! That ain't the sort o' pursuasion Blueberry Alley needs."

Mrs. Didymus groaned in spirit, and held her peace absolutely afraid of Sally's reminiscences. Sally and her ways were a terrible trial to the parsonage household, but good Mrs. Didymus could not contemplate the idea of permitting Sally to return to such an evil place as Blueberry Alley.

Sally was not well regarded in Dole, at least by the elect.

"One man can take a horse to the water, but twenty can't make him drink," was a saying frequently applied to Sally. This, being interpreted, meant that Mrs. Didymus could bring Sally to church, but that her authority, reinforced by the Dole frowns in the aggregate, could not make her behave herself whilst there.

"Sally," Mrs. Didymus would say, striving to temper severity with persuasive gentleness, "Sally! why do you behave so?"

"I dunno, mum," Sally would reply reflectively.

"But why don't you try to do better? Mrs. Ranger was terribly shocked by you to-day; she never took her eyes off our pew. What were you doing?"

"Nuthin'; she stared at me so I stared at her, and now and then I'd cross my eyes at her for variety. Laws! I had the greatest mind in the world t' get up and turn round so's she could see my back. She seemed anxious t' look clean through me. Mrs. Ranger! Who's she I'd like t' know? I'd rather be a door-keeper in thy house, than eat fresh doughnuts with Mrs. Ranger," concluded Sally, piously loyal.

"Sally," said Mrs. Didymus, forgetting the main issue in the magnitude of the new offence, "That sounds terribly profane. I know you don't mean to be so, but don't use Scripture words like that."

"You're tired mum, go and lie down, and I'll cover you up," said Sally, imperturbably.

"But, Sally, I'm very serious about this."

"Yes, I know, mum. Your head's real bad ain't it? Lie down and I'll make you a cup of tea. Would you like a hot soapstone to your feet?"

Mrs. Didymus desired Sally's sanctification—she was offered hot soapstone for her feet.

Sally's assumption that rebuke sprang from illness was a very baffling thing to contend with, and Mrs. Didymus usually retired from the discussion beaten, to torment herself by wondering miserably if she was doing her duty by Sally.

If that worthy was not high in the estimation of the elders in Dole, she at least reigned supreme over the children. The bad ones she fought with and overcame, and the good ones she demoralized.

When Ted Ranger endeavoured to amuse himself by pulling Sally's tow-coloured hair, he received such a scratching that he never forgot it, nor did the village for sometime to come, for he bore Sally's sign-manual upon his cheeks for weeks. When Mary Shiner's fifteen-year-old brother heard of this, and deigned to consider Sally a foeman worthy of his prowess, the whole school gathered to watch the combat which ensued promptly when Jed Shiner called her a "Charity Orphan."

Sally precipitated herself upon him with such fury that he nearly fled from the first onslaught, and was extremely glad when the appearance of Mr. Didymus put a stop to the proceedings.

Jed's nose was bleeding, and mentally he was considerably flustered. Sally's hair was on end and her clothes were torn, but her self-possession was intact.

She retreated, led by the scandalized Mr. Didymus, but her fighting blood was up, and she called out opprobrious epithets to Jed till she was out of hearing—compliments which Jed's inherent and cultivated respect for the preacher forbade his returning in kind.

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"He called me a Charity Orphing," she vouchsafed in explanation, when haled before Mrs. Didymus. "Now I know I'm a orphing, and I'm glad of it. Fathers and motherses mostly whacks the life out of you. But I won't have no freckle-faced kid calling me a '*Charity Orphing!*' Not if I'm well."

Mr. and Mrs. Didymus remembered the gruesome stories of demoniac possession, and breathed more freely when Sally left the room.

Upon the day of poor Len Simpson's funeral, Sally swung in luxurious idleness on the parsonage gate. Mrs. Didymus had gone early to the house of mourning.

Sally's tow-coloured hair, which was kept cropped to within five inches of her head, stood out like quills upon the fretful porcupine. Ever since Sally had seen a stray circus poster, with the picture of the beautiful Albino lady, with her outstanding locks, she had determined to arrange her own coiffure in like manner, upon the first favourable opportunity. So this morning she had rubbed her hair well with yellow soap, and combed it straight out, with a result which surpassed her anticipations.

About her waist there was a line of more or less white material. This marked the hiatus between her skirt and its bodice—a peculiarity of Sally's *ensemble*. When she stooped over, this white strip widened, giving one a horrible premonition that she was about to break asunder. When she stood erect, it frilled out around her like a misplaced ruff. Sally had bandied words amiably with every one who passed to the funeral, and when Sidney Martin almost stood still in his astonishment at her appearance, she was ready to greet him affably and volubly.

"Hello!" she said. "You're the Boston chap that prayed the rain down, aren't you?"

Sidney coloured quickly. The sting of his thoughts pressed home by the gamine's impertinent speech.

"Oh, don't be bashful," said Sally; "Mrs. Didymus says it was a powerful effort." She uttered the last two words with impish precision.

"And who are you?" asked Sidney, feeling he must carry the war into the other camp.

"Me—well, you ain't been long in Dole, or you'd know me. I'm the maid of all works at the parson's." Then she harked back to the old theme. "So you really prayed in the church. My! You don't look as if you used bad words. Say, I thought there was some acters comin' t' the funeral? That's what I fixed myself up for. Say, how d'ye like my hair?" Sidney, despite his sad thoughts, could not forbear laughing as he replied,

"It's great, it's really great!"

"So I thought myself," said Sally complaisantly; then she added confidentially, "It's great for style, but 'taint much for comfort. I wonder when the acters 'll come. How d'ye spose they'll be dressed? When I was a kid in Blueberry Alley, I once went t' see Uncle Tom's Cabin. It was fine when Elizer went across the ice. My, it did jiggle. If you had been there, I spose you could have prayed it solid?"

An intolerable pang, absurdly disproportionate to its genesis, pierced Sidney's soul. His supra-sensitive nature was keyed to its highest pitch. The lightest touch upon the tense strings of his emotions nigh rent his being.

He turned swiftly away from the grotesque little figure, from the village street, from the house about which the vehicles were gathered thickly. An open road lay ready to his feet, and he took it unconscious of its direction.

"There!" called Sally after him, "I've made you mad and I didn't mean to a bit. That's always the way with you religious people! You can't take a joke. It's may be good for the soul but it's mighty bad on the temper, religion is! And sakes! You musn't mind me. I can't help being cheeky, 'tis my nature to.'" She finished with irate mockery, as the distance widened between them, and he did not reply. She was still looking after him, as he reached the abrupt bend in the road, and there he turned and bade

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her farewell in a gesture of unmistakable kindliness.

"Well!" said Sally arresting her nonchalant swinging, with a jerk, "well, he ain't cross-grained, that's serting—Laws, I wish I had a civil tongue, but I hain't, so *Sigh no more my honey*," with which she broke into a darkey song.

Sidney Martin went blindly along the path which chance had chosen for him, led by no other instinct save the old pathetic one, which prompts wounded creatures to crawl away to suffer unseen. Long ago, the human was equally sensitive, equally reticent; we are so no longer, but lay bare the plague spots on our souls with shameless candour.

But the nearer we are to God and Nature, the more prone we are to flee away into the bosom of the stillness, there to agonize alone; and not in vain do we put our trust in its tender sublimity. Nature never did betray the heart that loved her.

When Sidney paused, arrested more by an increasing sense of physical effort, which encroached upon his bitter self-communings, than by any conscious volition, he found himself upon a little wooded hill high above Dole.

Behind him stretched the whispering galleries of the wood, before him lay Dole, all its insignificance revealed.

The bird in the air is but a speck to our eyes; but how completely the position is reversed when from its aerie altitude it deigns to stay its soaring wings and look beneath!

The greatest cities upon earth become but inconsequent masses when viewed from above. To Sidney's eyes, Dole looked scarce big enough to hold a heart-ache, yet how keenly its atoms felt!

And how little it disturbed the quiet heavens, the serene hills, all the suffering in the valley! This thought which, in one less in love with nature, might have unsealed fresh founts of bitterness, brought to Sidney's soul a beneficent sense of ultimate peace and strength. To him, one of Nature's own children, the mother tongue was very eloquent. And even in this hour of tense personal perplexity, he was able to gather some measure of consolation from the thought that in the end the jarring discordances of individual life would be absorbed into the grand symphonic song of Nature.

Nature is often impiously charged with unsympathetic indifference, by those who would wish to see all the heaven clouded over by their sorrow, a new deluge upon the earth because of their tears. But Sidney regarded his mother with reverent eyes, seeing in her seeming impassivity to his pain but a manifestation of the strenuous patience with which she waited to be renewed, looking towards that day when once again she would shine forth in all her pristine beauty, as she had been when first she was the bride of the sun.

"Scarred, and torn, and pierced, defiled, disfigured and defaced by human hands, she yet smiles, and waits." So he said to himself. Truly Nature is justified of her children.

Flinging himself down upon the grass Sidney strove to find some gateway of escape from the awkwardness of his position, and gradually the accumulated nervousness of the last few days died away.

Nature's beautiful breast seemed to pulsate visibly and audibly beneath him, and he grew calm.

And so he lay for some time, and then slowly but imperatively other thoughts grew and gathered in his heart. The great primitive Want—spontaneous as it flamed up in the heart of the first man, resistless as its co-equal, Time, pinioned with the impulses of ages, sped by the impetus of æons—rose within him, knitting together all his strengths, all his weaknesses, into one desire.

He rose to his feet; surely his very bodily stature was elated?

He looked about upon the hills with brotherly eyes; deep in their bosoms beneath the grass the old elemental fires still slept. They could sympathize with him.

"Vashti—Vashti," he murmured.

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Out of his wildered musings there had grown the dream of the woman he loved, as the phœnix draws from out the ashes.

He looked again upon the village. Slowly, slowly winding along its ways, he saw a black stream of people and slow-stepping horses—Len Simpson's last journey through the familiar little streets. A chill shuddered through Sidney's veins. He had looked athwart the smiling champaigns of Love's country, and sullying its fairness he saw the black lake of mourners from which the sombre stream was flowing to the churchyard—saw it slowly gather there as the waters of a lake in a new basin. Here and there it had left stains along its course, as incurious or hurried units in the procession deflected toward their homes without waiting for the final solemnities.

It wrung Sidney's heart to think *she* was there in the gloom, whilst he, absorbed in selfish introspection, was aloof in the glory of the Sun. He must go down to her at once.

How little his generous soul dreamed that there was painful symbolism in that descent of his! That he poised upon the pinnacles, whilst she grovelled in the dust of her own desires, he never imagined. Indeed throughout all his life a merciful veil hung between these two, and hid the real Vashti from his loving eyes.

"Why didn't you come to the funeral?" asked Vashti, as he came upon them at the church gate.

"I went for an hour's quiet thought upon the hill," he said. "I had need of it."

"Wouldn't you like to see the grave?" she asked.

The latest grave was always "the" grave in Dole.

"Yes," he said half dreamily. She led the way through the groups of men and women, who let the words die upon their lips as their glances followed the pair. There was little comment made, for Dole people were not prone to commit themselves, but they looked after Vashti and Sidney, and then into each other's eyes, and resumed their interrupted conversations—feeling all had been said which required to be said, when a young man and woman deliberately singled themselves out from the others. Vashti Lansing was most contemptuous of the trivial usages of the people among whom she had been born and bred; but she estimated very correctly their weight in the social system in which she had a place. And in this respect she showed wisdom.

She threaded her way swiftly among the graves, but in her abrupt avoidance of the mounds there was more indication of impatience at the obstacles presented than of tenderness towards the sleepers, whose coverlets, though heaped so high, could not keep them warm.

And presently they reached the corner, where, like a wan finger pointing reproachfully at the sky, shone the white obelisk above Martha Didymus' brown head.

The white shaft cast a slender shadow athwart a new-made grave at its side.

The red earth of the newly heaped grave was all but hidden with flowers, and a huge wreath had been hung upon the white stone; it had slipped down beneath the name of the dead girl, and hiding the rest of the inscription showed the one word "Martha" garlanded with flowers. Might one not dream that in the meadows of Elysium th young girl bedecked herself with fadeless flowers against the coming of her lover? Beside the two graves stood a group of clean-shaven, well-dressed men. Accustomed to mime in all guises, real grief found them awkward but sincere.

As Sidney and Vashti drew near they looked at the pair with interest. Vashti's striking personality had been singled out immediately from the throng of villagers at the funeral, but the eyes, accustomed to scan audiences, knew that Sidney had not been present.

"A friend of his?" asked a pale, handsome-faced man, with iron grey hair.

"No—but I have heard his story," said Sidney in his soft, gentle voice.

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"Well—he only asked for one thing—to be buried beside her," said the actor; then looking at the others he took off his hat, and in a voice, remembered yet for its melody in two continents, he repeated the matchless dirge

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter rages."

Slowly, solemnly the beautiful words were uttered.

Their music mingled with the melody of his perfect voice, making them more than eloquent.

"Fear not slander, censure rash,
Thou hast finished joy and moan."

The words seemed almost personal in their application. The last word was voiced; slowly the little group turned away, following the man whose own life was clouded by so terrible a tragedy. Sidney stood bareheaded by Vashti, beside the two dead lovers, thinking that Len Simpson had been indeed honoured. To have Shakespeare's words syllabled above his grave is surely to the actor what the salute of the guns is to the soldier.

"Come," said Vashti softly. She was too politic to stay longer. No wise woman scandalizes the community in which she dwells. They advanced towards the others again, to find the tongues buzzing. There was a commotion amid the groups of women, which indicated that something out of the common order had occurred which was indeed the case. For Mabella Lansing, unnoticed by the throng which was watching the actors openly and Vashti and Sidney furtively, had driven away with Lanty in his top buggy.

Here was daring with a vengeance!

Even Temperance Tribbey looked rather more grim than usual as she stood with Vashti waiting for the democrat to be brought round.

Fat little Mrs. Wither came gushing and bubbling up to Temperance with an affectation of confidential sympathy.

"My! I hope Mr. Lansing won't be long bringing the horses."

"Do you want a ride?" politely asked Miss Tribbey, as if oblivious of the fact that Mrs. Wither was that day driving her new buggy for the first time, and that her destination was diametrically opposed to the way the Lansings would take.

"Want a ride! Sakes no," said Mrs. Wither tossing her head. "But aint you terrible anxious? I kin feel for you."

"Anxious about what?" asked Miss Tribbey coldly, eyeing Mrs. Wither steadily.

Mrs. Wither faded back into the crowd, giggling nervously.

"That Temperance Tribbey is the queerest woman!" she said to Mrs. Ranger as she passed.

Meanwhile, Vashti had been engaged upon the other hand by Mrs. Smilie, who was large, motherly looking, but dangerous. She had a way of enveloping her victims in a conversational embrace, and when she released them they were usually limp. Any information they had possessed prior to the meeting having been passed on to Mrs. Smilie.

But Vashti had refused the combat; having done so, however, with such a sorrowfully resigned expression that Mrs. Smilie felt her to be void of offence, and said afterwards:

"I was real sorry for Vashti Lansing. She was real humiliated. To think Mabella 'ud act up that way. Vashti looked really concerned; she's got a lot of sense, Vashti Lansing has! My heart jest ached fer her."

Mrs. Smilie's heart was always aching for somebody, but it did not tell much upon her general health.

As Nathan Peck, a sufficiently ridiculous figure in his suit of black diagonal, with the muffler superimposed, helped Temperance into the democrat, he squeezed her hand awkwardly, but avoided meeting her eyes; and she studiously looked over his head. Thus they acknowledged their mutual regret over Mabella's action.

Old Mr. Lansing was furious.

"Why couldn't you stay with your cousin?" he demanded of Vashti. "Going off buggy-riding from a funeral!! A fine speculation she's made of herself."

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"I haven't seen Mabella since we left home," said Vashti softly; then she added deprecatingly,

"It's Mabella's way."

"Then it's a d——d bad way," said old Lansing, and then nearly choked with rage to think he had sworn in his Sunday black, which was so eloquent a reminder of his deaconship. He cut the fat bays across the haunches in a way that surprised them.

"Just wait till I see Lanty! And let her keep out of my sight!"

Sudden tears filled Vashti's eyes. She was sick at the heart with jealous pain. Sidney caught the glimmer of the tear, and felt a great throb of pity for this stately creature, who, fixed in her rectitude and dignity, could yet yet weep over thoughtless Mabella's little escapade. Needless to say Sidney saw nothing very dreadful in the two lovers driving home together; indeed, from the glimpse he had had of Lanty's face, he had no doubt but that after the burial of his friend, Lanty was in sore need of his sweetheart's consolation.

"Dear!" said Vashti, "I do hope Mabella will go straight home."

"I guess you hope more'n you expect, then," said her father irately.

Vashti sighed.

Miss Tribbey sniffed. The sniff expressed scorn, but it was wrongly applied by at least two of her hearers.

Miss Tribbey had no delusions about Vashti, and she knew the girl was doing all she could to irritate her father against her cousin.

"M'bella's young and foolish," said Temperance grimly, but with apologetic intent in her voice.

Vashti gave her a venomous side glance and sighed again.

"It's the French grandmother coming out in her. Gee! It takes ages to kill a taint, and then every now and then it crops out," said old Lansing.

"Yes," said Vashti, "that's what Mrs. Smilie said. 'It's the French in her,' she said." The moment Vashti uttered this she bit her lips angrily, for a swift change passed over her father's face, and she knew she had made a mistake.

"She did, did she?" roared old Lansing, purpling with rage. "She did? The idea of these mongrel Smilies setting up their tongues about the Lansings. Lord! I mind well her father drove about the country collecting ashes for a soap factory. She ain't fit to black Mabella's shoes—that woman. What did she do when she quarrelled with Mrs. Parr? Went and threw kittens down her well, and they most all died before they found out 'twas the water. She'll talk about the Lansings, will she—?"

Old Lansing rarely began to gossip, but, when once fairly started, the revelations he made were rather startling. He continued until they reached home.

Lanty and Mabella walked side by side up and down the wide sandy path from the front door to the garden gate. A look of deep and grave happiness shone upon their faces; both were looking at their future from the same standpoint. There was a hint of timorousness upon the girl's face, an occasional tremour of her sweet mouth, which told that all terrors were not banished from the Unknown, into whose realms the man at her side was to lead her; but hallowing her face there was that divine trust which transfigured the Maid Mary into the Madonna.

"I am going to speak to uncle now," said Lanty, "and if he is pleased we will go for a drive after supper to-night."

"Yes," she said; then, "Lanty." He looked at her; she uttered no other word; her eyes slowly filled with tears.

"Mabella, you trust me?"

"Absolutely," she said, and the tears, brimmed over by a tender smile, glistened upon her cheeks.

"My angel," he said, and gave her a look of adoration, then turned away, and went striding round to the side of the house where the others were alighting from the democrat waggon. Old Lansing looked up sharply as Lanty drew near. Something in the young man's face held him silent an instant.

"I'm coming round to the barn with

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you," said Lanty; "I want to speak to you."

Sidney turning away heard the last words. He could not forbear giving Lanty a look of sympathetic comprehension. Lanty flushed to the eyes, and from that moment was a staunch and faithful ally to Sidney. * * *

"She's up on the landing," said Temperance as, a few minutes after, Lanty, pale and eager, entered the kitchen. Lanty had not spoken—nor did he now, but he went up to Temperance, put his hand upon her shoulders, and gave her a hearty kiss. Then he turned and went up the back stairs three at a time. Through the back hall to the great dusky silent landing, and there a little figure waited trembling.

"What—?" she began, and then her quivering lips were silent.

"It's all right," said Lanty, in a voice he hardly recognized as his own. "You are mine—mine."

She laid her face upon his breast and there was silence between them. And whilst they supped of Beatitude, proud Vashti Lansing, pale as old ivory, was walking up and down the path their happy feet had trodden so short since, tasting the very bitterness of Marah, but compelling her proud lips to tell Sidney Martin the story of their French ancestress.

Vashti Lansing had more than one heritage from the murdered witch wife. The courage which had kept the old Vashti calm and contemptuous before the fagots, upheld the modern Vashti in her time of torture. It is the fashion to sneer at grandfathers—among those who have none. Nevertheless, the fact remains that there are very few Esaus, although there are always plenty of Jacobs, ready to buy birthrights if money will do it.

It is a good sign if a family guards its traditions carefully. The types presented in these oral picture galleries are sometimes not the best types, but they at least shine forth distinctly from their background, and be their light clear or lurid it is by these beacons that we are guided back to the beginnings of character. How much more eloquent and rich a language is in its meanings to us when we know its root words! How much more intelligible and enthralling a character when we can comprehend its genesis, and trace the subtle transmutation of one characteristic into another; the change of physical courage into moral strength, or perchance—the retrogression of simple tastes to penuriousness, or the substitution of intellectual enthusiasm for the fires of ardent passions. Family tradition is the alphabet of all history! What contrasts are presented amid the pictures thus preserved! And surely there was never greater difference between two ancestors of one house than existed between old Abel Lansing, the donor of the Lansing legacy, and beautiful Germaine Lansing, the wife of pious Jason Lansing. Jason Lansing had wooed and won and wedded his wife whilst he was in England doing the errands of the little colony of wanderers beyond the sea. How his choice fell upon frivolous Germaine, why she accepted her grim lover, none can guess; but certain it is they were an ill-matched pair. Our sympathies are inclined towards the gay little Frenchwoman who sang her chansons of love and ladies' lattices in the very ears of the elders, and rustled her brocades beneath the disdainful noses of their winsey-clad wives; but the community in which she lived regarded her advent in their midst as a "dispensation" of a peculiar and trying type. Jason Lansing could only sustain his good opinion of himself by remembering that even the patriarchs had not displayed entire good judgment in the bestowal of their affections. Her memory still survived among the Lansings—a frail ghost hung with scornful garlands of forbidden frivolity, and when any of the name outraged the traditional proprieties, it was said that the cloven hoof of French levity was showing itself once more. And with such tales as these, Vashti Lansing beguiled the dewy twilight hours for Sidney Martin, and stole his heart away, whilst her own burned and yearned for a love denied it.

(To be Continued.)

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"PHILOMÉNE."

"All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first."

THE afternoon sun glared down mercilessly upon the whitewashed, red-roofed Ledoux farm-house, standing with its attendant weather-silvered barns and out-houses, some yards back from the high road.

The pungent smoke from the burning belt of black earth, seven miles to the south, completely shut off the level landscape; only an occasional fire-opal light, flashing through the haze, betrayed the drought-narrowed river beyond the straight line of wild cherry trees across the road, while from the unseen wheatfield came the monotonous sizzling song of the locusts, as though mother earth was in reality roasting beneath the August sun. On the shady side of the house-surrounding verandah sat old Pépé Ledoux, industriously reseating hardwood chairs, and poisoning the already acrid atmosphere with the fumes of his home-grown and self-cured tobacco. A gust of scorching wind blew a cloud of dust from the biscuit-coloured roadway, covering the two young lilac trees standing primly upright within their conventional circles of whitened stones, and filling the large, brown eyes of the scantily-clad child making little sheep out of devil-to-bacco pods and matchsplints at the old man's feet.

"Cré vent," grunted Pépé, "come to me, mon chou, don't cry; Pépé will make you the little fence to keep the bad sheep to home, nein? It's good little girl; Mon Dieu, what is that?"

As he spoke, a roll of musketry came with another suffocating puff of dust-laden wind, followed by the boom of cannon and far-off cheering. The child leaped from the verandah to the grass plot, her one garment flying out from her small, brown body and mosquito bitten legs.

"C'est la princesse, Pépé, she has come, in truth she has come. M'an, Minà, hurry, hurry you; it is the princess of m'selle at the Manoir."

"Accursed heretic," snarled the woman who came out and squatted on the doorstep—a woman, whose shapeless body, shining brown skin and tight-drawn hair, gave her, in her unconscious posture, a ridiculous resemblance to a bronze idol.

"H'en, and all our men, even the stranger, gone over to the village to see a mijaurée thing that sucks our life-blood for her taxes. Let her and those Irlandais at the Manoir keep out of our country, and give us back our old Seigneur—ah—those were days."

"Don't talk like that, ma fille," said old Pépé, those people are not so bad, an' you cheat 'em well up at the Manoir with your good-for-nothing trash. Yes, an' get two prices for your eggs an' chickens. Look at Madame, the other day when she buy that spinning-wheel I made you, that you said was hundred years old; she said, 'Pépé, you come for sure an' see the princess, and bring Philomène, la petite, she has never seen the feu d'artifice.' But she will to-night, H'en! ma miette?".

The crafty Mina, who intended joining the habitant throng of onlookers at the fête-de-nuit, wriggled one bare, brown toe nervously around the edge of the knot-hole in the verandah floor, and remained discreetly silent as she glanced furtively at her mother's lowering face.

"Philomène goes to Gran'mère Piché this very afternoon," said Madame Ledoux. "You hear that, you naughty child? Stop that crying! Pouf—it is hot. I go myself with the rest to the Manoir, to see something,

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the stranger says, yes, to see something he——"

Pépé looked at her sharply, but the guttural voice ceased as amidst a dull roll of wheels and clear laughter—caused in all probability by the antics of the local battalion—four open carriages came out of the opaque peat smoke. Pépé, with innate French courtesy, staggered to his warped old feet and swept his tattered "cow's breakfast" to the floor. Lace fluttered from dainty parasols, a fair man in the first carriage raised his hat; a flash of silver harness—red lights from sun-reflecting varnish—then shadowy forms—again the sun-dyed haze and the perpetual sizzle-sizzle of the locusts.

"Maltraiteuse," snarled the woman as she rose laboriously and, closely followed by Mina, the time-server, panted into the house; from whence the whirr whirr of the spinning wheel, clackety-clack of the catalogne shuttle, and pum, pum of the foot-loom, soon told of the renewal of work.

"Never mind, mon enfant," said kindly old Pépé, "to-morrow you shall see the princess, and, perhaps, she will then wear the crown and jewels like chopped ice. Don't cry, p'tit chou, Pépé has big lump of maple sugar for you to-night."

The old man rolled up his long strips of beaten ash, and, gathering the scattered tools, crossed the road to his favourite resting-place under the willows, beside the river.

Philomène, alone and miserable, flung her fluffy moutons far into the wheatfield and fled to the great still barn. Once there, she threw herself upon the depths of green-gold hay and sobbed her sorrow and disappointment into childhood's perfect sleep.

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When Philomène awoke the darkness of the barn alarmed her, and, shaking with fear, the highly strung child groped her way to the smaller door and out into the night. All was very still; the awesome crimson sun had set two hours before, and the only light came from the south, where an angry line, like red-hot metal, showed where the sun-fired peat burned fiercely.

The child ran to the deserted house, but all had gone to the Manoir, thinking her safely with Gran'mère Piché. She shivered, and feeling painfully hungry, crossed the yard to the laitiére, where, lighted by the dull glare from the south, she hastily devoured a bowl of lait caillé, and was about to leave the place, when the sound of voices and approaching footsteps came through the small wire-screened window far above her head.

"'Cré nom, it is nothing, nothing at all. Puff—bang—and one the less. She is bad woman that. Hurry up or we shall be too late."

"But I like the English; we all do when men like you stay away," came in her half-witted brother Joseph's voice. "You have a tongue like oil and the eyes of a devil. For the love of the good God don't make me do this—I will—"

The men passed on; and Philomène, after standing for some time with all the blood in her body singing through her ears like the locusts of the wheatfield, flew from the milk out-house and up the dust-deep road toward the Manoir like a swirling night-wind.

On and on; faster, ever faster. At last the wicked southern bloodstain showed through the great pines at the Manoir gates. How the gravel cut and stung those small bare feet. Ah! a band playing softly. Holy Virgin! what was that?—a great flash of green light—a whizzing wheel of fire—two blue things explode high in the air as the overwrought Philomène, darting into some protecting shrubbery, stumbles, falls, and lapses into merciful unconsciousness.

When the knowledge of her surroundings came to her the band was again playing, but the fireworks were over, and only Chinese lanterns and engine headlights threw a steady light upon the lawn.

An expectant hush made Philomène rise unsteadily to her aching feet and peer through the hedge. Down the

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terrace steps came a white, queenly figure, accompanied by M'sieu, Madame, and the fair gentleman who had lifted his hat. A sharp click from the adjoining shrubbery recalled to the trembling child her wretched brother Joseph and those awful words; she dimly sees two figures, one points to the graceful, nearing white figure; the other raises something and aims. Philomène tries to cry out, but her throat is paralyzed with fear. She breaks through the cedar hedge, and running across the intervening space, wildly waves back the approaching group.

A shot—a child's cry of mortal agony—silence—then a general rush forward as the princess passes swiftly to the writhing little body, and, raising it with infinite tenderness, bears it to the house.

.

Philomène's last sun was far down in the west, and flung a great gold path for the ascending child soul to the very bed where she lay half conscious in the old nursery at the Manoir. In the corner sat Mina and Pépé; the girl sobbing hysterically, and the old man with quivering, silent tensity. Madame and a "Sister" from the nunnery across the river, bent over the murmuring child. A look of comprehension came to Madame's sad eyes as she caught some indistinct words. She whispered to the Sister, who at first shook her head, but eventually bowed in acquiescence, and Madame left the room. In half an hour she returned, and passing to the now wideawake child explained something in her broken patois. Again the door opened, and towards Philomène came her dream princess—with glittering crown, and covered with things that sent out colours like the great fountain in the morning sunlight. Slowly this exquisite vision came to the wide-eyed child, and then with one great sob the daughter of a queen sank to her knees beside the dying habitant. The one small hand left strayed uncertainly over the wonderful crown, softly about the jewelled neck, and then came a sigh of great content from the cruelly shattered body as the land fell to the coverlet like a broken flower.

A long silence, broken only by the splash of the cooling fountain below, stifled weeping, and the distance-softened croak of the river frogs. Then the sun went down, and Philomène's soul had gone out with the great gold light.

Jane Fayrer Taylor.

THE POET'S GIFT.

ONE day a thought came to a poet's mind,
Homely and crude—an ordinary thought.
He took it to his work-room. There he wrought
And made for it, with many a dainty curve
A case of burnished gold—pure and refined.
Then long and weary hours he laboured hard
Over the thought, till nought incongruous marred
Its symmetry. Fashioned and molded there
To lustrous beauty, in its glittering case
It shone, a gem, unequalled for its grace.
His labour ended, forth he sent it then
To tune the hearts, uplift the lives of men!

A. Isabel Wonham.

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MUNICIPAL REFORM IN MONTREAL.

BY A FRENCH-CANADIAN.

WRITERS on Sociology agree that Municipal Reform is one of the most difficult problems which confront the democracy of North America. The exposures of boodling which occur from time to time in all large cities of the United States and Canada, as well as the importance of the interests, both moral and material, which are involved in municipal government, leave no doubt as to the urgency of reform; while the frequent failure of sincere efforts to secure a better administration show that the obstacles in the way of improvement are both numerous and difficult to overcome.

Some writers have contended that salvation must be sought in a more scientific system of municipal government, and legislation to meet these views has been obtained in many cities. Better government has been the result in some cases; but in too many instances it has been found that the corrupt element has found a means of getting around the law.

Others aver that good men alone can give an honest and efficient administration; and to get them in office a great deal of energy has been spent at times in the organization of good government associations and people's parties. Then it has been found that many of these reform candidates when elected simply joined the old ring, assisting it by the prestige of their virginity.

The moral, it seems, is that both good men and good laws can only be had by the observance of that old precept: "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Unfortunately, although the municipal taxes absorb a larger share of the people's income than those levied by either our Provincial or Federal Governments, the questions involved and the circumstances under which they come up for discussion are such that it is exceedingly difficult to excite widespread and lasting interest among the people. The efficiency and honesty of the police force of a city, for example, would seem at first sight to be a matter which would greatly interest all sections of the community; yet thousands of people who never had any dealings with a policeman, who never met a burglar and never came in contract with a disorderly element, will pay very little attention to the casual exposure of bribery or blackmailing in the police department. To arouse their conscience the exposure must take the proportions of a revolting scandal. And when you come down to questions regarding street making, parks or public buildings, you find that the section of the city which is directly benefited will generally favour the aldermen who supported the scheme of improvement, in spite of the fact that there is a suspicion of bribery about the transaction and that the expenditure has been extravagant. Man is short-sighted, even when he has attained the dignity of a ratepayer; and so long as he derives an immediate benefit, he does not trouble himself about the fact that the city, as a whole, has been unduly burdened. To ask him to look forward to the day when he shall be called upon to contribute towards some other extravagant scheme in some other part of the city is indeed to put a great strain on his mental resources.

The government of cities under the committee system, which makes every member of the council a part of some branch of the executive, with the duty of looking after every detail of administration, imposes an unnecessary amount of labour on the aldermen, for which the remuneration, both as to honours and money, has been

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altogether inadequate. The result of this has been, first, that it has been exceedingly difficult to induce good men to run for office and to remain in the council after being elected; second, that a feeling has grown up with many people that it is quite pardonable, if not entirely legitimate, that these underpaid and overworked aldermen should make a little out of the patronage at their disposal—and this feeling will be quite general if the alderman is an open-handed, jolly chap.

Again, the exposure of corruption in municipal affairs and the formation of public opiniona gainst extravagance, is rendered difficult by the absence of parties. Party government has its disadvantages, but it benefits the people by the rivalry and the animosity which it creates among two sets of public men. The first condition of existence for a party is that all the members must stand together. If the party is in power, all its candidates must hold themselves responsible for the administration which it has given the country. The party organs have been discussing each act of this administration from the 1st of January to the 31st of December. The voter has had excellent opportunity to make up his mind, and if he desires a change, he has the opportunity of voting for the opposition candidate. Very different is the municipal ring. Its members eschew any responsibility for each other's action. The bonds which unite them are concealed and elastic. They often oppose each other in public in order to better themselves in the esteem of their respective wards. The help which they lend each other is never known.

A party encourages its members to expose the misdeeds of the men of the opposite party; the work is considered meritorious and deserving of reward. In the ethics of municipal politics discreetness is considered essential to advancement. Although there may be two rival factions fighting for supremacy, the members must not expose the methods of the inner circle.

An instance in point occurred in Montreal recently. One of the aldermen stood up in the council and declared that a civic official had offered him twelve notes of fifty dollars each, on condition that he should procure the appointment of a man who was then applying for the position of Mills Inspector. At a subsequent meeting he gave the names of the parties. While he was speaking, a half-dozen of the aldermen in the corridors were saying that he must be a fool, and the feeling is general that he has damaged his chances of re-election by his action.

I have touched, so far, on obstacles to municipal reform which I believe exist in most cities, as well as in Montreal. But in addition to these, the Metropolis of Canada suffers from a condition which is peculiar to itself. I refer to the division of the population into French- and English-speaking. Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, and there is no doubt that it has been an efficient refuge for many a Montreal alderman.

There can be no question that there is some race feeling in the council, based on something else than selfish and mercenary motives. For a long time the English-speaking aldermen were the majority in the council, and they took advantage of it to distribute the fat plums of office to English-speaking applicants. The balance of power was turned some twenty years ago as the result of the English-speaking people crowding themselves into St. Antoine ward and leaving the control of the Centre ward to the French Canadians. Several French wards have been added to the city, giving the French Canadians a good working majority. Several English-speaking officials have been replaced by French Canadians; and a French Canadian who would propose to abandon the direction of any of the leading committees to the English minority would certainly be considered a traitor by his countrymen.

But, outside of this question of division of patronage and influence in proportion with population of the two races, the race cry is resorted to by every member of the municipal admin-

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istration who is put on the rack for some misdeed, and it is generally effective. Some time ago the Superintendent of Mount Royal Park, a Scotchman, who lives in lordly style and seemed to treat the princely domain of the people as his personal property, was arraigned. The facts were such that finally all agreed that a change in the arrangements with that gentleman was necessary. Yet, during all the inquiry, the English press and aldermen stood by him, while the French section of the community would have had his blood. Now the Superintendent of the Water-Works, a French Canadian, and the Chief of Police, also a French Canadian, are under the fire of investigation by the English press; and the French press shows a strong inclination to condone everything they have done.

In matters of improvement of late years the cry has been that the east end, the French part of the city, must have its share, that it had too long been neglected by the English. Under that plea powers to borrow money were readily obtained from the Legislature at Quebec, in spite of the fact that a dangerous limit had been reached and that the contemplated improvements were by no means a necessity. As a matter of fact, a very large number of proprietors who were expropriated at fancy prices to carry out these improvements were English-speaking and living in the west end, and the Canadian Pacific which received seven or eight hundred thousand dollars is a corporation in which not many east-enders are interested.

But the race cry served its purpose and by a scientific use of it, by a skilful application of the art of log-rolling, the leaders of the council retain their popularity, while the administration of public affairs under their control is admittedly about as corrupt and unsystematical as it could possibly be. The debt of the city has been increased by leaps and bounds until it reaches $27,000,000; and the interest charge has become so great that although the taxes have been raised 25 per cent. through the systematical but unjustifiable increase in the official valuation of property, the income is insufficient to meet the needs of the administration. Last fall the city actually found itself without a cent for such services as scavenging, street-cleaning and the purchasing of uniforms for the police. Meanwhile gifts of valuable property are made to the railroad corporations, the franchises belonging to the city are sold at ridiculously low prices, and the number of officials goes on increasing. The barter of civic offices is notorious. The conviction is general that one cannot be appointed to any office unless he has money to spend. The offer of notes alluded to above shows it. Lately several parties who had paid money to supposed influential parties, but failed to get their jobs, have made complaints. I have been assured by an influential labour leader, that when he went to plead for a friend with a member of the police committee, the first question asked by the alderman was: "How much money have you got to spend?" There being no money to spend, my friend was assured that it was useless to look for a job.

Men appointed under such circumstances become blackmailers, as in the case of an employee who was exposed some years ago, or use their position in some way to make money at the expense of the city. One needs only to read the Montreal papers on that point to be satisfied.

A recent report of a special committee on debts contracted by the various departments of the city without a show of legal authority summarized the situation thus:

> "A system quite contrary to every generally admitted and recognized principle of business affairs or rather a complete absence of any system whatever, has reigned, up to the commencement of 1898, in several departments."

And here is a sample of the claims which the committee had to consider:

> "A certain captain of police asked for $4 or $5 worth of wood to build a little stairway leading down to the cellar under the station. Next day the workmen arrived, and when they had finished, the account presented was

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more than $2,500, and that in a small and unimportant station not belonging to the city, but rented from year to year."

Now it would seem that when such conditions are possible under a system of government, any proposition for a change would meet with favourable consideration. Last year the council indeed appointed a special committee to revise the charter. This committee, after months of consideration, brought in a proposition to create an executive cabinet or board of control. The most ignorant members of the council, those who did not feel that they could ever become members of the cabinet, only considered one thing, that the project would deprive them of their petty patronage, and they succeeded in defeating it. So that the most important clauses in the new charter will be those providing for new taxes and increased borrowing power.

But the *Herald* which has for some time been the most persistent advocate in the cause of civic reform, has taken the lead in demanding a royal commission of enquiry, which the Lieutenant-Governor in Council is authorized to appoint by a special statute. This commission, under the statute, would have great freedom in investigating everything relative to the good government of Montreal, and it would no doubt make some interesting discoveries. The petition is backed by a large number of signatures and specific charges which have already been published in the paper.

Now it is in the case of such a demand for a general investigation that we see the difficulty caused by the difference of race. There is not the least doubt that among those who have reason to fear an investigation there are a fair proportion of English aldermen and officials. But the agitation having been started by an English paper, these must depend upon their French-speaking confederates to work the race cry for all it is worth, in opposition to any investigation.

But French Canadians, if they are wise, will not shoulder the odium of refusing to inquire into the causes which have led the city into its present position. Their interest in the matter is greater than that of the minority. Not only are they interested as ratepayers, but as the ruling element their reputation for honesty is at stake. If the agitation against investigation which may be raised by interested newspapers and individuals were to take such proportions as to influence the government to refuse a commission of enquiry, it would indeed be a sad blow to the prestige of French Canadians as public-spirited citizens, as well as to the cause of municipal reform. Enquiries, whatever other result they may bring, always have the beneficent effect of arousing the people for a time at least.

French Canadian.

BELATED LOVE.

LONG time she waited for sweet Love to come,
And trembled to a lute that oft she played,
And poppy shards amidst her hair arrayed,
And dreamt of bliss; but, for her speech, was dumb,
And, hoping ever, listened to the hum
Of golden bees that in her garden strayed;
And, waiting ever, she was not dismayed
When cruel years had left her ardor numb.

But one day, to her bower, a stranger came;
Of ruth or love his visage bore no trace,
His brow was furrowed and his eye was stern;
But, seeing her, he kissed her withered face.
Straightway her pallid cheek began to flame
And forth she fared with Death to Love eterne!

Franklin Gadsby.

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CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

IT is strange to have to write of Newfoundland among "Foreign Events," but no other part of the British Empire so truly falls under that category, for its western shore might as well be foreign territory for all the advantage Newfoundland derives from it. An instructive chapter could be written on the lack of vision displayed by British diplomacy in the past, and what is known as the French shore in Newfoundland would be one of the paragraphs in it, and the long curtain by which Alaskan territory shuts out the Canadian Yukon from the ocean would be another.

I have been trying to think of any other geographical parallel on the face of the earth to this Alaskan one, but nothing occurs to me except that Dalmatian veil which Austria interposes between the Adriatic and some of the former Provinces of the Turkish empire. The aggravating thing about the French shore question is not so much that such an arrangement was ever made as that it has been constantly interpreted so as to make it ten times a greater grievance than it ever need have been. If French rights under the treaty had been strictly confined to what a fair interpretation of it called for, there would have been no French shore question. It is a monstrous reading of the treaty to say that it dooms the west shore of Newfoundland for all time to come to silence and desolation. Yet that is the inevitable result of the version of it that in the past the French and English authorities have combined in enforcing. Along a coast where no man can acquire a real title to land or even a lease that is of any use to him, there of course can be no settlement, no progress, no civilization.

It is difficult to get people to believe in Newfoundland. If there had been any good in it there would have been some stir there before now, they say. But if the disabilities under which the colony has been stifled are considered, there is only room for surprise that it is alive at all. Newfoundland is the headquarters of one of the great fishing areas of the world, and it would be easy to figure the untold gold that lies in its annual sea-harvest. But this bounty of nature instead of showering blessings on the Island has been transmuted into its curse. The history of the colony is largely a record of the



DRAWN BY KAHRS.

SIR JAMES WINTER, K.C.M.G.
The Premier of Newfoundland.

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DRAWN BY KAHRS.

THE RT.-HON. SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, BART.
The New Leader of the British Liberal Party.

determination of the fishing companies to make it a fishing station and nothing else. Any other form of industry was discouraged, and I would like to know of any fishing community the wide world over that does not constantly alternate from profitless plenty to gaunt famine. The fisherman has usually but one string to his bow, and when that snaps he is defenceless. His crude attempts at cultivating the soil are a libel on husbandry, and if the settlement of Newfoundland depends on the fishing interests the work will not be much further advanced than it is now when the horn of Gabriel is heard pealing from the heavens. You might as well expect an oyster to move inland as expect a fisherman, or even a fisherman's sons, to leave the seashore. His very life is fatal to day-in-and-day-out hum-drum industry. For the development of the soil, therefore, which must be the basis of permanent stability in any country, we must look to settlers who are farmers and not fishermen.

So far Newfoundland has not been able to get this class of settlers. Whether other countries were more desirable and attractive, it is certain that they were able to bring their desirability and attractiveness more prominently before home-seekers in Europe than Newfoundland was with its feeble means and its restricted or altogether absent machinery or organization. In the meantime there would be periodical reports of the failure of the fisheries and the existence of starving fishermen along the mist-shrouded shores of the devoted island. Such a reputation was of course fatal to its chances of drawing population.

The fishing interest and the way it was conducted was responsible for this. The credit system sat like a blight on everything. The fisherman every season went to work with a "dead horse" for ballast to his boat. If the season's catch promised him an excess over and above this "dead horse" he might show some activity. If not he had no more interest in the subject. And so the Island staggered along on the brink of bankruptcy and starvation until in —what year was it—1894, I think, it toppled over, and the world's attention was once more called to its deplorable condition, and it went around among the respectable communities with a most disreputable black eye.

Now the French shore had nothing to do with this. The fault lies at the door of a commercial clique which has been determined from the earliest times to fasten Newfoundland, a helpless and famished Mazeppa, to the back of the fishing industry. The debacle of 1894 pretty well smashed this fish

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ring, and on the whole the mercantile condition of the Island is sounder. What is wanted, however, is a farming or grazing population. Here is an island lying in the temperate zone with a large extent of unsettled lands, how large they have not even had the enterprise or means to ascertain, waiting for population, and yet there are thousands, aye, millions, of landless people in the world. The European market, but especially that of the United Kingdom, is the goal of the producers in all ends of the earth. In distant Australia and New Zealand the shepherd tends his sheep and thinks how much the wool and mutton will be worth in London. In Ontario and Quebec the dairyman collects his milk, wondering if the price for cheese and butter will hold until his shipments get across the ocean. Out on the prairie the farmer turns the furrow with the Liverpool grain quotations in his mind. But all are far away from the desired goal. In some cases long railway journeys divide the products from the sea, and the cost of carriage leaves the cultivator but little margin to reward his toil.

But here is an Island in the Atlantic Ocean where the furthest acre is not 150 miles from tidewater. With virgin soil and free land the settler in Newfoundland, within reach of a railway and only a few days' sail from his ultimate customer, ought to be in a position to do well.

If it is asked why Canada should assume the burden of Newfoundland, it can only be answered that the desire to improve things is strong among people of our strain. We would feel sufficiently rewarded if in a few years we could see patches of green meadow checkering the forest in the oldest colony. What would Newfoundland gain? She would, of course, in turn take up her share of our burdens, but her connection with a modern community, her acquisition of our extensive machinery for immigration and colonization, of our exploring and surveying organization could scarcely fail to improve our knowledge of the Island's resources and to supply settlers when the best locations for settlement are ascertained. Let us hope that thousands of home-seekers will in the future have occasion to bless the day when Newfoundland became a part of Canada.

The French shore question is, of course, not settled, but Canada in possession might help to settle it. A treaty that imposes desolation on a country is self-condemned. France indeed appears to be the sport of fate just now. Like the limed tiger, the more she endeavours to wipe away the



DRAWN BY GOODE.

MAJOR-GENERAL OTIS.

Commanding the United States Army in the Phillipines.

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DRAWN BY GOODE.

JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

The New York Lawyer who was recently appointed United States Ambassador to Great Britain. He is a graduate of Harvard, has made a fortune out of law, and is a witty after-dinner speaker.

scandals of the Dreyfus affair the more they stick and accumulate and the more blinded and enraged the country becomes. The resentful and defiant attitude of the army chiefs becomes more marked day by day, and anti-Semitism is a synonym for patriotism.

As one reads the menacing language of the more disreputable representatives of the French newspaper press, the publications that circulate by the hundreds of thousands among the turbulent masses that fed the Revolution, one is compelled to reflect on the possibilities to which this undisguised hatred may lead. There is a strain of innate savagery in all peoples, but the history of France leaves us in no doubt as to what may happen when the child of the barricade casts away his fear of the gendarme and the judge. "Is there danger of a second St. Bartholomew's eve?" a sober English paper asks, and when we appraise all the inflammable material lying about we cannot with any assurance return a negative answer to the question. "Two peoples dwell in France," said Bismarck on one occasion, "the French and the Parisians. The former love peace. The latter write the newspapers and seek to pick quarrels, which the other then has to fight out." We are justified in thinking that a massacre of Jews in Paris is impossible as we stand here at the gateway of a new century; but, with a sullen and angry army and a press of unexampled violence virtually egging the people on to bloodshed, we may wake up some morning to find civilization humiliated and disgraced.

On the top of her other troubles comes the death of President Faure. At the moment of writing, M. Loubet has been elected in his stead. M. Loubet appears to be a public man of the Halifax type. In the presidency of the Senate he has been able to keep aloof from the turmoil of the day. The fact, however, that the disturbing element regards his election with aversion gives hope that the representatives made a good choice. But what can the President do while the civil arm is paralyzed by fear of the mailed fist of the army? "Let justice be done though the heavens fall," is a trite saw, but it is one which, if boldly enforced by a courageous man who thought more of his country than of himself, might save France from the awful scenes towards which she seems to be hurrying.

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman has assumed command of the Liberals in

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Parliament, and has, so far, acquitted himself so well as to infuse a feeble thrill of coherency into the disorganized mass of English Liberalism.

American proceedings in the Philippines have led the curious to draw parallels between Aguinaldo and Washington, between McKinley and George III. I do not think the parallel will be carried out to the extent of the achievement of their independence by the Filipinos. It is worth while pointing out, though, that a hundred and thirty years ago Franklin, the agent of the revolted colonies, was safe in London, but that Agoncillo, the Filipino ambassador, had to fly from Washington in these days of full-fruited liberty, apparently as if he were in danger of his life.

John A. Ewan.

CARELESS HISTORICAL WORK.

THE fourth volume of "Canada: An Encyclopædia," has recently been issued, and contains in its more than 500 pages much information, some of which is of the highest value (so far as it goes in the necessarily condensed form in which it is published), and some of which is not only valueless but is mischievous and misleading. I shall in as few words as possible draw the attention of your readers to some of the defects just referred to. Let us turn to page 464, where begins what the editor is pleased to term the "History of the 100th Regiment." Now this "history" (?) is not the entire work of the editor. In a foot-note he is so kind as to tell the public that he is "indebted mainly for these facts to the very careful history of the regiment, contained in *The Montreal Star*, of March 21st, 1896." The paper just referred to ought to be more than grateful to the editor of "Canada" for this testimonial. There is no doubt it was given in good faith and that the editor, when he clipped the account from the *Star* and inserted this "very careful history" in his fourth volume, believed what he was saying. The only fault to be found with this statement of the editor is this, that it is absolutely incorrect, and that he, by adopting what he found in the Montreal paper, and publishing it as correct, actually vouching for its authenticity in fact, has given to the Canadian public a so-called history of the 100th Regiment which is not only useless but misleading.

Take, for instance, the following statement: "Lieutenant-Colonel Baron de Rottenburg, an old army officer, then doing service as Adjutant-General of the Militia of Lower Canada, was appointed to the command of the new regiment." In the first place, De Rottenburg was Colonel, not Lieutenant-Colonel, and was Adjutant-General for Upper Canada and not Lower Canada. The first mistake is merely technical, but the second is simply inexcusable.

Again, after speaking of the Canadians who were given commissions, the article says there were six captaincies, six lieutenantcies and four ensigncies bestowed, besides a majority. This is also wrong. They were five captaincies, eight lieutenantcies, and five ensigncies, in addition to the majority, —another very pretty blunder in this "very careful history."

But this is only a beginning of the mistakes. The article gives the names of the first captains and lieutenants, and leaves out the ensigns, medical officers, paymaster and quartermaster, *in toto*. This is, for a "very careful history," at least singular, yet it is but a portion of the blundering; for of the six captains' names given one is wholly wrong, Captain Bruce never having been in the regiment, and of the others two are mis-described. Two of the names of Canadian lieutenants are left

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out altogether; they were Lieutenants Darbishire and Rykert, while the fact that Colonel de Rottenburg was a Canadian, had seen service during the Rebellion of 1837 and was the first native Canadian who ever commanded an Imperial regiment, is never even mentioned.

Once more. This history, speaking of Major Dunn, says he was "a brave Canadian, then retired from the army and living in Toronto, who had won his commission and the Victoria Cross for gallantry at the famous charge of the Light Brigade." It is hard to write quietly about such nonsense as is here contained. Dunn was both brave and a Canadian, but he was a lieutenant in the 11th Hussars at Balaclava, and won nothing, not even a step in rank, beyond the V.C. "Won his commission!" Why, he had been more than two years an officer in the army when the Crimean war broke out.

"The other commissions in the regiment were distributed among officers transferred from existing regiments in the army, *most of them on promotion for service during the Crimean war.*" So says this "very careful history;" and please let the reader remember that the italics are mine. There were besides Major Dunn four Crimean officers in the 100th, namely, Lieutenants Lee, Coulson, Lamb and Ensign Moorsom. Not one of these gained anything by being gazetted to the 100th; they were of the same rank in the corps they were transferred from as they were in the 100th. No officer of any rank obtained a commission in the 100th for services in the Crimea, but Lieutenants Cook, Clery and Browne, V.C., of the 32nd Regiment were gazetted to captaincies therein for their gallantry and devotion at the defence of Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny of 1857-58.

There are yet more blunders in this "very careful history." The Canadian recruiting depot in Toronto was under the command of Captain John Clarke, not of Lieutenant Fletcher; the latter was subaltern to the former.

Again, neither Lieutenants Fletcher nor De Bellefeuille left the 100th in 1861, but they did in 1863; while it is simply ludicrous to say the regiment was reorganized in Montreal. Disorganization in a British regiment means mutiny, and there was never anything of that kind in the 100th. What is meant is, that there was a change in command. Lastly, before I pass on to other matters, let me remark that the Trent affair occurred in 1861, and not in 1866, as is related in this "very careful history."

That is a very large quota of blunders in one article of little more than 2,000 words, but it by no means exhausts the mistakes in the remainder of the military portion of the volume. On page 478, the "Trent affair in 1862" is spoken of, though elsewhere it gives 1866 as the date, as well as the correct one, namely, 1861. On page 487, "the death of Colonel Williams in the famous charge at Batoche" is mentioned. Colonel Williams was a brave soldier and a Christian gentleman, but he died early in July, 1885, from sickness, on board a river steamer on his way home from the Northwest.

Once more. On page 493, in a biographical sketch, the "Body Guards" are spoken of as existing in 1838. The "Governor-General's Body Guard" only got that title some thirty years later.

Again, on page 514, a well-known public official of Toronto is described as being educated at Upper Canada College, a scholastic establishment he never entered. There are numerous other mistakes which it would take up too much space to enumerate, while it is refreshing to turn to the paper on "The Northwest Rebellion of 1885," by Lieutenant-Colonel Mason, and read its contents. It is by far the best condensed account, so far given, of this historic event, and the writer is to be congratulated on his success. The excellence of the Mason article does much to mitigate the blunders and mistakes in the other portions of the editor's notes.

Thos. E. Champion.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

RUDYARD KIPLING, the legitimate successor of the minstrels of pre-printing days, has given the Anglo-Saxon race a new song, entitled "The White Man's Burden." He tells the people of Great Britain and of the United States that they have a duty to perform. He cries to them:

"Take up the white man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons in exile
To serve your captives' need."

He sees the new races of Africa, Asia and Central America being brought under Anglo-Saxon rule, and the work which the white races must do in civilizing the uncivilized:

"Take up the white man's burden—
No iron rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things."

He endeavours to impress the Anglo-Saxons with a sense of their responsibilities. They must toil, and lead and educate. They must not seek "easy, ungrudged praise," but do their work with an unswerving devotion to their ideals.

It is a wonderful sermon, this poem of Kipling's, and will tend to impress upon the two great English peoples the size and importance of the task they have undertaken in acquiring control over great nations of uneducated people. It impresses each individual, also, with a feeling that he is not living for himself alone, but for a divine order of things in which years are but seconds, and nations but units. Indirectly it denounces selfishness and greed, and sets up noble ideas in their stead.

This broad view of life may serve to indicate to Canadians some of their shortcomings. The Canadian people have a burden to bear, and they are bearing it none too wisely. This is due, perhaps, to the narrowness of our national view. We are proud of our British origin and connection, but we lack the British breadth and enterprise and patriotism. Possessed of the northern half of a continent richly endowed by nature, we are not developing it as we might. The average Canadian is slow to move except in one direction, and that is from the country to the city. For this reason our development is not fast. The land needs more settlers, the mines more developers, each national industry more enterprising workers.

Perhaps our greatest need is more confidence, more optimism. Few persons would be daring enough to accuse us of self-glorification—except in our postage-stamps. But as a people we need more pride—that pride which begets faith. We need as much faith in ourselves collectively as we now have in ourselves individually. Taken singly we are very fair specimens of the slow Britisher. Taken collectively we lack the confidence of the dwellers in the British Isles. Our development of muscle and brawn has not been accompanied by a proper development of nerve—that particular kind of nerve which generates restless energy and indomitable perseverance.

True, the burden is not wholly neglected. There is some development abroad. The Rossland District, the Atlin District, and the Yukon District—these are names which are new yet familiar to the world. There are many adventurous spirits in these new regions, and a few of these men are

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Canadians. The three-year-old city of Rossland contains 1,250 working miners, and during 1898 sent from the camp ore to the value of nearly three million dollars. This is but one camp of the many. Some men are drawing the prizes, and Canada's yearly addition to the world's wealth is steadily growing larger.

The great Canadian West needs settlers. Our Government does not apparently recognize that Canadians have the necessary patient energy to change the wild plain to the smiling, cultivated gardens of civilization. Hence, they import the Doukhobor, the Galician, the Icelander, and they say to those of our Canadians who have already settled there: "Invite these foreigners to your day-schools, your Sunday-schools, your church socials and your evening gatherings. Marry your sons and your daughters to the daughters and the sons of these uneducated, simple-minded folk. Their traditions may be different from ours, but the new families will build up new traditions. Their ideas of government are not ours, but they will come around in time. Your grandchildren may speak broken English, but you will have the satisfaction of knowing that, after your death, your great-grandchildren will probably speak almost as you speak to-day."

This is the insulting and disheartening immigration policy we have been pursuing for years. Every foreigner who goes into the Canadian North-West is likely to be the cause of one Canadian deciding not to go there. No white Canadian will care to go upon a farm when he knows that his neighbour on the right will be a Galician and that on the left an Icelander. We must change this policy. We must stop this influx of foreign immigration.

But that is not enough. We must inaugurate a Canadian migration from the East to the West to displace that from the North to the South. Each Canadian must constitute himself an immigration agent, in order that every citizen in the older Provinces who can be induced to go West shall do so unless wisdom plainly says that he is needed where he is. The land is plentiful and bountiful; the government is the same there as in the East; there is the same division into country and town and city; there is more fresh air and there are more opportunities for such labour as will not deaden the faculties.

Our immigration policy is not the only one which requires changing. Agriculture is not the only industry which is being injured by a poorly-conceived governmental policy. Yet, to discuss the matter further would be to run into a political discussion. It is sufficient to say that the only hope for rapid improvement lies in the people themselves. They must not be content with the present state of prosperity, but must strive for improvement in every direction. "Demos is king," thundered Principal Grant in a recent speech; but of what use is a king who does not conceive and carry out improvements, who inaugurates no reform, who stimulates no progress?

The article on St. John, N.B., in this issue, shows what one Canadian city can do if its citizens have a definite common aim and unlimited perseverance. If one Canadian city can accomplish so much, forty Canadian cities can accomplish more than forty times as much. A country with a definite aim, with thoughtful leaders can do a great deal. Our burden is to make Canada a great country, filled with happy, contented, prosperous people; to make the northern half of this continent a new Britain—with several patented improvements.

One drawback at the present time is the loose state of political morality which obtains at Ottawa. The leaders of both political parties lack breadth and depth. They are time-servers. They seek the power, the praise, the profit of the moment, rather than the good of the future. They live not for the good which they can do, but for

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the good which can be done to them. We need broader-minded public men. We need them badly.

Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that our public men are almost as perfect as the people they represent. King Demos has little conscience. Public opinion is not very acute. A Liberal leader, through a Liberal press and a thorough party organization, can move the people to approve of almost anything. So can a Conservative leader. The voter is not a unit; he is a crowd. As such he can be swayed and driven. The office-holder and the office-seeker is abroad in large numbers, and his work is more for himself and the party than for the country.

The article signed "A French Canadian" shows how the lack of a public conscience is affecting our much-vaunted municipal government. Our cities are being handed over to wire-pullers, ward-heelers and vote-controllers. Men of education, men with liberal minds, men with wealth and leisure will not fill the position of mayor or alderman. They find that the people will vote only for the penniless man, he who goes from house to house seeking votes, who is a Protestant to-day and a Catholic to-morrow, a Conservative to Conservatives and a Liberal to Liberals. These small men secure office, and are then the prey of the greedy and the selfish. The promoter of a new franchise buys them at ridiculously low prices. The City Council of Toronto once sold a valuable franchise out of which the promoters made four millions of dollars, while the aldermen who sanctioned the sale were bought with less than a hundred thousand. Toronto has built a new City Hall at a cost of nearly three millions. Out of this amount the city got about a million and a quarter in building-value, the contractors and architect nearly another million, and the aldermen a few paltry thousands. A "French Canadian" shows that a similar state of affairs exists in Montreal.

What is the remedy for this weakness in our political and municipal systems? I must confess that it is difficult to suggest anything but education. Talk to the people who are careless and endeavour to teach them to realize the necessity of voting against party, against friend, against acquaintance, if the public good is to be served. But who is to do this talking? Every man who values the country's welfare, the nation's good name, the verdict of history, more than he values the dollars and pleasures of the moment. There are earnest citizens in every part of this Dominion. Let them take fresh courage, gird themselves afresh for the conflict, and the day of the boomster, the boodler, and the pea-nut politician will soon pass away. It cannot be done in one year, nor in five years, but it can be done. Yet in the doing, many good men must sacrifice themselves. No principle of truth and righteousness was ever established without many sacrifices.

To change the subject. Some readers of "The Canadian Magazine" have been complaining that the serial story, "Aneroestes, the Gaul," ended too abruptly. The abruptness was of the author's making, not of the editor's. The story ended in the Magazine exactly as it does in the book. The hero and the heroine escape safely. What more could a reader desire?

John A. Cooper.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A LIFE OF HENRY DRUMMOND.

IN a recent novel the author undertakes to exhibit the difficulties of withstanding the temptations which waylay the successful man. George Adam Smith, in his life of Henry Drummond,* says that the author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," and the "Ascent of Man," passed through "two of the greatest trials to which character can be exposed. At twenty-three he was surprised by the fame of his own eloquence. Crowds of men and women hung upon his lips; innumerable lives open their secrets to him." This was his first trial. At thirty-three his first book brought another world to his feet; "the great of the land thronged him, his social opportunities were boundless, and he was urged by the chief statesman of our time to a political career." Through both these trials he passed unscathed. Such as these are the tests of greatness. Sudden success has withered some of the world's finest characters.

It is as a religious enthusiast and as a writer of religious books that Drummond is best known. His biography shows him to have been much more than this. He was a traveller with keen powers of observation. In the Western wilds of America, the unexplored regions of Central Africa, the cannibal inhabited New Hebrides he gained a knowledge of all manners and conditions of nations, customs and men. His observations may be found in part in this biography and in part in his book "Tropical Africa."

Henry Drummond was born in Stirling, Scotland, in 1851. As a boy he was noted for his proficiency in athletics and his penchant for fishing. From the High School, he went to Edinburgh and graduated in Arts in 1870, his branch having been Mental Philosophy. He then proceeded to study Divinity at New College. In the meantime, however, he was practising with much success public speaking and writing. He studied hard, took great interest in natural science and read Ruskin, George Eliot and Carlyle. In 1873 Moody and Sankey visited Great Britain. They created a great stir in Scotland. Drummond was drawn into the evangelistic work—a work which in various forms he kept up during nearly the whole of his lifetime.

His life, as told by Mr. Smith, is most interesting and instructive. There are few, if any, dull pages in this five-hundred-page volume, and the style is much ahead of the ordinary biographical writing.

THE NORTH POLE.

For centuries scientists and explorers have desired to know whether ice or water capped the northern end of the earth. Nansen in his famous trip, which commenced in the spring of 1893 and ended a little more than three years later, certainly went farthest north, reaching on April 7th, 1895, 86° 13.6' north latitude. He set sail from Norway on the *Fram* and continued in it until February, 1895, when he and Lieutenant Johansen, with dogs and sleds, left the boat and proceeded over the frozen fields of ice. On April 8th they turned back, having performed all they dared. Lieutenant Johansen has now told his story of this

* Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Company. Cloth, $2.00.

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famous trip in a beautifully illustrated volume, entitled "With Nansen in the North."* His account is a plain, unvarnished tale of a trip which must have tested the endurance and courage of two men in a way which has been seldom equalled. For three years they never saw a stranger, and for about sixteen months Nansen and Johansen lived alone on the ice-fields without meeting a human being. Not many Canadians would like to undergo such an experience, and Nansen and Johansen deserve all the praise and glory which has come to them. No book can do justice to such an experience, and Johansen attempts no dramatic writing. He recounts the events of that three years, and leaves everything else to the imagination of the intelligent reader.

ROMANCE IN NATURE.

Grant Allen has attempted novel-writing without marked success. He is a novelist, but not a great novelist. When he publishes such a book as "Flash-lights on Nature,"† we see him in his truer and better colours. He is a scientist, a charming scientist. He tells us of curious animals and plants in a most romantic style, and works his facts into a story which is as enticing as any novel. Take an example:

"Nature is rich in tragedies; but somehow, the tragedies which are long familiar to us cease to be tragic. We accept them as merely picturesque little episodes in our daily existence. Nobody is astonished, for example, when a cat plays with a mouse before killing it. And I know of no instance which impresses the ordinary observer so much at sight as the first time when, wandering accidentally through some peaceful copse or wood, he finds himself face to face with that hateful hoard, a butcher-bird's larder.

"For what the cat does with the mouse for a few short moments, that the butcher-bird does with it through long, lingering days and nights of agony. He impales his mouse alive on the stout thorn of some May-bush, and keeps it there, maimed but struggling, or slowly dying, for a week at a time, until he has need for it as food for himself or his family."

This is a wonderful book which should be in the little library of every boy whose parents desire him to grow up observant and enquiring.

THE AUTHOR OF ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

Very few books have had the sale of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland." The real name of the author was the Rev. C. L. Dodgson, who was born in 1832, at Davisbury, near Warrington, England. It was an out-of-the-way place, and young Dodgson had to invent his own games. "He made pets of the most odd and unlikely animals, and numbered certain snails and toads among his intimate friends." His education was begun early, and, as was the custom, he began writing Latin verse at the age of twelve; at seventeen he was editor of a local magazine. He afterwards went to Oxford where he further distinguished himself as a writer, and became acquainted with such men as Tennyson and Ruskin. He also became acquainted with three little girls by the name of Liddell, one of them being the original Alice. His story of "Alice in Wonderland" was begun under a different name to please these little girls. The story was afterwards written out for their pleasure, and finally published on the suggestion of George Macdonald, the author, a friend of Mr. Dodgson. The first edition was illustrated by Mr. Tenniel (now Sir), the leading artist of to-day on London *Punch*. Mr. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) was an enthusiastic photographer and a very fair artist. His "Life and Letters,"‡ the book which has just been written by his nephew, Mr. Collingwood, and which has drawn forth these remarks, is full of reproduction of these two arts of his. Mr. Dodgson died on January 14th, 1898. "Alice in Wonderland" is his greatest work, but he has written and published many other monographs, volumes of verse, and more serious books.

* Toronto: George N. Morang & Company.
† Toronto: William Briggs.
‡ Toronto: George N. Morang & Company.

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A JUBILEE REPORT.

A most valuable volume has just been published by the Minister of Education for Ontario, in commemoration of The Toronto Normal School Jubilee Celebration, held on Oct. 31st and Nov. 1st and 2nd, 1897. To the general reader the sections giving the reminiscent speeches and the educational addresses will be the most interesting. The sketch of the Normal School by the late Thomas Kirkland is a valuable bit of history; that of James L. Hughes on "The School of the Twentieth Century" is well worth perusing. The other two addresses are even more enticing. Dr. Sangster compares Ontario educationally with the conditions of fifty years ago, and clearly indicates the progress made. Dr. Robins of Montreal writes of "Protestant Education in Quebec," prefacing his remarks on the subject by a glowing reference to the picturesque beauties of that Province, and to the varied origin of its people—1,300,000 of the 1,500,000 being Roman Catholic in religion.

"This people live for the most part in a calm, patriarchal simplicity that is unknown elsewhere on this restless continent. Frugal, thrifty, shrewd, gay, polite sons of the soil, they marry early, have very large families, are content with little, are cheerful in adversity, joyous in prosperity, live long and die resignedly. It will not be wise of you, because they now sit in quietness and obscurity under the easy rule of their priesthood, to under-rate their strength or to undervalue their many excellent qualities. They have a capacity for being led, an unquestioning loyalty to competent leaders, to leaders who can reach their springs of action, which in many times of storm and stress have great advantages over the less easily organized individualism of men of the Germanic races."

MORE OF FRENCH CANADA.

It is easy to pass from Dr. Robins' address to William Parker Greenough's "Canadian Folk-Life and Folk-Lore,"* a book which deals exclusively with the French-Canadian—the true, the only Canadian in his own eyes. Mr. Greenough describes these people very well indeed, although his analysis is not very deep. Their marriages, festivities, chansons, conveyances, amusements, occupations and other characteristics are described exceedingly well, the simplest important detail being given due attention. Mr. Greenough has become very enthusiastic over this peculiar people whom he discovered in his travels, and his enthusiasm has led him to carefully chronicle their eccentricities. Of the *habitant* he says:

"His wants are few and his tastes of the simplest, so that he manages to feed his numerous children, pay his dues to Church and State, and have a decent suit of clothes for Sundays and holidays. He must be very poor indeed, if he cannot make a respectable appearance at church. It is a matter of religion with him. He works less steadily and with less intelligence than the New Englander, but is twice as well satisfied with what he gets, and probably quite as happy and contented. He makes but little progress in any direction, but feels not the slightest uneasiness on that account."

But this is a wonderfully clever and informing book, and every Canadian, who is not a French-Canadian, will enjoy it. It contains many reproductions of portraits, photographs and drawings, showing characteristic persons, places and things. The book is also valuable in what it omits, for there is no description of the city of Quebec itself—much to the delight of some weary palates. One author was wise in confining himself to a study of the rural districts.

NEW NOVELS.

"The Town Traveller," by George Gissing,† is a London story dealing with the lower middle classes. Mr. Gammon, a commercial traveller, is a most amusing character, and one not to be soon forgotten. He is always happy,

* New York: George H. Richmond. Cloth, illustrated, 200 pp.
† Florin Series: George N. Morang & Company, Toronto.

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always humourous, usually vulgar and often generous to his own detriment. Polly Sparkes sells theatre programmes, quarrels with her landlady and her relations, makes those around her as worried as she possibly can. Her choice of a husband is most peculiar and all her doings are equally mysterious. In fact, the book is full of mystery, softened here and there by clever and humorous dialogue. Yet the book is not great—only one of the larger class of passable fiction.

The most talked-of novel of the last three months is "Aylwin," by Theodore Watts-Dunton,* an almost unknown name in fiction. Nearly all the leading novelists of to-day are British, and so is Mr. Watts-Dunton. He is a lawyer, a scientist and a litterateur. For some time he has been a leading critic on the *Athenæum*, and as one writer puts it, "to his task the author brought boundless stores of knowledge, and still better things—a richness and depth of reflection, an originality and freshness of soul, and above all a complete independence of thought which singled him out." Lowell and Swinburne thought him great. He was never a slashing critic, and he is now enjoying as friendly criticism as he was wont to give. As for "Aylwin" itself, it has been written for over a dozen years, and is apparently given to the public with reluctance. Aylwin, the father, is driven into mysticism by the death of his wife, who was drowned in his sight. When dying, he asked that a curse upon any despoiler of his grave should be buried with him. His son, Henry Aylwin, falls in love with Winifred Wynne, whose father desecrates the tomb of the senior Aylwin. The curse settles upon all, until the great-hearted Sinfi Lowell takes the curse upon herself and masters it. Materialism is crushed by being shown to be helpless in the face of death and sorrow and love.

The novel is really a study from life, in life, of life. It is not a cold, artistic presentation such as Maupassant or Howells would attempt; it is more like one of Thackeray's tales, or one of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's. There is a lesson, not forced upon the reader, but indicated by the story. There are digressions, as there are in Thackeray, but these digressions do not represent the feelings of the author only, but of his numerous literary and artistic friends, of whom Rossetti was chief. Yet in spite of the extensive *motif*, in spite of the palpable digressions, the story is bright and interesting. All didactic appearance is prevented by having the whole story written in the words of Henry Aylwin. Only one other word—the Gypsy tinge in the story reminds one of the witch tinge in Miss Wood's serial "A Daughter of Witches."

I cannot think that Charles G. D. Roberts' poetry will ever be popular; I feel sure that his charming history of Canada will some day be surpassed; I trust that one or two of his minor books will be forgotten; but I am hopeful that the future generations of Canadians will appreciate "A Forge in the Forest" and "A Sister to Evangeline"† even more than does the present. These stories are Canadian in spirit, in colour, in tone; and as such they are ours, ours—blood of our blood, bone of our bone. As an example of Roberts' style in his latest volume, the following from pp. 3 and 4 may be taken as a taste:

"By far the smaller portion of my life had been spent in the Acadian village—only my early boyhood, before the years of schooling at Quebec; and afterwards the fleeting sweetness of some too brief visits, that lay in my memory like pools of enchanted leisure in a desert of emulous contentions. My father, tenderest and bravest of all men that I had known, rested in an unmarked grave beside the northern wash of the Peribonca. My uncle, Jean de Mer, Sieur de Briart, was on the Ohio, fighting the endless battle of France in the western wilderness. His one son, my one cousin, the taciturn but true-hearted Marc, was with his father, spending himself in the same quarrel. . . . I wished mightily that their brave hands could clasp mine in wel-

* Toronto: George N. Morang & Company.

† Toronto: George N. Morang & Company.

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come back to Grand Pré. I thought of their two fair New England wives, left behind at Quebec to shame by their gay innocence the corruption of Bigot's court. . . . Yes, I had no kinsfolk to greet me back to Grand Pré, no roof of mine that I should call it home. But friends, loyal friends, would welcome me, I knew."

What an indication of the troublous period in which the scenes of the story are laid! Roberts is an artist. And the story, it is well told. Yvonne—"her wide white lids downcast over her great eyes, her long lashes almost sweeping the rondure of her cheek, she looked a Madonna"—is thoroughly worshipped and idealized as "a sister to Evangeline" should be; for it would have been unfair to Longfellow had the sister been less noble than Evangeline herself.

"The Comte de la Muette,"* by Bernard Capes, is a fantastic tale of the adventures of an aristocrat during the Reign of Terror in France. The style of the author is as weird, as picturesque and as fantastic as the thoughts and actions of that horrifying period. It is a strain on the mind of the modern individual to realize those horrors, and the strain is not eliminated by the author of this book in his choice of language. Had he made his words, sentences and thoughts easy reading, his portraiture of the Comte's adventures would have been unreal. But he makes no such mistake, and the effect is wonderful. He describes, with convincing detail, the feelings of a man of rank pursued by sans-culottism and its disciples, and ties up with his fate that of a charming maiden—a girl who is introduced to the reader in a restaurant, where she goes on calmly picking her partridge, despite the fact that a deputy is run through within a few feet from the table at which she sits. She is called upon later to supply courage and support to the dashing, resourceful Comte, and to share his good fortune in finding a way of escape to a peaceful domicile in England.

THE KING'S RIVALS.

In the year 1660, a fishing vessel from New England was prowling about near the Banks of Newfoundland. Its captain saw a ship on fire and hastened toward it to give assistance. Before he came near it in the night, it vanished. In the morning a boat was picked up containing the corpse of an English gentleman and his living twelve-year-old son. The shock had deprived the boy of all memory, and for years he lived in the colony, unknowing and unknown. Such is the commencement of an entertaining and fairly clever novel, "The King's Rivals," by E. N. Barrow.† The story shifts gradually from Massachusetts to London. "Hal" regains his memory and his name—but only through many intricate happenings.

ONTARIO BIRDS.

The documents issued by the Department of Agriculture for Ontario have a special value because of the broad mind of the Deputy who controls the department. In the latest "Report of the Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes" is embodied a report on "The Birds of Ontario in Relation to Agriculture," by Charles W. Nash, with drawings by the same gentleman. This report is also issued in separate form in a pamphlet of some sixty pages, with thirty-two full page illustrations. Not only is it interesting, but it is one of the most valuable of recent contributions to Canadian ornithology.

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DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE BY ELEANOR DOUGLASS.

EASTER SUNDAY MORNING IN A CANADIAN TOWN.

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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A NEW LINK OF EMPIRE.

BY A RESIDENT OF JAMAICA.

"WE hold a vaster Empire than has been." And we hold it under the double sceptre of Imperial defence and Imperial trade. The more the colonies trade with England and amongst themselves, the firmer is our front towards the nations. This is why I desire to draw the attention of the Canadian people to a notable scheme now being formulated with the object of immensely developing the present exchange of commodities between we West Indians and themselves.

"We know," said Lord Salisbury in 1892, "that every bit of the world's surface which is not under the British flag is a country which may be, and probably will be, closed against us by a hostile tariff, and therefore it is that we are anxious above all things to conserve, to unify, and to strengthen the Empire of the Queen, because it is to the trade that is carried on within the Empire of the Queen that we look for the vital force of our commerce."

Since Lord Salisbury thus expressed the value of colonial empire, we have witnessed a remarkable acceptance of the grand ideal of Imperial Federation, and to Canada the lion's share of the credit is due. She has afforded noble object lessons. Her magnificent imperial speculations, her unswerving faith in her own destiny and in the larger future of the British Empire, constrain Old England's other sons to envious admiration. Her preferential tariff, by stimulating inter-Imperial trade, is more valuable than twenty battleships. She has launched out boldly in the matter of Imperial penny postage; and when the time comes she will be quite ready to pay down on the nail her share of the cost of the all-British Pacific cable. On the principle that one always seeks further favours from the man of proved generosity, I appeal to Canada for another proof of her devotion to the Imperial ideal. Her statesmen and merchants are offered a fine chance of materially benefiting the commercially-depressed, hurricane-swept British West Indies, while at the same time doing a good stroke of business for themselves. The Dominion Parliament generously voted £5,000 the other day towards the relief of the Windward Islands; this is to be regarded, surely, as the earnest, not the measure, of their sympathy with us unfortunate West Indians.

Mr. Eyre Hutson, the private secretary of the Governor of Jamaica, and a young man who will some day play a prominent part in the affairs of the Empire, has formulated a scheme for the establishment in Canada of a West Indian Agency, supported by all the British colonies in the Caribbean, for the purpose of fostering and developing trade relations between these colonies and the Dominion. The scheme has been submitted by the Governor of

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Jamaica to Mr. Chamberlain, who has heartily commended it and forwarded the details to the Governor-General of Canada and the Governors of all the West Indian colonies, in order that they may bring the idea to a practical issue without delay. The desirability of expanding our mutual trade may be judged from the fact that during the year 1896-7 Canada only received British West Indian produce to the value of £248,827, while she consumed commodities we could easily have supplied to the value of over three millions sterling. If we desire to promote tr de within the Empire, we must surely bridge such a disastrous discrepancy as this.

The history of the trade relations between the West Indies and Canada is exceptionally interesting. As may be seen by a glance at the map, the colonies are fairly well situated for mutual commerce. Jamaica, the largest and most important of the islands, is distant from Quebec only about seven days' steaming for a fairly fast boat, and Halifax is of course considerably nearer. The lack of proper steamship communication hampers trade; but, as Mr. Hutson points out, when a disposition is shown to develop trade, the steamers will come fast enough. Nowadays there are plenty of ships for every port with a paying cargo. Canada and the West Indies produce each what the other needs. Our luscious tropical fruits are welcome to you dwellers in the domain of "Our Lady of the Snows," who must naturally grow tired sometimes of your own abundant crops of apples and pears. We welcome in return your timber and salt fish, your flour and Indian corn, your peas and beans. The only product in which the two colonies compete is tobacco, and at the present moment that is by no means a staple in either.

Trade betweeen Canada and the West Indies practically commenced after the United States wrenched their independence from Great Britain. Canada up to that time had been subjected to a certain injustice by the moth r country, and it was then made up for at the expense of the unfortunate West Indies. According to the old system of colonial monopoly, the St. Lawrence was rigidly closed against the entrance of foreign vessels, nor was any Canadian ship allowed to enter a foreign port. This was a gross injustice, but its effect does not appear to have been materially serious. The prosperity of the colony during this period of its infancy was not checked by these restrictions, as the mother country at all times afforded an outlet for its surplus produce. After the United States obtained their independence, their ships were excluded from the ports of the British colonies. Canada, "as a reward for its loyalty to the Crown when the sister colonies to the south rose in rebellion," received the exclusive privilege of supplying the West Indies with timber and provisions. "In this manner," said the late President Wilson, of Toronto, "as the trade of Canada had been confined and shackled for the supposed benefit of the mother country, so now she was rewarded with compensating privileges to the direct injury of the sister colonies of the West Indies. The United States ports were the natural resorts of the West Indies for timber and provisions, their distance from these being about one-half less than from the ports of the St. Lawrence. . . . The West Indian planters were thus laid under contribution for the support of the Canadian shippers and farmers."

Here was a grievance indeed. The West Indies were quite as loyal as Canada, and yet to her was given and from them was taken away. The recent tariff concessions made to us by Canada, in common with other parts of the Empire, by dint of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Imperialistic strivings, are thus seen to be really the reparation of an ancient wrong. Not until 1892 were these oppressive regulations even partially relaxed, and not until 1830 did the West Indies obtain total relief from the Canadian monopoly.

But all this is ancient history. Canada does not present towards us nowadays the attitude of the oppressive

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monopolist. She recognizes that we also are "of the blood," co-heirs in the Imperial heritage. She is already doing much to assist in the development of our commerce. We want her to do more.

Let the position be clear. Reciprocal trade is but the means to the great end of Imperialism. Canada can render the West Indies material assistance of the highest value, her markets can pay liberally for our produce, her capitalists develop our immense latent resources, and the influx of her vigorous blood and northern energy revitalize our depressed community.

It is a good bargain for both parties. These are hard facts, coldly commercial, to be reckoned in dollars. But the movement for reciprocity may be based on higher grounds than mere monetary considerations, and the latter are only urged because one recognizes how inseparably interwoven are commerce and Imperial power. Canada is a great country to which we should be proud to belong. She has a destiny in which we should be honoured to share —a leading part in the world's affairs, a mortgage on the future. Mr. Eyre Hutson's scheme is fraught with larger potentialities than perhaps even he dreams of. Reciprocal trade will encourage a desire for political union. The annexation of the West Indies to Canada would give an immense impetus to Imperial Federation. The federation of the Dominion itself is recognized as a splendid success, and we are hoping to see very soon the federation of South Africa and of Australasia. Why should not the principle be extended to the federation, not merely of the scattered sections of what is practically one colony, but to the political incorporation of groups of colonies competent to offer reciprocal advantages?

Mr. Eyre Hutson has forged another link of Empire. The West Indies in general, and Jamaica in particular, are daily becoming more inspired with the Canadian spirit. You need not blush to own us as brothers. A great statesman of the Dominion has declared that "there is not a man in Canada to-day who would not be prepared to spend his life and fortune to maintain the dignity and honour of the British Empire." I am sure this is as true of the West Indies. The federation of Her Majesty's loyal colonies in the New World would herald that greater federation of the Empire for which all ardent Britons long with increasing fervour. Then shall the poet's ideal become the world's chief political fact:

Also, we will make promise. So long as the Blood endures,
I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours.
In the Day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
That Our House stand together, and the pillars do not fall.

William Thorp.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA.



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THE NICARAGUA CANAL AND THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.

THE VIEWS OF MAJOR-GENERAL STRANGE.*

WHEN the great French engineer made the Suez Canal in spite of England and Lord Palmerston, he shifted back through it the commerce that had since Vasco de Gama toiled round the Cape of Storms. He failed in his effort to break the American barrier between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The ship channel to the East was the dream of Columbus as of the bold explorers of the Arctic passage, and the Antarctic channel of Magellan has proved of little practical value. Whosoever holds the Nicaragua Canal will hold the key of the revolutionized commerce of the world's future. The United States knew what they meant when they took Cuba. As a people we have never known what we meant. A hundred years ago we conquered Cuba with greater loss of men than it has cost the United States, and we gave it back to Spain, *à propos de rien*. We were too short-sighted then to see its command of the future gateway of the Pacific, though Oliver Cromwell, after his conquest of Jamaica in 1655, made systematic efforts to control the transit trade through Nicaragua, by treaties with the Indian chiefs, settlements on the coasts, and the encouragement of the Bluefield buccaneers, Morgan, David, and others.

But it was William Paterson, the shrewd Scot who founded the Bank of England, who also tried to grasp for her what he called the commercial keys of the world, by establishing at the Isthmus of Darien a distributing centre of commerce. The Scots settlement of 1698 was planted in a most unhealthy spot, but, even had the climate been perfect, the opposition of England, whose East India Company feared competition, proved fatal to his success. Our West Indian colonies were forbidden to sell food or supplies to the pioneers.

The Indians, finding they were only exchanging Spanish masters for Scots, devastated the country round, and finally, in 1700, a Spanish squadron landed a large force and laid siege to the colony. Stricken with famine and fever, the remnant of the Scots capitulated with the honours of war, taking with them their arms.

Paterson, like other great men who have wide and bold ideas, was persecuted by the Little Englanders of his day. For, like the poor, "they are ever with us."

Nelson's mind saw the situation; today he would be dubbed a jingo. In 1780 he made an expedition to seize Castillo Viejo, to secure command of the Nicaraguan lakes and the communications between the two oceans, but the rains set in before it was accomplished. Sickness broke out among his men; his own health, always poor, gave way, and the expedition was abandoned.

Humboldt and Goethe both looked for the opening to Europe of "the gateways of the day." Humboldt spent five years, 1799-1804, exploring the isthmus from Mexico to Peru. He proposed five schemes for uniting the two great oceans, and gave the preference to Nicaragua for its abundant lake water supply on the height of land for a canal both ways.

In 1814 the Spanish Cortes decreed the canal should be built. Too late! the Spanish colonies had revolted. In 1825 the United States of Central America decreed the Canal and there was a Congress at Panama, but the constant disturbances, culminating in the dissolution of the Republic of Central America, prevented progress. In

*Major-General Strange lived in Canada for a number of years and distinguished himself in the Rebellion of 1885. He now resides in England. Being an ardent Imperialist, he takes the view that Great Britain should not allow the Nicaragua Canal to come under the control of the United States. In the March CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Prof. Adam Shortt wrote an article expressing almost opposite views.

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1835 the United States Senate passed a resolution in favor of building the canal, and President Jackson sent Mr. Biddle to examine the routes and negociate for a concession. He did neither.

In 1838 Captain Edward Belcher, R.N., ascended the Estero Real for thirty miles, and suggested water communication to Lake Nicaragua from the Gulf of Fonseca on the Pacific side. In 1846 Prince Louis Napoleon while an exile in London published a pamphlet demonstrating the immense advantages of a Nicaragua Canal. Becoming President of the French Republic and Emperor, he was otherwise engaged.

In 1847 the British Government advanced claims to the control of the proposed inter-oceanic waterway, the Atlantic terminus having been in the hands of our protectorate on the Mosquito coast since 1824. An expedition under Captain Lock was sent by the Governor of Jamaica, Sir Charles Grey, to occupy the river and the forts of San Juan del Norte (afterwards Greytown), while the Pacific squadron seized the Isla del Tigre in the Gulf of Fonseca. Captain Lock advanced to Grenada, and the Nicaraguan Government signed a treaty by which it undertook no longer to molest the Mosquito territory, or interfere with the occupation of Greytown. Meanwhile, with the approval of the United States the Nicaraguan Government had also signed a contract with an American firm for the construction of a canal. This concession lapsed. It had never been submitted to Congress. The question was finally arranged by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, 1850, by which "the neutrality of all or any, present or prospective inter-oceanic waterways across Nicaragua, was absolutely guaranteed." The text of the treaty is in the appendix to that admirable work "The Key of the Pacific," by Archibald Ross Colquhoun, from which most of the facts and figures of this article are drawn. He treats the subject exhaustively from an engineering point of view and shows how the great Frenchman De Lesseps erred in thinking he could make a canal on an ocean level, without locks, through the Isthmus of Panama, which is only about 46 miles in width, and with nowhere more than 300 feet height of land. There being no adequate supply of water on the height of land, the bottom of the canal had to be so depressed, that it was flooded and destroyed by the Chagres river during tropical rains. Finally of £52,000,000 subscribed only £28,000,000 was spent on actual work. £24,000,000 disappeared in the pockets of company promoters, journalists, politicians, swindling engineers and contractors. France was torn with angry recriminations, and the great Frenchman died with his last grand scheme. The world owes him a debt of gratitude for the Suez Canal, that other gateway to the East, which England keeps open to the world.

Will the new gateway to the further East be thus kept open, unless Great Britain holds to the rights accorded by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and keeps her duplicate key in her West India Islands? Between the best of friends, partners or relatives, it is desirable that each should keep their respective keys of the mutual safe.

In addition to the motion in Congress to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and make the Nicaragua Canal an American ditch, to be closed at will to Great Britain, and of course to Canada, comes the monstrous demand of the United States to put war ships on the lakes. With what object? Who is the enemy? Are 60,000,000 people of the United States afraid of being conquered by 6,000,000 Canadians? Wolf and lamb! Both Great Britain and America are forbidden by treaty to put war ships on the lakes. It would be a serious drawback to Great Britain to be obliged to lock up a part of her navy in the inland waters of America. When a new-found friend asks to be allowed to put a pistol to your head as a proof of reconciliation, the man or nation that allows it has no brains worth blowing out.

T. Bland Strange,

CAVERSHAM, OXON.

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EASTER AND EASTER LORE.

THE festival of Easter, like many other customs, is the perpetuation of an old usage, which became the rule in the Christian Church in A. D. 68. Easter derives its name from the Saxon goddess Estre, the personification of the East or Spring. In ancient times it was sometimes called the "Sunday of Joy." Easter has always been considered the chief festival of the Christian year. It is the sanctified symbolism of the wonderful resurrection of Christ; but it is also symbolic of the renewal of life in nature.

It is said that "the ancient Athenes celebrated the awakening of the earth and the blossoming time of the year with pipes and pæns of rejoicing, and processions to the violet crowned hill of the Acropolis."

Our Saxon ancestors continued the celebration of Easter for eight days. After the long penitential season of Lent; after the forty days of doing good, and abstinence from public amusements, marriage festivities and other worldly attractions; and after the long winter's burial, when the earth has been wrapped in sombre shades, the people found legitimate gratification in the celebration of the spring festival. It was a season of joy—joy at the wonderful Resurrection, and for the revivication of nature. "For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the time of the singing of the birds is come."

Easter, being a movable fest, does not fall annually on the same day, but the month Nison (or April) seems peculiarly appropriate for this symbolic festival. In eastern countries vegetation is early, and wondrously beautiful, and at this season the lovely blossoms, which the warm sun and soft spring rains have wooed from their long sleep, fill the air with their fragrant odours.

"Blooming to garland Easter,
And strew the King's highway."

This annual awakening and activity of the powers of nature from the death of winter, this "Jubilee of the Universe," (There is an old legend, that the sun dances in the sky on Easter Sunday) typifies a greater mystery than return of bird or blossom. It is deeply significant of the resurrection, and the new and nobler conditions of the future life.

During the Easter festival, in earlier times, slaves received their freedom, the poor and needy were helped and feasted, bonfires were lighted, scenic representations, games, songs and dances were indulged in; even the clergy recited from the pulpit stories and legends, for the amusement of their hearers—an odious custom, against which the reformers of the sixteenth century successfully issued their remonstrance.

A game played with egg-shaped balls of various colours, was a favourite sport in which municipal corporations formerly engaged. The game was kept up with considerable pomp and ceremony, even into the early part of the nineteenth century.

The "Feast of Eggs" has ever been the most popular of the Easter observances. The egg is the ancient symbol of the new birth, and a religious significance has always been given to its use at Easter. The Hebrews use them at their Passover feast, and the Persians present each other with delicately tinted eggs, at a feast which they keep, at a period of the year which corresponds with our Easter. The customs connected with Easter eggs are quaint and interesting.

In Scotland on "Pash Sunday," as they call it, the young people rose early, and went out to the moors to search for wild-fowls' eggs for breakfast, considering it a happy omen if they found them. It is still customary to boil eggs hard, dye them different

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colours, and give them to children to play with on Easter morning.

The writer of "Sketches of Germany and the Germans" observes that "Easter is another season for the interchange of civilities, when, instead of the coloured egg in other parts of Germany, and which is there merely a toy for children, the Vienna Easter egg is composed of silver, mother-of-pearl, bronze, or some other expensive material, and filled with jewels, trinkets or ducats."

Kohl, in his "Russia," gives this account of a visit to the imperial glass-cutting manufactory: "We saw two halls filled with workmen, employed in nothing else but in cutting flowers and figures on eggs of crystal. Part of them were for the Emperor and Empress to give to their courtiers." The red colour, with which the Russian peasants dye their eggs at Easter, is in memory of the blood of Christ, shed for sin.

William Jones, F.S.A., in his "Credulities Past and Present," says: "In Galicia there still lingers a tradition that somewhere far away, beyond the dark seas, there dwells the happy nation of Rakhmane. They lead a holy life, for they abstain from eating flesh all the year round, with the exception of one day, the 'Rakmanian Easter Sunday.' And that festival is celebrated by them on the day on which the shell of a consecrated Easter egg floats to them across the wide sea, which divides them from the land inhabited by ordinary mortals."

The same author quotes the following from "Emilianne": "In Italy the heads of families on Easter eve and Easter day, send great chargers filled with hard boiled eggs to the church to be blessed. The priest having performed the ceremony, every one carries his portion home, and causeth a large table to be set in the best room in the house, which they cover with their best linen, all bestrewed with flowers, and place around about it a dozen dishes of meat. 'Tis a pleasant sight to see these tables set forth in the houses of great persons, when they expose on side tables (round about the chamber) all the plate they have in the house, and whatever else they have that is rich and curious, in honour of their Easter eggs, which by themselves make a fair show, for the shells of them are all painted with divers colours and gilt. Sometimes there are no less than twenty dozen in the same charger, neatly laid together in the form of a pyramid. The table continues in the same posture, covered all the Easter week, and all those who come to visit them at that time are invited to eat an Easter egg with them, which they must not refuse."

There are many myths and legends in regard to eggs, in nowise connected with Easter, but which, nevertheless, are quaint and interesting. "Everything springs from the egg, it is the world's cradle," is an oracle of our forefathers, and according to Chinese supposition Pon-Koo-Wong, a human being which came from a vast mundane egg which had divided itself into two parts, created of the upper portion of the shell the heavens, and of the lower part he made the earth.

The Hawaiians have a superstitious legend that their "island was produced by the bursting of an egg which had been laid upon the water by a bird of great size, presumably the eagle, it being considered of great creative power, and that there was no other land."

An ancient custom, which has seized upon the popular mind of our period, of always wearing something new on Easter Sunday, is whimsically described in the following verse:

"Laste Easter I put on my blue frock coat,
the virst time, vier new;
Wi' yaller buttons aal 'o brass,
That glittered in the zun like glass;
Bekaize 'twer Easter Zunday."

The religious part of the Easter festival in early times consisted mostly in the daily services held in the churches, which were lighted on Easter eve, by immense "Paschal tapers," weighing two or three hundred pounds. On Easter Sunday the people

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saluted each other with the Easter Kiss, (the kiss of brotherhood still obtains in the Russian church), and the exclamation, "Christ is Risen"; receiving the reply, "He is risen indeed." The service being over, the people returned to their worldly affairs or gave themselves up entirely to pleasure.

But a gradual metamorphosis has been going on during the long ages, and the heart of man has been moved to a loftier conception of the true meaning of Easter. In striking contrast to the rustic extravagance which characterized the celebration of Easter in ancient times, the festival of the Resurrection is now celebrated with stately and elaborate ceremonial or the joyous simplicity of genuine piety.

And youth and age and joyous spring unite in triumphant rejoicing.

"To greet the Risen King."

Eva Hamilton Young.

THE FALL OF A GOD.

A GOLDEN idol stood in a fane,
In a gorgeous altar-square;
And suppliants fell at his feet in vain
And left rich offerings there.

And he glistered through his ruby eyes,
His jewels blinked the sun,
While postulants in various guise
Implored him one by one.

And mothers prayed for children dead,
And craved assuagement sweet;
But he held aloft his golden head
While the stricken kissed his feet.

And Ali prayed, "Restore my wife!"
And Mahmoud, "Bless my son!"
But the idol had no part in life,
And answered never a one.

But every pilgrim to the shrine,
Craved he or balm or bliss,
Bedewed the idol's feet divine
With tear or sigh or kiss.

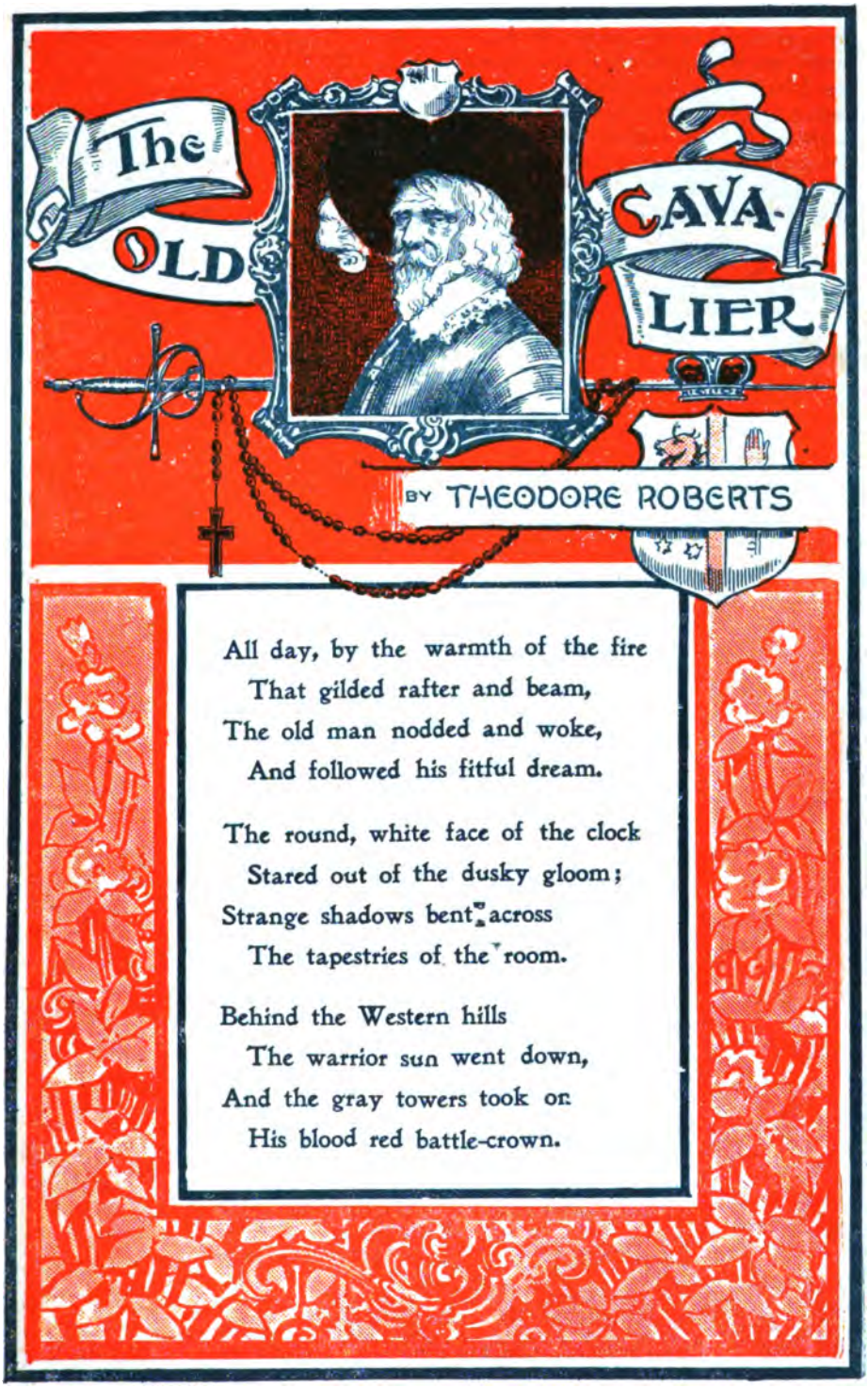
Sweet Lalun, fragile as a leaf,
All wrapt in Love's despair,
Her slumbrous eyes all moist with grief,
Besought the god in prayer.

"Great Ruler of the Perfect Seven,
Who feelest for my pain,
Exalt me to my love in Heaven,
Or give him back again!"

She clasped the idol's feet so fair,
The golden god gave way!
He killed the maid, but heard her prayer!
The idol's feet were clay!

Franklin Gadsby.

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All day, by the warmth of the fire
That gilded rafter and beam,
The old man nodded and woke,
And followed his fitful dream.

The round, white face of the clock
Stared out of the dusky gloom;
Strange shadows bent across
The tapestries of the room.

Behind the Western hills
The warrior sun went down,
And the gray towers took on
His blood red battle-crown.

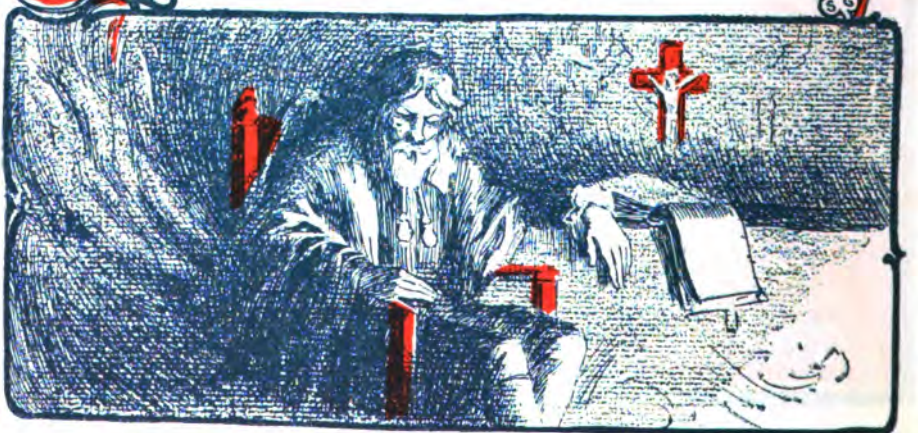
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Outside, on the terrace and lawn
The shades of the yew-trees sprawled,
The pale moon hung in the firs,
Somebody galloped and called.

But the old man gazed and dreamed;
While God, in the shadows there,
Barred the doors of the Now,
And the rooms of the Then laid bare;

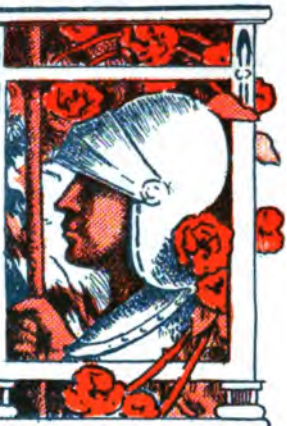
Till the dreamer stood once more
At her shrine, and knelt at her feet,
And knew that the world was good
And his manner of loving complete.



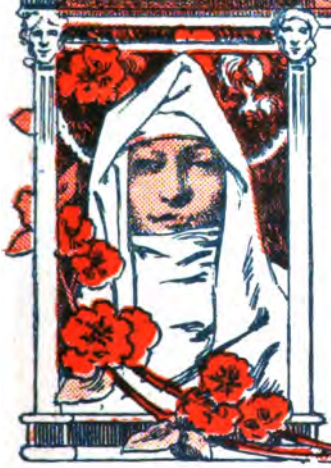
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The years of their comrade life
Came back to his wrinkled brain;
He watched her eyes, love-filled,
And kissed her forehead again,

And her hair like the harvest spoil,
And her lips than wine more red;
Then the awful day when the nurse
Told him his love lay dead.







The boy, with its mother's smile
Came into his shattered heart,
Blithe and brave and true,
Of his very being a part;

'Till a month ago, or an age,
The stripling galloped away
To shout for his Church and King,
And cut and thrust in the fray.

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The oak door swung on its hinges;
Three soldiers entered the room,
The old man leaped to his feet
And peered through the flickering gloom.

He lifted his thin old hands,
"God bless you, my dutiful son,
Is the good King back on his throne,
And the devilish mob undone?"

A trooper stamped with his foot:
"A curse on your old grey head;
"Your papist King is in jail,
"And your dutiful son is dead."

The old man fell by the fire
That reddened rafter and beam.
His brave soul slipped the shadows
And followed his broken dream.

Theodore Roberts.

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The Professor.

HE is a hideous old man, ragged and unclean, whom the frequenters of the Toronto Reference Library know for a strange figure in the reading room, where he often hunts with dirty fingers through the pages of a classical dictionary. He breathes hoarsely with some disease of the throat, and disturbs the whole room with a dry cough repeated at irritating intervals. But he never raises his head there, and the nervous patrons of the place, scowling across the tables at him, see only a greasy muss of hair and beard tangled in discoloured grey.

On the streets his face is more familiar—keen eyes, (the white of them a putrid yellow) scowling sidelong at the curiosity of the passer-by; a complexion unhealthily pitted with black spots, as if of soot; for the rest, coarse hair, as coarse as the beard of a cocoanut. He wears always an old plug hat, faded to the colour of a felt. A frayed ulster is held with a single button on his chest, and he swings one arm insanely as he walks.

That is "the Professor," proprietor of an old bookshop among the Jews on Queen street—to whom mere chance introduced me on a winter's evening. I was looking for an edition of Steele's "Tatler" to match some old volumes of the "Spectator" which I had found in a book store on York street. The Professor's window promised just such another find. I opened his door noisily. There was no counter in his shop. He was reading at a small pine table, and he looked up even with alarm when I came in to him. That face, scowling in the lamplight, was no tradesman's welcome. The place was stifling with evil smells, and musty. I stood with a hand on the knob of the door. He watched me.

"Have you a 'Tatler?' I said—abruptly, but more words would not come to me."

He raised his eyebrows. "Sir Richard Steele?" he asked.



"He swings one arm insanely as he walks."

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"You may find something here."

You must imagine the insinuation of old companionship which the full title carried.

I answered: "Yes, Steele's Tatler;" that I wished it as a companion set for an old "Spectator"; that I had failed to find one in any of the stores.

He took up his lamp and came towards me as I spoke, shading his eyes from the light with a gnarled hand. He wore the frayed overcoat still, for there was no fire in that den of his. I could just see the old grey face in the shadow, and the glitter of his eyes. The chimney of the lamp was smoked, and the light poor. But I could guess that he was scrutinizing me with some suspicion. I waited for him to speak.

"Steele?" he said, "Addison? Do you read those authors?"

I answered that I did.

"Which?" he asked curiously.

It seemed I was on trial. "Oh, . . Swift," I said.

He nodded.

"And Defoe."

He wheezed approval.

"Pope"—

"Pope," he growled. "Good. He's not the style now, eh?—no, not now . . Ah, there was a mind." His sentences were broken with catarrhal snorts of enthusiasm. I could see that I had put him on his hobby. "There was a mind."

I made some fitting answer, and it satisfied him.

"You wanted a Steele," he said, turning to the books. "Well, I haven't one. But"—and he dragged his table over noisily to set the lamp upon it—"look for yourself. You may find something here."

I turned to the shelves. He fingered his beard for a moment's silence while I read the nearest titles. Here were some old Latin texts bound in blackened mahogany and tarnished gold—superseded sciences, philosophies and histories, last century's treatises on metaphysics, some authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and a miscellany of printed waste. Popular literature had apparently no place in his stock.

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"There," he broke in, "there's a rare Boileau—seventeen ten. Addison might have read that. Eh? Yes"—grunting his own answer.

I looked at the Boileau in respectful silence.

"John Locke there"—he pointed with a hooked claw—"there beside it."

I turned to it but said nothing.

"Ah, there," he said, "there. Old Lilly's Latin Grammar. A fine old copy." He reached for the volume, seeing that I made no motion to approach it. "A fine old book. See?" he said, stooping with it to the light, "here's the printer's advertisement . . . See?"

I bent over it with him.

"London," he read, "Printed by J. D., to be sold by Jonathan Robinson, at the Rose and Crown, St. Paul's Churchyard, MDCLXXXIX."

"Sixteen eighty-nine," he snuffled. "Eh? Old Jonathan Robinson. Eh?" and he crackled a dry laugh.

I took the book from him, amused with the increased excitement of his manner.

"I've another by the same printer," he said, turning to run his finger along the shelf. "Let us—let us see. Yes . . . Yes. 'Julian's Arts to Undermine Christianity, together with answers to Constantius the Apostate and Jovian'—By Samuel Johnson."

"Not Doctor Johnson," I protested, for the year was 1689 again.

"No—no," he said, petulantly. "Doctor Johnson? No. Give me that Macaulay, volume two."

I picked it out, and handed it to him.

"Johnson—Johnson," he was muttering, "Volume two, chapter six." He rustled through the leaves. "Yes—yes. Ah, here we are—" and began to read with an impatient lack of continuity, running his finger along the printed lines faster than I could follow. "'His name was Samuel Johnson. He was a priest of the Church of England, and had been Chaplain to Lord Russell' . . . 'was one of those persons' . . . um—m . . . 'had published a book entitled Julian the Apostate.' There! Julian the Apostate. Eh? Was imprisoned. Met Speke. Incited the



"Sweet-hearts in seventeen eighty-three."

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soldiery to revolt. Fined and flogged. There's your Johnson."

He thrust the Macaulay into my hands. I had read about a paragrph when—

"This," he said, taking up the Johnson, "is historic. More than that too it made history—made it," and patted the old leather cover triumphantly.

I laid down the Macaulay to take the other which he was offering to me.

"It is old," he said with a finger upon an inscription on the fly-leaf.

There was written, in an ink long since faded brown: "George Walker, his book. London, March 22nd, 1783. Miss Quinn presents compl'ts to the above person, desires he will behave himself better than he has done this Ev'ing."

He watched my interest as I read. "Sweethearts," he chuckled "Seventeen eighty-three. Sweethearts, eh? Sweethearts in seventeen eighty-three."

He croaked it over like a sarcastic crow. I was studying the dainty writing with its French d's and superfluity of flourish.

"A fair, white hand," he chuckled. "A delicate young piece of flesh. Eh? Eh? A rare coquette—in seventeen eighty-three."

There was something ghoulish in his laugh when you read that old message to an impatient lover: "Desires he will behave himself better than he has done this Ev'ing." Sweethearts in 1783.

"You will sell this," I said.

Without a doubt he would—and did.

That was the beginning of a strange acquaintanceship. I found excuses to call upon him frequently thereafter. His senile animation was amusing. His childish pride in his own useless book-learning—the peculiarity of his manner of life—his very repulsiveness—all served to stir a morbid interest He was thorough in his knowledge of that age of English History and literature which he called the "Classic period"—the age of Queen Anne—and I helped myself gladly to his knowledge at second hand. He had references always ready, and would explain an obscure allusion off-hand. I made good use of him, and he welcomed my visits always. So I came to find him one night with a can of cold liquor on his table, in a state of exaltation which scorned the printed word.

"Thought," he said, with drunken solemnity, "is alive or dead. That"—waving a scornful hand at his stock-in-trade—"that, boy, is dead—cogitatorum cadavera, the husk of thought. The living thought is here"—and he tapped his cranium through the mat of his greasy grey hair.

I answered that I did not understand Latin. He shook his head at my objection.

"Cogito," he said, "ergo sum, I think, therefore, I am. Thought is life. You hear—you understand—but you do not believe. You have not studied metaphysics. I have. You do not believe the truths of metaphysics." He took up the can of beer. "I do," he said.

I nodded with pretended interest, seating myself upon the corner of his table. He wiped the liquor from his lips with a shaking hand.

"I will speak English" he said loftily, "since you think you understand it. Well."—

He laid his forearm flat on the table, and levering on his elbow, slowly raised his hand. Then he looked at me.

"The law of gravity," he explained, "which Newton discovered in sixteen hundred and ninety-five, demands that my hand remain on the table. . . Well. The law of thought which I discovered in eighteen hundred and eighty-five demands that it shall not remain on the table."

He raised the hand again and let it fall. I nodded sagely. He held me with an unvarying eye.

"Gravity," he continued, "is a natural force. My hand lies on the table. Gravity holds it there. Thought draws on the cord. It rises."

The demonstration was even more ludicrously slow and impressive. I could not suppress a smile. He saw it, and he frowned.

"Stand out there," he said; "out there on the floor."

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Seeing that the man was drunk, I thought it best to humour him.

"Put your heels together. Drop your arms. Well. Gravity keeps you there."

He leaned across the table to glare at me with a drunken fixity of gaze that made his face even more unpleasant.

"Gravity keeps you there—keeps you there."

His voice was a hoarse whisper. I held my breath.

"Thought—thought—"

He wrinkled his threatening forehead, drawing down his eyebrows. The hair of his head seemed to move down with them.

"Thought," he whispered, "thought bids you rise."

I swayed and tottered, losing my balance as I supposed. I felt a bit dizzy. He kept his wide, yellow eyes on me—the luminous eyes of a cat.

"Thought," he repeated huskily, "bids you rise."

It seemed that I lifted to tiptoe in an effort to keep my poise. I was light-headed. My feet and fingers tingled.

His face did not move a muscle.

"Thought—thought bids you rise."

The floor sank beneath me, until, with an effort, I could just tap it with a toetip. I gasped a startled breath. I seemed to have lost the power of thought. I felt myself rising in a daze of giddiness. The old man, staring over the table, lifted his horrible eyes slowly, as he sank slowly down. I struggled with myself for words. "Stop," I choked, "Stop. Let me down."

The room came swiftly up at me. I struck stiff-legged on the boards of the floor with such force that the lamp danced and rattled on the table. The jolt jarred me into my senses. I was trembling weakly.

"Now," he smiled, "let us try it together. Thought,"——

I screamed "No," pushing back on the air with both hands, as if the force that had raised me were an arm that I could grapple with—"No—no!"

He blinked at me drunkenly. "Do you believe?" he said.

"Ye-es," I stuttered, "yes."

He turned to reach for another drink of liquor. I turned for the door. I had my hand upon the knob before he saw me. "Come back!" he ordered, in a voice deep and steady. "Come back!"

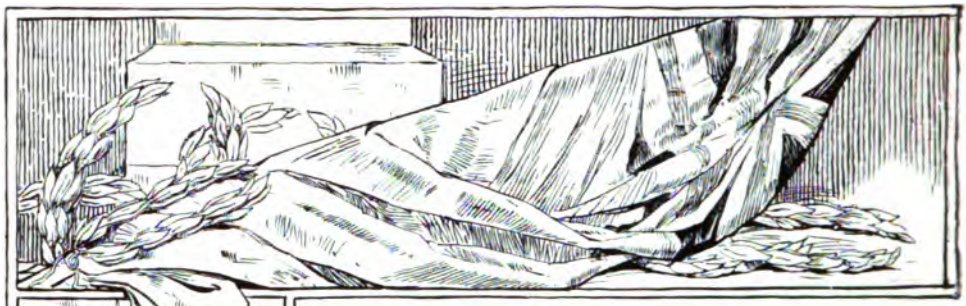
His force drew upon me, but I held to the door-knob. The door pulled open with me. I seized the jamb. My fingers slipped—slipped—and caught in the well of the lock. I drew my body up, clenching my teeth. There seemed to be a suction on my shoulders, on my back, on my legs. I felt as weak as a man wading against a current in water breast-deep. I was panting: "Let me go—let me go." . . . Then the current snapped. I fell forward on the street. A shriek of drunken laughter seemed to thrust me out. . .

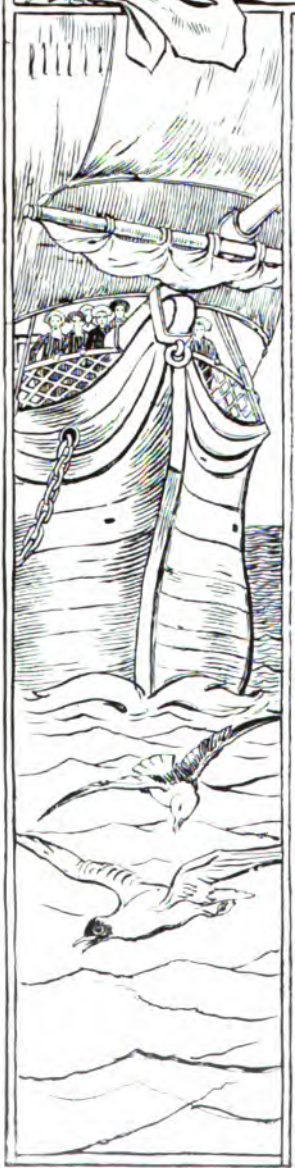
When I stopped running, I found that I had left my hat at the Professor's door where I had fallen. I do not remember that I once thought of returning for it. I was busy calculating how I could get to my own door without attracting too much attention. That walk up the dark back streets, through the frosty night with an uncovered head, slinking like a thief around the circle of the street lights, crossing and recrossing the roadway in the shadow to escape a passer-by, and trembling always with the cold, the nervous shock, the fear that the Professor, with his putrid yellow eyes, was waiting in the darkness to waylay me—I have remembered the terror of it in frequent nightmares since, and it seemed nothing so much as a bad dream at the time.

As for the Professor's demonstration of the natural force of thought—I have described it to an eminent psychologist, and he has pronounced it a mere mesmerism. I am willing to let him keep his theory, rather than disprove it with another experiment.

H. J. O'Higgins.

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THE CHAIN OF EMPIRE.

ROSS BAY CEMETERY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THROUGH grey salt grass, the April breezes creep ;
To your still feet the long blue rollers swing ;
The drowsy sea fowl mutter in their sleep ;
Above your headstones honeysuckles cling,
Flowers of your Eastern home, your English spring.

Silent your camp ! The last camp on that trail
Worn between oceans by your tireless feet ;
Yet where a new sea spreads, where dry lands fail,
Where East and West, where old and new worlds meet,
Your grey nurse welcomes you, your work complete.

Wayfaring children, gathered round her breast,
Your sea nurse murmurs in your slumbering ears
The same brave song that stirred or lulled to rest
The stormy hearts of those, your sires and peers,
Vikings, and Conquerors, and Pioneers,

Whose oaken keels ploughed roads through seas unknown,
To shores unnamed, till English swords had writ
Some word of Empire on them. Far and lone
Like fledgling eagles, England's outposts sit.
'Twas theirs to win ; it has been yours to knit.

Through black battalions, whence the Wood Lords creep,
Whitening with age, towards the peaks of God ;
O'er dizzy fields, where snow slides plough and reap ;
Through those lone lands, where Time and Death abode
With Nature brooding, till your brave feet trod,

Ye drave your way. Now red from main to main
Your camp fires smoulder still. Around them grow
The home fires of your people, one long chain
Through apple bloom, and gold of corn, and snow,
The chain of love—the only chain they know.

.

Where were you when the Spirit called you forth?
Dreaming, in old world gardens sweet with stocks,
Or, mid the purple heather of the North
Watching the wanderings of your half wild flocks,
Till some white gull's wing glistened o'er the rocks

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And took your eyes out seaward, where the wind
Filled the strong sails, and mocked your idle rest?
How could you, Viking-bred, have stayed behind,
You who had sucked at that old mother's breast,
Whose children win the world, from East to West?

How could you go? Whilst Spring with cuckoo calls,
With all the music in which wood-birds woo,
With hymning larks, and hedgerow madrigals
Girlish with sunshine, sweet with cushats' coo,
Bade you to dream; how did you dare to do?

Nay rather, could you stay? Through warm red loam
Ran the sea rovers' path. A wild salt scent
Blown over seas, pierced through the apple bloom;
The dove's soft voice, with Ocean's call was blent.
You could not stay; you could not be content.

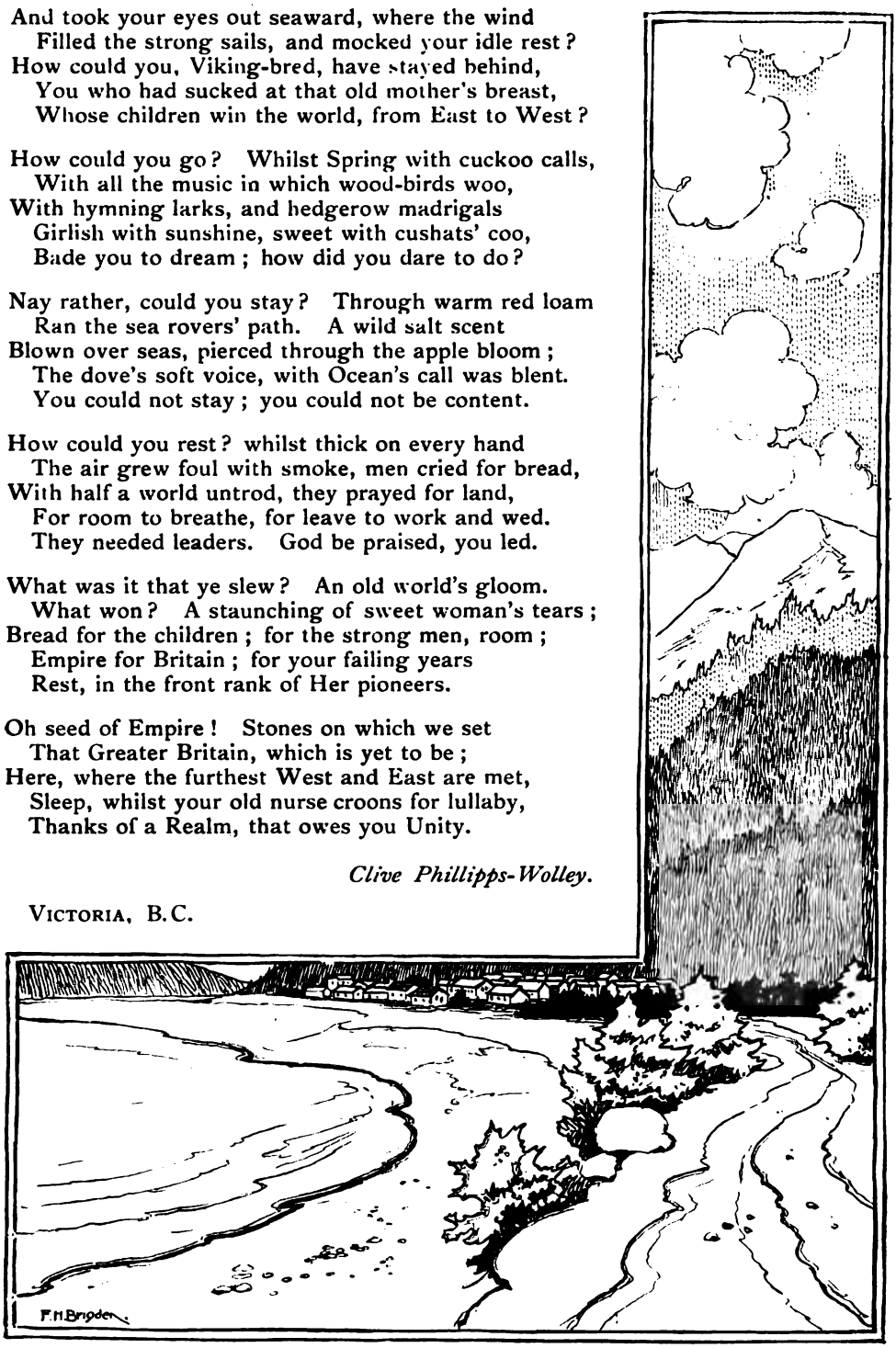
How could you rest? whilst thick on every hand
The air grew foul with smoke, men cried for bread,
With half a world untrod, they prayed for land,
For room to breathe, for leave to work and wed.
They needed leaders. God be praised, you led.

What was it that ye slew? An old world's gloom.
What won? A staunching of sweet woman's tears;
Bread for the children; for the strong men, room;
Empire for Britain; for your failing years
Rest, in the front rank of Her pioneers.

Oh seed of Empire! Stones on which we set
That Greater Britain, which is yet to be;
Here, where the furthest West and East are met,
Sleep, whilst your old nurse croons for lullaby,
Thanks of a Realm, that owes you Unity.

Clive Phillipps-Wolley.

VICTORIA, B.C.



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SOME ACTORS AND ACTRESSES

Last Paper.

GENERAL REMARKS.

SOME persons have wondered why a Canadian publication should devote any space to a series of papers on actors and actresses, and, I suppose, why a Canadian should trouble himself to collect information for such a series. But the stage must not be overlooked. It may not—in Canada—be everything it should be; there may be difficulty in discovering and locating just where it is doing much to elevate or instruct the public; but the stage is undoubtedly a factor in the social life of the people. Some time ago I was talking with the editor of one of the leading magazines in New York, and he said that any paper or article on the stage or on some of the leading actresses and musicians of the day was eagerly sought after by the majority of magazine readers. One does not need to go outside of Montreal or Toronto to discover proof of the growing interest in music and elocutionary art, amateur or professional. These are branches of the tree of Canadian civilization and as such must be broadly considered.

But it has not been the purpose in these articles to be either critical or analytical. The aim has been simply to tell something about a few of the more notable people who have adopted the stage as a profession, and who are in various branches of stage art finding much public approval and approbation. To them, a career behind the footlights is the serious business of life. Most of them have devoted years of patient study in more or less successful efforts to achieve greatness. To indicate this seriousness and these efforts it is sufficient to describe these actors and actresses as they are, leaving it to the reader's wider knowledge of literature and music and of the world in general to appraise these men and women at their true worth.



ADA REHAN AS BEATRICE.

MISS ADA REHAN.

One of the most notable events of the present theatrical season is the triumph of Miss Ada Rehan's Portia at Daly's Theatre, New York. Much is always expected of Miss Rehan and she is always up to the expectations of her admirers. In Portia, however, Miss Rehan seems to have surpassed expectations, and the severest critics have been compelled to accord her the

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highest praise. Mr. Daly's thorough schooling has made her first of all a mistress of the technique of her art. Throughout the play Miss Rehan is mistress of the rôle. She passes from the lighter to the graver shadings with a certainty of effect that leaves little to be desired, so noble is her diction and so alluring her personality. Her lines are uttered with the correctness, flexibility and justness of rhythm that have always marked her splendid delivery. Her great success was, as it should have been, in the most difficult passage—"the quality of mercy" speech, that is capable of being read either so wretchedly or so magnificently. The climax of the description of mercy—"it is an attribute to God himself,"—had a reverential majesty that has rarely, it is admitted, been reached before on the stage. The effect was the consummation of the highest intelligence in reading; but for the moment it was as if some majestic minister of the Most High were speaking from the chancel of a cathedral. The character of Portia appears to some to be absolutely simple, but it is really one of the most difficult of interpretation of all the comedy heroines of our greatest poet. For it requires personal beauty, such as can enchant by sensuous charm and at the same time command homage with cold and stately dignity; it exacts impetuous grace as well in the utterance of laughing raillery as in the breathing of passionate love—and these attributes must be combined with a fine authoritative mentality, great ethical fervour, a gentle charitable disposition, and the gift of eloquence. There is nothing small or narrow about Portia; all her thoughts are worthy and her distinguishing trait is a spontaneous though discerning magnanimity. Miss Ada Rehan enters naturally and easily into such a character because of her temperamental affinity with it, and, as she has brilliantly proved, she is able to personify the lady of Venice because of her complete control of the means of dramatic expression of high comedy. Mr. Augustin Daly's production of "The Merchant of Venice" cannot fail to impress every thoughtful observer with a sense of prodigal luxury and noble intellectual effort—it is so artistic and so wholly admirable. In every scene there is visible the magic touch and the great mind of this marvellous wizard at work in his Temple—for such is the common name in New York for Daly's Theatre.



ADA REHAN AS LADY TEAZEL.

HALLETT THOMPSON.

Having every advantage of birth and education, being the son of a late Judge

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HALLETT THOMPSON.

of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, and given the best training procurable in Boston, Hallett Thompson is an actor whose equipment, viewed in conjunction with his achievements, justifies the belief that a most enviable place will soon be his among the best players of America. After two years studying the various arts pertaining to the stage and three years doing numerous rôles at the Boston Museum, Mr. Thompson was engaged with Mr. James O'Neill, with whom he appeared for about five years in a wide range of romantic and Shakespearean parts. Last September Mr. Thompson became leading man of the Theatre Français in Montreal, but left there in November to fill a similar position at the Bowdoin Square Theatre in Boston. But he became so great a favourite in Montreal that the management there succeeded by means of shekels in inducing him to return. Hallett Thompson, by virtue of his talents, should be in one of the leading theatres on Broadway.*

*Since the above was written Mr. Thompson has scored a success as the Duke in "The Musketeers," at Broadway Theatre, New York.

MISS MADGE LESSING.

Miss Madge Lessing is the magnet among the magnets of Mr. George W. Lederer's attractions at the New York Casino. For excellence of figure and face Madge Lessing has all the exquisite points that metamorphose into phrases of surpassing beauty under the magic pen of a poet. As the first part of the title rôle in "Jack and the Beanstalk," and as Ilona in "A Dangerous Maid," Miss Lessing has pleased the city that burns so much incense



MISS MADGE LESSING.

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at the shrine of girlish prettiness. For New York, like all the world, worships the desire of the eyes.

PEARL SEWARD.

The ladies and gentlemen in Lincoln J. Carter's dreadful pathetic melodramas are, with the necessary exception of the inky labelled villain and his naughty assistants, always extremely pure. Hence it is difficult to make them possible, not to say natural. I admit having seen only "The Heart of Chicago," and "Under the Dome." But how droll are Mr. Carter's heart-rending situations, and what a pousse-café is his weird rhetoric! Yet how I wish I could say he wrote the scenery! However, these melodramas are said to have earned him a bank account of five hundred thousand dollars. And sometimes he has clever people. One of these is Miss Pearl Seward, who last season did the chic and tempting soubrette and this season plays Nora Considine, the pretty heroine in "Under the Dome"—and plays it well. She will be heard from. She is destined for better things.



MISS PEARL SEWARD.

MISS MARIE FLOYD BARRYMORE.

Astronomers relate stories about stars disappearing for a while from our atmosphere and afterwards returning to shine again. The tale is common in the theatric firmament. They unite with another body, and pass, usually for a brief time, from the public vision. But once an actor always an actor. Just five years ago, when a bright career was opening to Miss Marie Floyd Barrymore, by virtue of the personal charms and the rare mental and histrionic gifts with which she is so amply endowed, she married and retired. But this spring she returns to the boards, and that means to the public vision. They are all talented, that family. There's Maurice Barrymore, at once the most brilliant wit in America, and the handsome idol of the matinée girls; his son, Lionel Barrymore, this season with Sol Smith Russell; there is the fascinating sister, Ethel Barrymore, this season with her uncle, John Drew; and there was the matchless Georgie Drew Barrymore. And now Marie Floyd Barrymore will bring new glories to this favoured family. She possesses the necessary equipment to attain gratifying success, youth and beauty, intellect and temperament, experience and ambition. It is not definitely settled yet whether her re-entrance will be made in New York or London.

MISS CORONA RICCARDO.

A brunette edition of Sarah Bern-

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MARIE FLOYD BARRYMORE.

hardt—the type is now incarnate in the sensuous young Italian, Corona Riccardo, and the hallmarks of the divine Parisienne have been given to the beautiful Neapolitan—temperament, intellect, magnetism, and that intangible quantity or quality before which the world bows down, and which, for poverty of words to express the phases and powers of the soul, it calls personality.

It is an evidence of Wilson Barrett's perspicacity that he discovered this young lady two years ago, when she was but nineteen, and wrote for her, and entrusted to her portrayal the part of Ancaria in "The Sign of the Cross," though this was her first effort on any stage. But his judgment was soon confirmed, and the Italian girl was promoted to the rôle of Berenice in the same masterpiece of dramatic literature. Being strikingly handsome — her hair inky black, her complexion olive, her eyes dark violet, her figure svelte, a sensuous languor in all the movements of her supple body—she looked to the very life the seductive young patrician of Rome who was so intensely in love with Marcus Superbus. But she did more. She played it as a girl with all the fire of the sunny land of romance in her blood, with all its passion in her voice and with all its temptation in her voluptuous grace. And this both in New York and London.

During the present season Miss Riccardo has been acquiring the wide experience that is to be gained only by playing a great variety of parts in an extensive repertoire, and establishing her popularity throughout the leading



MISS BARRYMORE AS JULIETTE.

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towns and cities of the United States and Canada. She has been leading lady with Mr. Robert Mantell, impersonating all the heroines of his romances and tragedies, from Diane in "Monbars" to Desdemona in "Othello," which latter rôle she played also with Mr. Wilson Barrett during the illness of Miss Maud Jeffries.

Next season Corona Riccardo will be at the head of her own company, and the list of plays she has elected to appear in is unique. It speaks much for her originality and ambition. Here it is:—"Anna Karenina," being a dramatization of Tolstoi's novel, by Horace McVicker; "Gabrielle," from a play by Dumas, which Beerbohm Tree produced under the title of "The Silver Key"; and "Fedelma," by William Young, who drew his inspiration from George Eliot's poem, "The Spanish Gypsy."



CORONA RICCARDO AS ANCARIA
In "The Sign of the Cross."

She will astonish us yet, for she is an actress, not an automaton. She has a brilliant future, this convent-bred girl—who was born in Naples, educated in France, has already won distinct success in America and England, and who reminds me of a snake. Corona Riccardo has fascination and genius.

MISS OLIVE HOFF.

To follow the gifted Annie Irish in any rôle is a task not easy of accomplishment. To do so with marked success is an evidence of the possession of talent of a high order. This Miss Olive Hoff is doing during the present season as Maid Marian in the dramatic version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" in Mrs. Fiske's company. Nature has been kind to Miss Hoff in the way of personal charms, but she has the good judgment not to rely solely on these, but to press forward in her art by hard and studious work. She is another proof that the reign of the stage blonde is over, and the day of the brunette has come.

The critic of Toronto *Saturday Night* thus speaks of Miss Hoff and the other members of the company:

"The company supporting Mrs. Fiske is wisely selected. Who could possibly play the part of John Durbyfield as well as John Jack? or who play Alec Stoke-D'Urberville as Frederick de Belleville plays it? The two country bumpkins also, and the milkmaids are well presented. Olive Hoff, as Marian, at times gave evidence, I thought, of considerable dramatic force, although the eccentric part in which she appeared gave poor opportunity for its display."

This leads me to speak of Mrs. Fiske

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OLIVE HOFF.

of whom I wrote in the February issue. She found much favour with the Canadian people on her recent visit. The same critic quoted above says: "Preserved for long in the memory will be the little figure of a stricken woman who made no outcry, but who stood dumb in terror—the Tess of Mrs. Fiske. The average actress would tear the passions into tatters in such a *rôle*—would scream and sob, and multiply for a great occasion the intensity of those mean evidences whereby a woman discloses the presence of a petty grief. But Tess, who would cried if merely exasperated, cried not in her moments of tragedy. We have a great play by a great player—one of the performances that will stand clearly forward from the common rout of things theatrical. This is one of those achievements that go into tradition."

W. J. Thorold.

THE MAYFLOWER.

WHEN the heart of the waking earth
Quickens the pulse of Spring,
And beauty dreams of birth
In many a sleeping thing;
Then the shy arbutus flower
Wakes from a bed of gloom,
And Spring's most perfect dower
Opens its dreams of bloom.

Thou hint of a Spring eternal
On some far, undreamt-of shore,
Where the airs are ever vernal
And the snows return no more,
Breathe into my life thy sweetness,
That mystical charm of thine,
Which lends thy being completeness,
And makes thy beauty divine.

Bradford K. Daniels.

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MICHILIMACKINAC.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH BY JUDGE ERMATINGER.

Second Paper.

DURING the period from 1763 to 1796, when the post was first handed over to the United States, a succession of British Lieutenant-Governors, Commissioners of Indian Affairs and military and naval commanders, held sway at Michilimackinac. Their official reports, letters and accounts furnish a tolerably complete history of the post during this period, while not a few misunderstandings, personal quarrels, bickerings and petty jealousies add spice to the records. Lieutenant-Governor Patrick Sinclair, who succeeded Major DePeyster as Commandant, had the Fort removed in 1780 from the southern peninsula to the island. The Indian title to this island he acquired for the Crown by a deed bearing the customary pictured signatures of the Chiefs, for an expressed consideration of £5,000 New York currency. Though apparently a painstaking officer, he appears to have suffered from more than the usual number of complaints from his subordinates to headquarters.

Perhaps the most notable of the Governors of Michilimackinac during this period, however, was one of its earliest Commandants, Major Robert Rogers, the noted Commander of "Rogers' Rangers" during the war between England and France, the hero of so many daring adventures and fierce conflicts in the region of Lake George. He was sent by General Amherst to take over Detroit, which he did on 29th November, 1760. Forced by the lateness of the season, and consequent storms and frost, to turn back before reaching Michilimackinac, where he was to perform a similar service, he returned to New York, but was back again at Detroit during Pontiac's siege, where he fought at Bloody Run. In 1765 he went to England, where his books were then published. In 1766 he was appointed Governor of Michilimackinac, and became the central figure in one of the strangest episodes which mark the history of the post during the period of English occupation.

Major Rogers was a native of New Hampshire, and familiar from his youth up with all the phases of border life. His was one of the most striking figures in the events of the five years preceding the conquest of Canada by the English, and he and his Rangers formed a branch of the service indispensable in the warfare of those days, in the regions where they served. Equally at home in the forest or on the lake, with gun, knife, oar or paddle, on snowshoes or on skates—they scouted with the sagacity of the Indian and fought with the courage of the white man. Parkman, in his *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, describes Rogers as "a man tall and strong in person and rough in feature. He was versed in all the arts of woodcraft, sagacious, prompt and resolute, yet so cautious withal that he sometimes incurred the unjust charge of cowardice. His mind, naturally active, was by no means uncultivated, and his books and unpublished letters bear witness that his style as a writer was not contemptible."* The gifted author then proceeds to darken the picture, and, among other facts mentioned in proof of Rogers' faults, he narrates that "six years after the expedition, of which I am about to speak"

*Sir William Johnson, in one of his letters published in the New York Colonial Documents, reflecting on Major Rogers, refers to him unjustly as an "illiterate" man. Rogers' friends say Johnson was animated by jealousy of Rogers. In his *Wolfe and Montcalm* Parkman writes in even less complimentary terms of Rogers.

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MAJOR ROGERS.

This picture is taken from a photographic copy of an engraving published at London about the beginning of the Revolutionary War.

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had a letter from one Hopkins,* who was then in the French service, offering him great encouragement if he would embrace the French interest and stir up the Indians against the English. If he did take this step and retire among the Indians and French, he further, according to Potter, asserted that he would not go empty handed, but would in that case get into his hands all the goods he could, both from traders and others, by right or wrong, he cared not how, and that he had already made preparations for such a step. On Potter refusing to engage with him in this design, he says Rogers flew into a violent passion, threatened that he would never pay him a farthing of his indebtedness to him, and to kill him if he revealed his purposes. On Potter's expressing himself as in conscience bound to reveal these purposes to the proper authorities, he says that the Major took up a spear and threatened him with instant death, whereupon the hapless Potter, having called in vain for help—they were alone in the Major's room—dropped to his knees and begged for mercy. Several other scenes of violence are deposed to by Potter, ending in his being knocked down in the presence of the guard, by the choleric Governor, who, he says, had previously demanded a note of hand for £55 12s. and discharges for several other sums, which the Major is alleged to have owed him. He moreover charges his employer, the King's representative, with having entered his lodging during his absence, and appropriated "a silver-hilted sword, worth six guineas, a fowling piece, twenty pounds weight of beaver skins, a hat and other wearing apparel." It would be interesting to know whether these articles had ever previously belonged to the Major, as otherwise such pilfering as this by a Governor from his clerk is scarcely credible.

Potter was finally advised by Mr. Roberts, the Commissary for Indian Affairs, to apply to Captain Speismacher, the commanding officer of the troops, for protection from the Governor's violence. He did so and afterwards received no further injury from the Major. On the 29th August he left Michilimakinac for Montreal, where, following the suggestion of Lieutenant Roberts, the commissary, Captain Claus had his deposition taken by Chief Justice Hay on 29th September. Roberts adds some "further information of Potter," giving additional particulars concerning the Major's designs, furnished by the informer, summed up in the somewhat alarming statement "that he intends to raise a damned Hubbub in the garrison and then leave it." "Every appearance," says Roberts, "tallies so much with this that I have desired Mr. Claus to send Mr. Potter to you to be further examined." Accordingly Mr. Potter is examined and passed on to Quebec where Sir Guy Carleton furnishes him with a letter to enable him to obtain an audience with Lord Shelburne "before whom he is desirous of laying some matters of consequence which occasion his voyage to Britain." Copies of Potter's deposition were also sent to General Gage and Sir William Johnson.

In due time Potter's mission or his deposition bore fruit and on 6th December Captain Speismacher received an express from the commander-in-chief, appointing him commander of the post (Michilimakinac) with orders to confine Major Rogers for high treason. A letter of the Captain's unaddressed, bearing date 30th January, 1768, would be worthy of reproduction here, did space permit, if only as a specimen of the Hessian English of a British officer of that day. In it he proceeds to narrate how that "the 30th Jany. last" —the very day, by the way, on which his letter appears to have been dated—

*Joseph Hopkins, a native of Maryland, is said to have been in former days an intimate friend of Rogers, and to have formerly served in the 18th Regiment and later as captain in an independent corps, after which he joined the French and served as a colonel in St. Domingo. A copy of what purports to be a letter dated 9th April, 1766, from him to Rogers, appears in the N.Y. Col. Documents, Vol. VIII., p. 993.

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"happily for us and this post, cum in the Evening a Canadian, born here and spoak the Indian languach, boren with natural sence, told me he had a Secret of great importance to communicate to me,"—which was to the effect that Major Rogers had sent for him to come and save his life, that the Major was in the "Frens" interest and would make his fortune, and that all the soldiers in the garrison but 3 or 4 were his friends. It further appeared that the Major purposed to take Detroit and "Ilinois." Speismacher appears, from his own account, to have thought it well to obtain corroborate evidence of the truth of this informer's story—and probably of Potter's statements as well—and he and a "Mr. Frobisiere, who understoot French (while the conspiration was carry'd on in that language)," were in the evening concealed in a position to overhear the informer and the Major's orderly, David Follerton, in secret conversation. Apparently the results were not considered sufficiently satisfactory, for the Captain, Mr. "Frobisiere" and Lieut. Christie "conjunctly consulted ferder to get more certainety"—to again quote the captain's *ipsissima verba*. "Mr. Frobisiere then proposed a sceam that the informer should one more goe to the major to assure him his Friendship, and at the same time to now what the major was to do for him, for so great an undertaking he did as deseer'd, and the same Evening he returned, the 4 night of Febry., to our Joy he brought to me a promissing not, which he saw wrot and signed by Major Rogers, now in my possession.

"The words are wrot as follows

"At Michilimakinac 4th Febry 1768 I promiss to pay M. Josph Ans. annaly an hundert Pound for Five years successfully to carry me to Mr. Hopkins

"As witness my Hand

"Robt. Rogers.

"The whole being this settled and found that all was true and discovert every things, and Different Oaths taken, signd and Seald, Lieut. Christie undertook, tho' very unwell, to keep a strick guard till Revaillee Beating.... Rogers and David are now in Irons and centrys over them and the guard in the major's Houss Res'd till the vessel arrev'd to take them from this."

Not to mention the prophetic character of the Captain's letter, assuming its date to be correct—though it probably was not—the orthography of the "promissing not" seems rather that of Captain Speismacher or "M. Josph Ans." (presumably Ainsee, an interpreter) than of Major Rogers, whose style as a writer, Parkman himself says, was "not contemptible."

The letter, from which these brief extracts are made, is endorsed "Letter of Intelligence from Michilimakinac relative to Major Rogers, delivered to Lord Hillsborough by Mr. Guinaud, a merchant of London. Read by the King." *

King George III. could appreciate this epistle, the style of which resembled in some degree that of his grandfather and predecessor, George II., and, though Lord Hillsborough, Secretary of State, influenced doubtless by Potter's and Sir William Johnson's statements, in a letter dated March 12th, 1768, refers in most condemnatory terms to the behaviour of Rogers and his correspondence with Hopkins,† the best evidence of the impression made upon the King is that, though a court-martial is said to have been ordered and held, Major Rogers was subsequently received at Court and raised to the rank of colonel.

The contention or theory of Rogers' friends, based largely on family tradition, is that jealousy, on the part of Sir William Johnson, of Rogers' growing influence with the Indians, led to a conspiracy to overthrow the Major. Colour is lent to this by the fact that Lieut. Roberts was sent, at the suggestion of Johnson, to Michilimakinac as Commissary of Indian Affairs, and as

* This letter as well as Potter's deposition have been reproduced from copies in the Canadian archives, in the Historical Publications of Michigan and Wisconsin.

† N.Y. Col. Docts., Vol. VIII. p. 36.

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a check upon Major Rogers' dealings with the Indians. Roberts appears to have been also in confidential communication with Guy Johnson, the nephew and son-in-law of Sir William Johnson. Capt. Claus, already referred to, was another son-in-law of his.

Roberts was twice placed under arrest and finally sent away a prisoner in 1767 by Rogers' orders. Immediately after his first arrest, he retaliated by accusing Rogers of High Treason, but subsequently withdrew the charge. A very brief reconciliation took place, followed by the second arrest of Roberts and his departure from Michilimakinac, when the charge against Rogers was again preferred, supported by Potter's affidavit, with the results already mentioned. After the court-martial, Rogers and Roberts met in Montreal and, it was alleged, the ex-Governor pulled the ex-Commissary's nose. Whether that organ was actually tweaked or not is historically doubtful, as Roberts wrote Sir William Johnson that the Major in his wrath, put his hand to his (Roberts) face, but merely *threatened* the indignity mentioned. Certain it is, however, that the Major demanded satisfaction of Roberts for "bribing Potter to swear his life away," and that a duel was arranged to be fought the next morning at the Mill outside the Recollet gate. A friend of Roberts', however, caused the Commandant and Town Major to interfere and prevent the meeting. In England, whither the Major soon after went, he was received with much favour and obtained redress, while Roberts, who followed him, felt it necessary to arm himself with a letter from Sir William Johnson, for fear no notice should be taken of him, and, as he wrote Sir William, "the triumph would be too great, for our enemies."*

Colonel Rogers' subsequent career, which has formed the subject of further attack — and misrepresentation his friends and admirers maintain—is foreign to our subject. His *Journal*, published in England in 1765, furnishes an interesting account of his adventures up to 1761. He died in England in 1784.*

*See Johnson M.S. and appendix to Hough's Edition of Rogers' Journal.

Old as Michilimackinac is as a military post, it was not until the present century that it became the scene of hostile military operations—the massacre of 1763 not deserving to be so designated. The war of 1812, however, brought the American and British forces face to face upon the island on two occasions—once when on 17th July, 1812, Lieutenant Hanks, in command of the Fort (which had been handed over to the United States in 1796) with his garrison of 57 effective men, including officers, awoke to find that war had been declared, the intelligence being conveyed to him with a flag of truce and a demand to surrender from Captain Charles Roberts, the British commander, who with a force of 42 regulars, but swelled to about 1,000 men by the presence of a large body of Canadians and Indians, had during the night gained the height commanding the fort and placed a gun there; a demand which the American officer wisely obeyed—and once again when on 4th August, 1814, Lt.-Colonel Croghan, in command of an

*Lt.-Col. R. Z. Rogers, of the Canadian Militia, in a lecture delivered by him before the Canadian Military Institute at Toronto in January, 1891, published in their proceedings, says:

"A short time after that (Pontiac's siege) he went to England, as mentioned before, and on the 10th of January, 1766, he was appointed Governor of Michilimackinac, the duties of which he entered on in August of that year. In September, 1767, he was recalled, and proceeded to Montreal to answer a malicious charge preferred against him by parties who quarrelled with him in the West. He was honorably acquitted and his expenses paid by the British Government. On arrival at Baltimore he was arrested by the Revolutionists, but released on parole, which parole was broken by his assailants in arresting him the second time, from which he made his escape, and then proceeded to reorganize his Rangers on a war footing. Before the end of the Revolutinnary War Rogers had to go again to England, and was succeeded in the command of the Rangers by Colonel Simcoe.... Major Rogers did not again return to America, but died in England in 1784."

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American force, effected a landing on the west end of the island and attempted to push his way to, and retake, the fort. Coming unexpectedly upon the British, who, duly warned, had advanced to meet him and occupied an advantageous position, he was obliged to retreat to his ships after losing a gallant officer—Major Holmes—and a considerable number of men.

From this period until the peace, when the island was restored to the United States, the Fort was undisturbed.

——

The modern tourist, who is sufficiently active and not too nervous to climb the somewhat rickety wooden tower at the former British Fort George, now known as Fort Holmes, is well repaid for his trouble. Elevated above that spot—the highest on the island—where the British planted their gun on 17th July, 1812, his eye commands an immense sweep of blue waters and green woods—a cyclorama of surpassing loveliness. The twin lakes, Huron and Michigan, kiss the shore on either hand; below are the neighbouring islands, the two peninsulas in the distance, north and south, Fort Mackinac almost at his feet, swift moving steamers, fleet yachts, white-winged sail boats, the blue canopy over all, flecked mayhaps with fleeting gossamer clouds which cause faint shadows to pass over the face of the deep—all combine to delight the eye, inspire the imagination, awaken the memory, and elevate the mind and soul, as few scenes can.

[THE END.]

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A Romance in Twelve Chapters.

BY JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND", "JUDITH MOORE", ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER the day when, alone upon the hillside, Sidney watched Len Simpson's funeral wind along the narrow ways of Dole, there ensued for him a sweet calm interlude—a tranquil period, yet surcharged with potentialities.

It was the space between the casting of the grain into the ground and the first blade. At such a time there is no stir upon the surface of the earth, yet in its brown bosom the vital germinal growths are beginning; the husk of individuality is bursting, the tap-root of deeper sympathy is searching for sustenance; and at last upon some happy morning a green glow gladdens the sky, and we say: "Lo, the new grain!" and offer thanks for the promise of the gracious harvest.

But all the after-vigour of the plant depends upon that silent time in the darkness. So the whole fabric of Sidney's after-life was built up from the beginnings made in that uneventful month, whose days are difficult to chronicle, as beads which slip adown the string and mingle with each other are to count. It passed like a lover's dream to Sidney, to be remembered afterwards as a season of peace and happiness whose source and sense eluded analysis.

The calm happiness which encompassed the lives of Mabella and Lanty lay like a benediction upon the house, and the hearts beneath its benison rested for the moment like a congre-

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gation hushed after the last Amen, and not yet surrendered again to the worldly cares and sordid joys which wait without the sanctuary doors.

But as one in the peaceful congregation may writhe in the hair shirt of personal perplexity, so Vashti Lansing beneath her calm smile suffered agonies in those days.

Is there any torture more poignant than the cry of "Peace, Peace" when there is no Peace?

She was very pale, the insolently perfect oval of her face had fined a little; there was a hint of a break in the suave curve of her cheek, and this, albeit an imperfection, lent her beauty a new and subtle charm of appeal.

She was very quiet, too, and now and then a tender wistfulness dimmed her eyes, softening the majesty of her brow alluringly. When Sidney saw this he felt his heart go out to her more strongly than ever.

"Unconsciously," he said to himself, "her sweet, strong nature covets the joy of loving and being loved;" and there welled up within him that indulgent and protective tenderness which all good men feel for the women they love.

Vashti Lansing had never appeared so gentle, so womanly, so good, as at this juncture when all the evil in her was rising, and gathering, and forming into malevolent purpose. Some deadly creatures take to themselves the semblance of flowers that they may sting their victims unaware.

Mabella and Lanty were together continually. It was very pretty to see her shy eagerness for his coming, his open happiness at her presence. Temperance was always busy with her housework, to which was added now the cutting and hemming of Mabella's household linen. For Temperance had long saved egg-money and butter-money for such an emergency, and, delighted at the prospective union of her two favourites, she fell to the work eagerly. Mabella tried to help, but her usually busy fingers were rather idle during those first halcyon days. She let her hands fall in her lap with the needle between her fingers, and slipped away into a dream leaving all earthly considerations far behind. If a word or a smile reminded her that mortals were peeping into her paradise, she would rise and steal away to the little shadowy room, from the window of which she had seen him waiting in mullein meadow, and there, chiding herself for over great delight, she would strive to bring down her great joy to the basis of every-day fact. "We love each other," she would say, stating the fact in bold terms, "we love each other," and by the time she had said it twice her face would shine again with the glory of the thought, and the words ceased to become words to her, and became only the sighing of Love's mouth. What a simple figure Mabella Lansing presents upon the little stage whereon these people trod, beside the splendid and forceful personality of her cousin Vashti! What an ordinary and commonplace product of ordinary and commonplace conditions Lanty Lansing seems beside Sidney Martin, suprasensitive, morbidly idealistic, a Sir Galahad, bearing the white flower of a stainless life and giving it into the hands of a wicked woman to work her will upon it!

Yet though the love of Mabella and Lanty was but "the homespun dream of simple folk," still the very gladness of it makes it precious in this world, where even the divine passion has grown a little hum-drum, and where the ashes lie whitely upon the divine fires.

But perhaps the world will shake off its lethargy when the new century begins, and even now there may be smiling in his cradle the Shakespeare whose breath shall blow the embers again into flame. Surely it is simple, natural kindly souls like Mabella and Lanty who perpetuate fidelity, honour and truth upon the earth; and eager, pure, unselfish souls like Sidney Martin who transmit the glorious impetus of aspiration from one generation to another.

It is hands like theirs which crown the years with enduring chaplets, and

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brush from the brow of the aging century the dishonouring garland of senile sins which are like toadstools the efflorescence of decay.

Old Mr. Lansing having become better acquainted with Sidney, had ceased to regard him as "company," and had relapsed comfortably into his own ways. Reading his weekly paper, gossiping with Nathan Peck (who, being the village carpenter, always knew the latest news), and going to bed when the grey died out of the twilight sky.

Vashti and Sidney were thus left much to themselves.

The "odd" horse having effectually lamed herself by stepping on a nail, driving her was out of the question. To break a team upon any frivolous pretext would have been a scandal in Dole, so Vashti and Sidney were kept busy going errands. They went to the post office twice a week; they made pilgrimages out to the far-away hill pastures, where the young cattle grazed, to count them, and report upon the depth of water in the little brown pool where they drank.

What glorious days these were to Sidney; what rapture to stand upon some little eminence with the wind, "austere and pure," blowing across the valley upon their faces; with Vashti beside him, her eyes meeting his with sweet serenity, or looking vaguely forth far across the country, as if to seek out some haven remote from lesser mortals. So Sidney translated her thoughts, but in the original there was writ only bitter speculation as to whether *they* were together—if his arm embraced her, if their lips—Ah! it was of no remote haven that woman dreamed.

They gathered great fragrant bunches of spearmint and tansy, smartweed and pennyroyal for Temperance, searching for the scented herbs as children search for joy; and as the memory of childish pleasure lingers long with us, so the perfume of the aromatic herbs clung about Vashti's garments and Sidney's sleeves. Never again could Sidney know the wholesome odour of any of these plants without seeing Vashti, her tall figure in its faded blue gown standing straight and strong against the sunlight, with a huge bunch of greyish-green clasped to her breast, above which her face, fit for Burne-Jones' most mystic, most beautiful maiden, shone out palely. About her was no mystery of birth or circumstance, no halo of romantic environment, but her whole personality was eloquent of mystery, the sphinx-like riddle of sex presented in a new and strongly individualized type.

Their many expeditions together begot a sense of companionship which was inexpressibly precious to Sidney. True, as he realized, it sprang rather from circumstances than from the manifestation of any personal predilection upon Vashti's part; and yet, humble as he was before the woman he loved so blindly, he could not but be aware that she brightened perceptibly at his approach, and was always very willing to undertake any message or errand with him.

So she fooled him exquisitely, solacing her wounded pride thus. Whilst he, too great-hearted to pry for petty faults, dowered her lavishly from the generosity of his own noble nature, with all the classic virtues.

With what reverent fingers we hang virtues upon the lay figures of our imagination! How we becrown them, and worship them and offer them the incense of our efforts! Yet, it is pleasant pastime, and sanctifying too, for incense purely offered hallows the hand which gives it, perchance more than the God to whom its smokes ascend.

All this is well, and though the world gape and wonder at our adorations, what is that to the devotee? Only, to some of us comes the hour when with trembling hands we must undrape our false gods, lay bare their feet of clay to jeering eyes, fold away the rich draperies in which our love has clothed them as a mother folds and hides away the garments her dead child wore, and carry the manikins to the grave.

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Happy for us if we can bury our dead decently ; but bury them never so deep, they rise and walk down the vistas of our happiest hours, infecting their sunshine with the pollution of dead faith.

During these long walks together Vashti and Sidney talked much, and of more vital subjects than are generally discussed between young men and women. The fashionable chit-chat about theatres and plays, receptions and fashions was utterly missed from their calendar of subjects.

Now and then, Sidney, being a man, could not forbear to let her know how beautiful he found her ; but empty compliment, the clipped coin of conversational commerce, he did not offer her ; nothing but pure gold minted by her sweet looks in his heart was worthy of her acceptance. Thus they fell back upon the old immortal themes which have been discussed since the world began. They looked at life from widely different standpoints, but their conclusions were equally forceful.

Vashti Lansing had nothing of the simpering school-girl about her, and none of the fear which makes women reticent sometimes when speech would be golden.

It has been said that to know the Bible and Shakespeare is to have a good English vocabulary. Vashti did not know Shakespeare, but she knew her Bible thoroughly. Her speech, unweakened by the modern catch-words which, if expressive, are yet extraneous and dangerous growths, had all the trenchant force of the old Anglo-Saxon, with much in it too of imagery and beauty ; for she did not fear to use such metaphors as nature or life suggested. Steeped in the stern Mosaic law, she knew well the stately periods of its prophets. The gentle Christ-creed of forgiveness did not find favor in her sight. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth" was a judgment which she said only timorous souls feared. She read with grim delight the tales of the kings, with their feet upon their captives' necks ; an evil sympathy with their triumph lighted her eyes with wicked light. What a spouse she would have been for one of these cruel kings ! she thought sometimes. And she applied a relentless utilitarian philosophy to life. The weakest go to the wall and the strong triumph. She accepted that with the stoicism which springs from conscious strength, but in her system she rather confused strength with righteousness. She watched the movings of life about her with cold, curious eyes, and yet her philosophy of life was but an expanded egotism. She comprehended only those sets of actions which might have taken place had she given free rein to her own inclinations ; she judged of all motives by the repressed impulses of her own bosom. She scrutinized others unsparingly, prying into the most sacred griefs, the most holy joy without shame or remorse, and she did not spare herself more than others.

The dim, terrifying impulses and visions which girls put behind them, shudderingly and uncomprehendingly, hiding them away with the other spectres which people the realm of the unknown, until such time as life's meanings shall be expounded in a sacred mystery play of sense and spirit, she marshalled forth into the light of day and considered calmly and cynically.

She applied the foot-rule of her own lymphatic temperament to the morals of her fellows and was never disappointed when they fell short. She was well versed in all the wisdom of the Pharisees, and at the sewing circle talked always to the older women, and was never found in the corner where the clear-eyed girls whispered together.

And quickening and vitalizing all her existence there was that sense of Power. Power uncomprehended, undeveloped, yet there ; and as a thunder-cloud gives premonition of its potent force even before the brand leaps from its cloudy sheath, so Vashti Lansing's personality was instinct with potentiality.

This was the woman Sidney Martin, idealist and dreamer, loved.

The days sped swiftly, the present lapsing into the past, the future flying

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forward with the unique tirelessness of time.

How wrong to typify Time with hoary head and tottering limbs. Crowned with the vigour of eternal youth, does he not leap forward triumphantly like the messenger of the gods fresh plumed with flame? Ah, he is not old, but young and swift. Strive if you will to stay his flight for but one single precious instant, stretch forth your hand whilst yet his wings brush your face, and ere the fingers may close upon his pinions, he is gone, leaving but the *largesse* of lost days.

The harvest was done, the ploughshare and the harrow were tossing the earthy bed for the new grain. Day after day, through the clear air, there came from different points the blowing of the traction engine which dragged the one threshing mill in the section from farm to farm.

It was the custom of the neighbourhood that the farmers should assist each other with the threshing. Sidney was charmed when he heard this—how idyllic it was this community of helpful effort! To be strictly truthful, this custom had its genesis in less worthy reasons than he imagined, the simple fact being that in the little hide-bound community there were no odd men left unemployed, therefore as labour could not be hired the farmers perforce clubbed their efforts.

"I say, girls," said Lanty, rushing out from his uncle's big barn to where the two girls and Sidney stood beside the engine, "I say, isn't that engine exactly like Mrs. Ranger in church?" His face was begrimed with dust, thistle-down rested whitely upon his yellow hair, his blue eyes were alight with hope and happiness and that exaltation which a strong man feels in effort. The girls shook their heads warningly, but laughed.

The traction engine, its wheels shackled, puffed and panted with a ludicrous simulation of bottled-up energy, and to the minds of the three young people it was decidedly suggestive of the irate patience expressed in Mrs. Ranger's attitude when placed in conditions where she could not answer back.

Nathan Peck, watching the engine, stored up the saying for Temperance's delectation, and wished she had come out with the girls.

Above the rattle and hum of the threshing mill sounded the hoarse voices of the men shouting jokes at each other—threshing time being always a jovial season. A good or bad harvest meant often life or death to these people; but, having done their best, they could but accept the results. It was a point of honour to accept unflinchingly the verdict of a poor yield, yet many wives could tell of despairing hours when, after their neighbours had departed, husband and wife essayed to reconcile ways and means.

Clouds of golden dust, starred here and there by a silver thistle-down, shimmered out of the barn door; there was an aroma of crushed straw, a scent of charred wood from the engine fires, a sense of eager, healthy life.

The swallows flew agitatedly above the barn, yearning over their clay nests beneath its eaves.

"What are you doing?" asked Vashti.

"Measuring," said Lanty. "Uncle said he'd take the bushel for a little though when he saw your petticoats out here—"

"Who's in the mow?"

"Ab Ranger is cutting bands, and he's let my bone-handled pruning knife go through the mill; Tom Shinar is feeding; there's three on the mow and four on the stack."

"How is it turning out?"

"Splendidly, no straw to speak of, but finely headed—like you, Mabella," he whispered, blushing through the dust.

"Come on here, Lanty," roared a voice from the barn. "You can spark in the noon-spell if you want to."

A laugh followed. Mabella blushed hotly, and as a maiden is expected to do under the circumstances, looked absently into vacancy.

"Well, you'll be too busy eating in

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the noon-spell to notice," Lanty called back to the unseen speaker. This, being the retort courteous, was received with applause.

"Well, I must go, girls; uncle's back will be aching by this time toteing that bushel. I hope you've made heaps of good things for dinner, we're all hungry as hunters."

"Trust Temperance for that," said Sidney.

"Yes, indeed," said Lanty. "Ta-ta, girls."

"Lanty," said Mabella, "be careful of the belt."

"Surely," he said, his voice softening. The next moment his strong, lithe figure had swung jauntily through the narrow space between the broad whirling belt and the door.

"Nathan," said Mabella, "Temperance wants you to get some one to mind the engine for ten minutes before dinner, so that you can come round and carve the meat."

"I'll be there," said Nathan, then he added with an irrepressible and comical self-importance:

"Meat ain't worth puttin' teeth into if it ain't cut up proper."

"That's very true," said Sidney, who felt a great kindliness in his heart for this patient lover.

"Well," said Mabella briskly, "I'm going round to help set the table." Having seen Lanty, Mabella wished to get off alone to think over his perfections, which impressed her afresh each time she saw him.

"O! can't you come for a little wander?" asked Sidney of Vashti. "There's nothing to be done in the house; besides, that imp from the preacher's is there, and I'm sure she is a host in herself."

"Yes," said Vashti, her voice more than usually vibrant. "Yes, I will come."

She was very pale. She turned away as Jephthah's daughter turned from the promise of her bridal bower. For, during these few minutes of idle speech amid the whir of the threshing mill, Vashti Lansing had taken her final decision. She would marry Sidney Martin; but on her own terms, she added to herself. And then she went with him across the stubble, where the late rains had made a phantom spring of fresh green grass and over-eager weeds, which were putting forth their tender tops only to be a prey to the first sneering frost.

Ah, how futile and inconsequent it is to trace laboriously the windings of cause and effect; a touch often sends one over the precipice, and a smile, a sigh or a silence brings us face to face with Fate. Can we by searching find these things?

And Sidney, too, felt the fateful words trembling upon his lips, a keen envy of personal happiness possessed this man, who so rarely sought his own good. A great longing to stand as Lanty had stood, so short since, with the promise of life's fulfilment at his side.

Sidney and the woman beside him walked across the stubble to where a little belt of scrubby oaks followed the course of a ditch between two fields; here and there a vivid red patch against the underwood showed a dogwood bush. Here and there an elm tree sprang up spire-like above the lower oaks.

"See," said Sidney, "that row of elm trees. Can you not fancy that upon just some such day as this the seed was sown? Does it not give a delightful sense of the continuity and endurance of nature's miracles to think that a gentle wind, such as now stirs their topmost leaves, chased the seed vessel playfully along the ground. The wind laughed then, thinking it was making fine sport of its little playfellow, but see, at every pause a seed was dropped, and like an egotistical king who marks the stages of his journey, the fragile cluster of seed has left its memento. You have seen the seed of the elm tree?"

"Yes, it resembles a hop. I suppose the seeds are between the little scales. I can fancy it fluttering along the ground like yon leaf."

"Yes," he said, delightedly, and then pleased with her comprehension

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of his thought he looked far across the field. After all Mabella had not been in such a hurry to get to the house. She was running up and down like a child with the little brown calves in their special paddock near the house. Her sunbonnet was in her hand, her hair glittered in the sun like ripe wheat. From her Sidney's eyes turned to Vashti, and his very heart stood still, for dimming the splendour of her eyes two great tears hung between her eyelids. There was no quiver of lip or cheek, no tremour of suppressed sobs ; her bosom seemed frozen, so statuesque was her pose.

"Vashti!" he said. It was the first time he had called her by name—used thus the one word was eloquent.

"Don't!" she said. "I—will—come—back to the house presently."

Sidney, his heart wrung, took his dismissal without further speech. He went a few steps from her, then turning went swiftly back.

Her tense attitude had relaxed. She was leaning against the grey bars of the fence, a crimsoned bramble twining round one of the upright supports hung above her in a vivid garland.

"Vashti!" he cried, "I can't leave you like this."

"Not if I wish it?" she asked, and gave him a fleeting smile, beautiful as the opalescent glimmer of the sun through rain.

It shook the man to his soul. He stood for a moment blinded by the glamour of her beauty, then left her again. This time he did not look behind, but strode triumphantly across the fields, for he felt that smile had given him definite hope.

Sidney, despite his perfections, was only man. For a moment he had forgotten her tears ; then remembering he said to himself that soon he would kiss away all tears from her eyes.

The best of men are prone to consider their kisses a panacea for all woman's ills. Perhaps with the irrefutable logic of the homeopathists they argue that what produces an ill will cure it!

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more."

The lines sprang spontaneously to his lips. This was the secret of Vashti's tears. How often he had felt that almost intolerable regret, begotten by the recognition of the evanescence of beauty! And Vashti with her splendid natural soul must feel with treble keenness all these things.

Doubtless to her the crimsoning of the leaves was as the hectic flush upon an ailing child's cheek to mother eyes. "*The days that are no more*," ah! could it be she thought of the days when the grain was growing high, the first days of their companionship? Deluding himself thus with futile fancies he turned slowly, slowly towards the house arriving to find Vashti already there in the midst of the housewifely bustle.

Whilst the visionary Vashti bore him company, the real Vashti had passed him unseen. So it was ever. The real Vashti eluded his vision ; her place was filled by a mimic Vashti created of an ideal and his love, and tricked out in all the virtues.

At the house every one was busy. The preparations for dinner were approaching a crisis. Temperance, with a look of ineffable importance such as only a managing and forehanded woman can wear upon such an occasion, was cutting pies, piling plates with biscuits, arranging pickles in glass dishes, and between whiles taking flights to the oven where a huge roast was browning.

Mabella was arranging the table with forks and knives; she reckoned up, six or eight times, the number of people to set for, subtracted two for the ends, and divided to find how many for each side. Mabella had no head for figures so she made a mistake in this process; but as the basis of her calculation was wrong the result was correct. An unexpected thing! But Mabella, cheerfully confident in her methods, had no thought of all this ; she trotted about the table with the gladness of one who does not save steps.

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Vashti was bringing chairs out from the other rooms to complement the number in the kitchen; and Sally, the preacher's handmaiden, was arranging the tin basins with soap and water for the men to wash in, and varying the monotony by tantalizing the chained-up mastiff till he was nearly crazed to get at her, drawing back to his kennel door and launching himself forward with magnificent disregard of his chain which at each attempt jerked him off his feet.

Sidney leaned against the door-jamb watching the homely scene with just the faintest tinge of proud proprietorship in his eyes when they rested upon Vashti.

Presently she came and stood before him. Her figure was so suavely graceful that her most ordinary movements took on an artistic significance. Just now her attitude was that of a queen who fain would ape the serving maid, but who could not cast aside her sovereignty.

"Will you sit down with the men?" she asked.

"Your father does, doesn't he?"

"Indeed yes."

"Then I will also."

"Then I'll wait on you," she said, and primmed her mouth into a quasi-humble expression.

"If you do—" his grey eyes dilated.

"Yes."

Just then Nathan came round from the barn.

"They'll be here in ten minutes," said Vashti and hurried away.

Temperance, flushed with housewifely pride, had the big carving platter ready with the steel beside it. The latter was a concession to appearances, for Temperance always sharpened the knife for Nathan in a peculiar fashion of her own. When Nathan entered she was sharpening it vigorously on the back of the kitchen stove.

"Well," said Nathan, "here I be; where's the water?" He had seen the basins upon the apple-tree blocks, where they had stood for time out of mind at the Lansing threshings, but he thought Temperance might be prompted to come and get it for him.

Temperance paused in the sharpening process, but at that moment a tow-head appeared at the door.

"Here 'tis, Mr. Peck," said Sally, "right here under the shade; fresh water, sweet water, well water. Come up, run up, tumble up, anyway t' get up; here's were you gits water. Step up, ladies and gents. Everything inside as represented on the banners, and all without money and without price," concluded Sally, putting a frosting of the parsonage piety upon the vernacular of the Blueberry Alley dime shows. Mabella, Vashti and Sidney laughed. Temperance resumed her knife-sharpening with a click.

"That child will come to no good end," she said to Nathan when he re-entered.

"She won't," agreed Nathan with some asperity; his waistcoat and shirt were drenched. He had asked Sally rashly to pour a dipper of water on his head to "rense him off." Sally complied with alacrity, only she emptied a pailful over his bent head instead of a dipperful.

"Drat that young 'un," said Temperance, enraged at this. "I believe, I really do, that Mrs. Didymus sent her over here to be shet of her for a day, and if this is a sample of her doin's I don't know as I blame Mrs. Didymus, but if there's any more goin's on I'll trapse her back quicker."

By this time the roast was out of the oven and Nathan began his work with the enthusiasm of an artist.

Nathan was always greatly in demand when there was any carving to be done, and he was very proud in a candid childish way of his proficiency. Perhaps his practice with the plane and the drawknife stood him in good stead, for certainly Temperance was justified in thinking proudly that no man could carve like her Nat.

"They've blew," announced Sally tumbling into the kitchen in great excitement. This was somewhat unnecessary information as the whistle was making itself perfectly audible; ere its shrill echo died away the men, begrimed and laughing came round the corner

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of the barn and were soon spluttering in the basins.

Lanty came into the back kitchen, but the voice of one of the men brought him out of his retreat, and in five minutes they were all at table.

Old Lansing at one end with Sidney at one side. Lanty at the other end with Nathan beside him.

"Open the ball, Nat," said Lanty, passing Nathan the platter. Nathan helped himself with the deprecating modesty of one compelled to pronounce judgment upon his own handiwork; then the platter made the round of the table in pursuit of the one which had started from Mr. Lansing's end.

"Guess you had something to do with this, Nat," said Ab Ranger. "I know your shavings."

Nathan admitted the impeachment.

"Well," said Sidney, "we can't beat that in Boston."

And Nathan ate vigorously to hide his embarrassment.

The girls flitted about seeing everyone was supplied. Did calm-eyed Vashti know what she did, when she bent over between Sidney and her father ostensibly to remove an empty plate, and let her palm rest as if by chance for a moment on Sidney's shoulder? Did ever electricity shoot and tingle through the veins like that touch? He watched her as she passed serenely along the other side of the table, and longed for the moment when he might have speech with her.

Temperance filled the tea and coffee in the back kitchen. Sally performed prodigies in carrying it to the table, and grimacing, as she set it down, behind the unconscious backs of the recipients.

Sidney won golden opinions at this dinner by his frank friendliness.

"He ain't big feelin', that's one thing," the men said to one another as they swaggered out to rest the noon-spell under the trees.

Lanty and Sidney with great affectation of helpfulness asked the girls to stand aside and watch them clear the table. Temperance was not to be seen, they would surprise her when she arrived. They succeeded beyond their expectations.

"It isn't such a job to clear a table as you'd think," said Sidney complacently to Lanty.

"No, 'tain't for a fact. I've seen girls take half an hour at it."

The two young men had cleared the table by removing the dishes and *débris* indiscriminately and depositing them upon the table in the back kitchen.

When Temperance returned from a little chat with Nathan beside the smoke house, she eyed the chaos upon the table wrathfully.

"Laws!" she said. "Of all the messes! Lanty Lansing, ain't you ashamed to be so redecklus? And them girls standin' gawkin' and laughin'! As for you," eyeing Sidney severely, "I should ha' thought you'd more sense, but blessed is them that has no expectations! Lanty! Are you or are you not feedin' that brute with good roast? Where's the cold meat fer supper to come from I'd like to know?"

No one volunteered a response till suddenly Sally piped forth in her thin reedy voice,

"Take no heed for the morrow what ye shall eat or——"

"You blasphemous brat!" said Temperance, her wrath diverted to another channel.

Sally subsided into silent contemplation of the dish of pickled beets from which she was helping herself with pink-stained fingers. Temperance was not Mrs. Didymus, and Sally in many combats in Blueberry Alley had learned to gauge her antagonists.

The offended Miss Tribbey left the back kitchen in indignant silence and set about arranging the table for her own and the girls' dinner, murmuring to herself meanwhile a monologue of which such words as "messes," "sinful," "waste," and "want o' sense," were distinctly audible.

"I don't believe that was really an unqualified success," said Sidney to Lanty.

"No," said Lanty, "I don't believe it was. What did you mix everything up for?"

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"How did I know they were to be separated? What did you feed the dog with the roast for?"

"Did you ever see such an imp as that Sally?"

"Never," said Sidney. "But Temperance squelched her!"

"She did," said Lanty. "I say, wasn't she ripping?"

Meanwhile Temperance's short-lived wrath had died away, and she was pressing food upon Sally in quantities calculated to appal any but a Blueberry Alley child.

Temperance rose in the midst of her second cup of tea and, going up stairs, came down with a large fresh bandana handkerchief. She went out to where Lanty and Sidney stood talking.

"Here's the handkerchief you wanted to keep the dust out of your back," she said with illy-assumed hauteur. Lanty took it with laughing penitence on his face.

"I say Aunty," he said, "would you ask Mabella to put it on?"

Miss Tribbey's severity relaxed; a vainglorious satisfaction stole over her face in a smirk. To have Lanty call her Aunty!

Certainly Lanty Lansing "had a way" with women that was well-nigh irresistible.

"Yes," she said, then with comical apology she addressed herself to Sidney. "Them children is a most tormented trouble, 'specially when they meddle with things they don't know nothing about."

"That's so," agreed Sidney with emphasis, and Temperance, highly delighted with her parthian shot at him, departed.

And presently Mabella came to the door, a *riante* little figure, and demanded with mutinous affectation of indifference:

"Did any one want me?"

"Yes, badly," said Sidney and took himself off to the garden, laughing.

"That's true," said Lanty. "I did want you badly."

Her eyes were wavering beneath his masterful regard, but she said, "Oh, you *did* want me! Don't you now?" The words were brave, but her eyes fell.

"Mabella," he said,—silence. "Mabella, look at me." Slowly she raised her eyes and crimsoned. "Do you know now?" he asked lovingly. "Ah, what a wicked teasing bird it is when its wings are free, but after all they are gone to the barn and"—he advanced a step.

"Lanty!" said Mabella, and in an instant he was grave.

"Dear girl," he said, "you don't think I would do anything to make you feel badly?"

The warning shriek of the whistle came to them.

"See, tie this round my neck, will you?"

She folded it with an adorable air of anxiety and precision, and stood on tiptoe to lay it on his shoulders and again on tiptoe to knot it under his chin, a process Lanty rendered arduous by putting down his chin and imprisoning her hands, a performance he found most satisfying. But at length he was off, and Mabella watched him round the corner of the barn, and then went indoors to attack the chaos upon the table with a good heart.

"Where's Vashti?" she asked.

"Spooning her young man in the garding," said Sally, emerging from her shell.

"Of all the impses I ever see!" ejaculated Temperance. "G'long and fetch in some wood." Sally departed.

"Vashti's in the garden peeling apples for supper," continued Temperance to Mabella, with an attempt at unconsciousness. Mabella gave her a hug.

"It's a sugar plum for Mr. Martin because you were bad to him, isn't it?"

"Yes, Lanty's had his"——

Mabella blushed and an irrepressible ripple of laughter broke from her.

"Well, you needn't laugh," said Temperance. "Mr. Martin thinks Vashti's just about right. Well, there's no accountin' for taste. 'Every one to their taste,' as the old woman said when she kissed her cow."

"Temperance!" said Mabella, "you don't mean—"

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Temperance nodded oracularly, "Nathan thinks so too."

"Well!" said Mabella, and relapsed into silence. Here was news for Lanty. If Nathan and Temperance thought so it must be so. A fellow feeling not only makes us kind but often very acute; and in all Dole there were no such keen eyes for any "goins on" (as courtship was disrespectfully designated) as those of Temperance and Nathan.

"Love, it is a very funny thing;
It puzzles the young and the old;
It's much like a dish of boarding-house hash,
And many a man gets sold."

Sally's falsetto voiced this choice ditty with unction, as she entered with an enormous load of wood in her thin arms. She deposited the wood with a bang.

"Sakes!" said Temperance. "I wonder if she sings them songs to the preacher?"

Whereupon Sally, in vindication of her judgment, began a lugubrious hymn.

"Stop it," said Temperance. Sally stopped.

Beneath the trees Vashti peeled her apples busily, the narrow parings of the greenings twined about her white wrist, the thin slices fell with little splashes into the bowl of water which was to prevent them turning brown before being cooked. Miss Tribbey's apple-sauce was always like white foam. A voyaging wasp came, and settling upon the cores was very soon drunk, so that he was an easy prey to a half dozen ants which wandered by that way. The distant buzz of the threshing mill filled the air with a drowsy murmur as if thousands of bees hummed above a myriad flowers, here and there a thistledown floated glistening in the sun. The scent of the over-blown flowers mingled with the odour of the apples.

"Are we done now?" asked Sidney, as she laid down the knife.

"We are," she said with meaning emphasis. "Do you feel very tired after your exertions?"

"Not so tired as you'd imagine," said Sidney. "The truth is I couldn't bring myself to offer my services, for if you had accepted them I would have had to look at the apples instead of at you, and I did not have strength to make the sacrifice."

"Could you make sacrifices?" she asked.

"Try me," he half whispered. There was a tense moment. Mabella's voice came ringing from the house, the whir of the threshing mill suddenly seemed near at hand, and through it there came Lanty's voice shouting some direction to the men on the stack.

"Perhaps I may some day," she said.

"You know," he said, his voice enchaining her attention even as she strove with bitter thought, "You know you will have the opportunity to ask anything, everything of me."

"Ah, how should I know?" she said as one who has not deigned to observe too much.

Sally, sent out for the apples, appeared around the corner of the house.

"Promise me," said Sidney, "that you will come for a walk after supper; promise."

For an instant the boulders of mullein meadow and the dimness of the twilight sky blotted out the crimson of the Virginia creeper on the porch which flamed in the sun.

"I will come," she said.

"Ah—," he said no more.

"Sorry t'interrupt," said Sally genially, as she stood beside them. "But painful as the duty is it must be did; but don't mind me, I'm blind in one eye and can't see out of the other."

"Sally," said Sidney very gently, "you talk too much."

For the first time in her life Sally blushed, and gathering up the apples and the parings departed abashed.

"You are not going in?" he said rising as Vashti stood up. She held up her hands. "I must wash my hands," she said, "and I want to rest a little."

The slightest hint of fatigue or illness in the splendid creature before him always touched him strangely. It

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was like a sudden assertion of the human in something divine.

"Do," he said; "and Vashti," using her name with happy boldness, "you won't forget your promise?"

"I never forget," she said, simply and sweetly.

He stood bareheaded watching whilst she entered. Then looking about, he suddenly noticed that in the garden the summer flowers were overspent, the little battalion of ants tugged viciously at their victim whose yellow and black had shone so gallantly in the sunlight as he lighted down to sip the apple juice. The whir of the threshing machine made melancholy cadences which sighed through the trees; and all at once the whole scene darkened.

It was only that the sun had dipped beyond the house, and the crimson Virginian creeper seemed in the shadow to be more brown than red, two or three of its leaves fell desolately to the earth, as dreams die when hope is withdrawn.

And Sidney, with the fatuity of lovers, said, "She has taken the glow with her."

But the torch which lighted Vashti Lansing's way was not filched from flowers and sunshine, but shone fed with the evil oils of anger and revenge, balked will and disappointed love.

(To be Continued)

THE LAST WATCH.

THE voice of the singer is dumb,
Where ye come;
Rose-summer sealed up sweet; and none to greet;
No throb of the lyre, or the air on fire;—
Only the ghost of the spirit of heat.

Here all that shall pass have gone by,—
Gone to die;
Both those illumed by song, or dark with wrong;
The murmurs are stilled, as the Player willed;
Only the pulse of the Silence is strong.

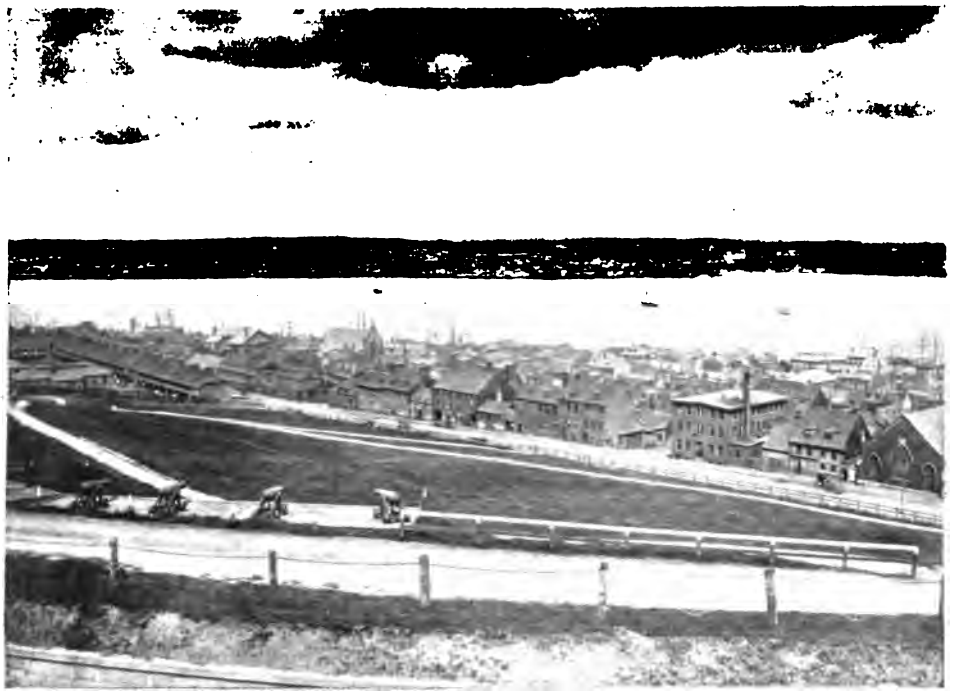
The call that came out of the east,
Now has ceased;
The lover, who for fame had chose her name,
And others of earth, who to sorrow, mirth,
Power, gave their lives, find the End is the same.

The arms of the Night shall take hold
Of the old
Grim hills before unstirred, without a word
Of hope in the gloom, and shall bar the tomb;
Nor from the grave shall a protest be heard.

Care, Grief, and the labour of Sin,
Ye closed in;
But that which warmed the flute, when it was mute;
The sound that had gone, when ye passed it on,
Where found ye that? Do the wires make a lute?

John Stuart Thomson.

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HALIFAX—THE VIEW FROM THE CITADEL SHOWING THE NORTH SIDE, WITH DARTMOUTH IN THE DISTANCE.

HALIFAX, THE OPEN DOOR OF CANADA.

With Special Illustrations.

FROM its commanding position and unequalled advantages, Halifax is not only the premier winter port of Canada, but in many respects the chief all-year-round port of the Dominion.

The early history of Nova Scotia, of which Halifax is the chief town and capital, contains much that is stirring and romantic. From the hazy legends of visits of the Vikings, to its discovery in 1498 by Cabot, on to the expulsion of the French in 1758, is a long chapter of conflicts by land and water between the English and French, assisted by the Indians, which has been illustrated by the pens of poets and historians. That of Halifax is more prosiac. Very early the harbour was known and used by the French, who have the singular aptitude of selecting the most available situations, whether for military or naval or commercial purposes, as for instance Louisburg, Quebec, Montreal, St. Louis, and Chicago.

After the capture of Louisburg in 1745 by the New Englanders under Pepperell and the fleet under Commodore Warren, Halifax was used as a base by the French fleet under the Duke of D'Anville to recapture Louisburg. From the time of his sailing from France with 65 men-of-war and transports, misfortune pursued him. Storms and disease so crippled the expedition that it returned to France without accomplishing anything.

After the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, the English Government determined to take full and definite possession of the country. Free transportation and lands were offered to those willing to go. Preference was given to old soldiers and sailors and their

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families. About 2,500 were selected, and sailing from London in the spring of 1749, under Lord Cornwallis, landed and founded the first permanent settlement on the shores of Chebucto Bay at the present site of Halifax ; and Lord Cornwallis writing to the Government, reporting his arrival, adds: "All the officers of the fleet report it the best harbour they have seen."

The early settlers of Nova Scotia, both those from home and those coming from the United States, were a superior body of men, and no colony of the Empire has had as good a foundation to build upon as far as regards its population as this province by the sea. Sturdy men from England, Scotland and Ireland, with a little seasoning of American loyalists, make up a strain not excelled.

A few years after its settlement, war broke out again between England and France. And from Halifax as a rendezvous set sail expeditions under Amherst and Wolfe, which resulted in the capture of Louisburg and Quebec, glorious victories ending forever French dominion on this continent. Again the war of the Revolution, 1775 to 1782, as all wars have done, brought to Halifax an increase of population and trade. From this port sailed the fleets and armies for the occupation of Boston and New York. And to this province, at the close of the war, returned large numbers of loyalists who would not accept the new condition of affairs in the States.

The war of 1812 to 1815 between England and the United States followed, during which Halifax was again the principal point in the operations of the English fleets on the North Atlantic. After this war but little of note occurred in the history of Halifax. The town continued to increase in population and wealth, if not as rapidly as some other places, with a continuous and healthy growth, and now has a



HALIFAX—FROM THE CITADEL, WITH FORT CHARLOTTE IN THE CENTRE, AND THE EASTERN PASSAGE AND McNABB'S ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE.

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HALIFAX—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CITY AND HARBOUR FROM THE CITADEL.

population of about 45,000. Before closing this historical sketch of Halifax, it might be well to name some of the distinguished officers of the army and navy whose lives are partially identified with Halifax. Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, was twice stationed in this garrison, the last time as commander-in-chief of the forces in British North America. Under his administration the defensive works of the town were greatly improved; St. George's church was built, and many improvements made. Later, Sir John Inglis, one of the heroes of Lucknow, and Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars, both of whom were Nova Scotians, served in this garrison. And for some years Halifax has been the only place in British North America garrisoned by British troops. Another of the Royal family, Prince William Henry, afterwards the Sailor King, William IV., served on this station for two years, as did Lord Nelson.

When the town was first laid out, a large portion of the water front was reserved for a dockyard, and all the necessary buildings erected for building and outfitting ships. And since then it has been the headquarters of the North American squadron. There is ample water at the docks for the largest line-of-battle ship, and the facilities for coaling are unsurpassed.

From a national point of view Halifax is interesting. From its settlement, as before stated, it was the seat of government, at first, of all the lower provinces. But in 1786 New Brunswick was made a separate colony, and later Prince Edward Island was also detached. Nova Scotia, like all other dependencies of Great Britain, was for many years a Crown colony with an irresponsible government of Governor and Council. But, after some years of agitation, a representative government was formed. In 1867 the four Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New

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Brunswick and Nova Scotia confederated, and became known as the Dominion of Canada. Later the Provinces of British Columbia, Manitoba and Prince Edward Island joined the Dominion. Halifax, by the terms of the Confederation, was recognized as the national and winter port of Canada, for one of the articles of the bond was the construction of the Intercolonial Railway as a binder to the union, the ocean terminus of which should be Halifax. And this was emphasized by the Imperial Government, which selected the route and subsidized the road.

Besides men distinguished as soldiers and sailors, Nova Scotia and Halifax has been the home of men equally famous as statesmen, whose reputation is national; foremost among these are Howe, Johnston, Archibald, and Haliburton.

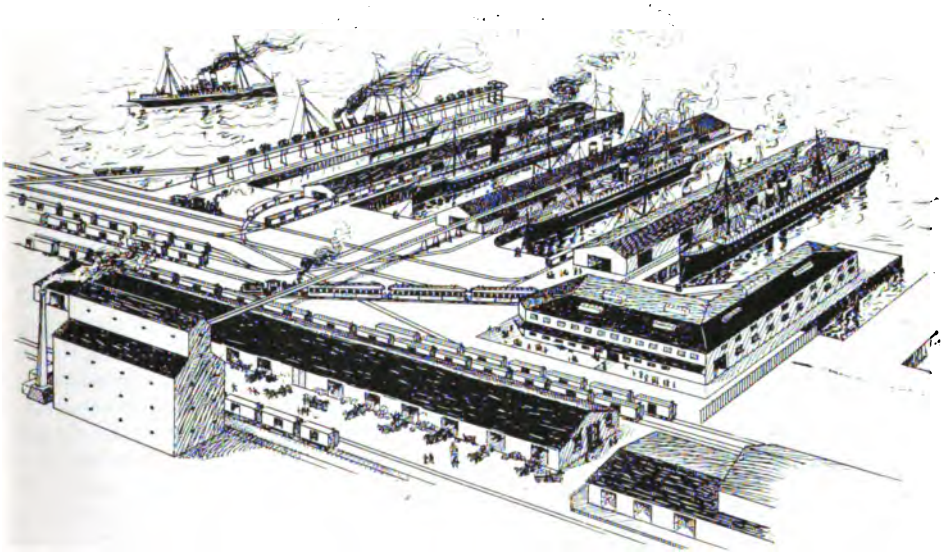
But chiefly as a commercial centre does Halifax claim to be *par excellence* the winter port of Canada. Situated in lat. 44.39 N., long. 63.35 W., 2,450 miles from Liverpool, near the line of the great circle between New York and ports in Great Britain, it is from one to two days nearer the latter than any other port on this side of the Atlantic between St. John, N.B., and New York. From an acquaintance with some of the best harbours in the world, such as Naples, San Francisco, Rio de Janiero, I know of none that combines as many advantages as Halifax. The harbour opens directly on the Atlantic; easy of access at all times; comparatively small rise and fall of tide; safe and commodious; of uniform depth, 10 to 12 fathoms; good holding ground; well buoyed and lighted; with a pilot ser-



HALIFAX—PLEASANT STREET SOUTH, LOOKING OUT TO THE HARBOUR ENTRANCE.

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vice of experienced men, who for twenty-five years have never had a craft in their charge take the bottom, or meet with a mishap. A stranger coming into the port was praising it to an old pilot. The latter said, "Aye, sir, but it is not what you see, but what you don't see." "What do you mean?" enquired the stranger. "I mean, sir, you don't see the bottom," intimating that its freedom from rocks and shoals is the great beauty of the harbour. There are numerous wharves, both public and private, alongside of which the largest vessels can lie free from all dockage dues while handling cargo.



DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

HALIFAX—I.C.R. DEEP WATER TERMINUS.

The Intercolonial Railway is the artery which connects Halifax with the rest of the continent, extending now 756 miles to Montreal, and thence through its branches and connections reaching to the Pacific in an unbroken line of 3,662 miles through British territory. The Intercolonial is one of the best built and equipped roads in the Dominion or the United States. With easy grades, a splendid road bed and good train outfit, it makes as good time to Montreal (about 24 hours) as competing roads, though the distance is somewhat longer. The terminal facilities of the road are excellent, and being constantly improved. The cars run down on covered wharves, alongside of which there is from 25 to 40 feet of water at all tides. The Dominion Parliament has recently voted a sum for a grain elevator, which the city council has supplemented with a like sum, taking the place of the one destroyed by fire, and which, with a cold storage plant for the erection of which a company has recently been organized, completes the road's equipment. It is ready now to move expeditiously and cheaply the products of Western Canada and the Northwestern States, and to distribute the imports of the country.

To a Haligonian, Samuel Cunard, belongs the credit of establishing in 1840 the first regular line of steamers across the Atlantic. Halifax was the first calling port on this side of the water. The Cunard line is still running, leading all others in size, speed and safety. Besides these boats he pioneered the lines to the West Indies and Newfoundland, which in later years have been followed up by other lines to Great Britain, notably the Allan, Dominion, Beaver and others;

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also regular steamers to all ports in the West Indies, to New York and Boston ; as well as coastal boats east and west. Halifax is the headquarters or the calling port of upwards of twenty regular lines.

The trade returns of Halifax show a large and varied export business. The staples of the Province are fish, coal and lumber. Last year 56 square-rigged vessels loaded at Halifax with deals for the United Kingdom or continent, and as many steamers with full or part cargoes of same. And to this must be added the rapidly-increasing products of the farm, as such fruit and dairy products. For instance, last year over 300,000 barrels of apples were shipped to Great Britain, and it will not be many years before this amount will be doubled. But, of course, the great bulk of the export business will be the overflowing produce of the West, a large portion of which should and must come down over the Canadian National Highway, as before stated. Of the Atlantic ports of the Dominion, Halifax ranks second only to Montreal in importance as a commercial centre. By the last returns, 704,729 tons of sea-going vessels entered inwards at the Custom House for the year 1897 ; and the amount of customs collected was nearly twice that of St. John. In number of banks and capital invested therein, it is a good second in the Dominion ; they are ably managed and have branches extending from Sydney, C.B., to Victoria, B.C. The manufactories and industries of Halifax are large and varied. I shall mention only the most important : two sugar refineries, each capable of turning out 1,000 barrels of refined sugar a day ; a large ropewalk, that sends cordage and twine not only all over the Dominion, but ships large quantities to English ports ; a number of iron and steel works ; and a cotton factory.

As the winter shipping port, Halifax claims and possesses many and peculiar advantages. Reaching well out on the Atlantic, it is one day's sail nearer ports in Great Britain than any other on the mainland of Canada. There is nothing between it and Land's End or Cape Clear. One course takes a ship out of the harbour and, taking a departure from Sambro Light, another takes her into the English or Irish Channel, with nothing in the way. From the embarkation to the landing of passengers and mails, there is nothing to prevent a steamer from going ahead full speed. The course is free from the risks and delays arising from currents, tides, or from crowded or narrow waters, or from the proximity of dangerous headlands or shoals.

The advantages of the harbour have already been noted. It is a cheap port in every respect, particularly as regards port charges. For every five dollars a vessel would disburse here, she would spend seven dollars at competing points. For instance, the pilotage at Halifax on a steamer of 1,200 tons nett register is $33.50. Here labour stevedoring is 25 cents per hour day and night, and the foreman furnishes his own gear. Here labour is continuous, no breaks for rise and fall of tides. Ordinarily about 150 tons of general cargo can be handled in an hour. There are no labour unions ; work can be done well and expeditiously. Supplies and provisions of all kinds are abundant, and reasonable in price.

Bunker coal of superior quality is always available, both afloat and in cars, ready to run on the coaling piers and chutes, alongside of which there is ample water for the heaviest ships. To steamers in the North Atlantic trade, Halifax has always been a favourite port of call for bunker coal. From Dec. 1st, 1898, to Jan. 20th, 1899, 114 ocean-going steamers of the regular lines or others calling for coals have bunkered here. The price is $3 per ton of 2,240 lbs. All the principal lines are represented by energetic and responsible agents, who always give their boats quick despatch.

Another important point in this connection is that of marine insurance. Halifax from its exceptionally favourable position should have rates on marine risks to and from English ports at one-

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half of those current to ports in the River or Gulf of St. Lawrence or to ports in the Bay of Fundy. And the experience of the last 20 years confirms this. Last year (1898) twenty-nine seagoing steamers were stranded or in collision in the waters of the St. Lawrence, four with their cargoes total losses.

The docking facilities of the port are the best on this side of the Atlantic. Besides four marine railways, capable of hauling all vessels under 2,000 tons, there is a large graving dock of stone, 600 feet in length, which has been utilized by one of the largest vessels in the United States navy. And in connection with the dock are shops, where all repairs to hull or machinery can be promptly done, even as heavy work as the crank shaft of a 5,000 ton ship.

Halifax is the terminus of the Direct Cable Company's lines to England, as well as of the Bermuda and West India line. From Halifax to Liverpool the distance is 2,450 miles. A steamer of 20 knots would land passengers in five days; 25-knot boats in four days. From Halifax to Montreal is 756 miles; at 40 miles an hour, distant 19 hours in time, and from Halifax to Vancouver 3,662 miles, at the same rate of speed, 92 hours, without changing cars. Or a passenger from London would sight the Pacific in 8 days, 24 hours quicker than by any competing route. Or if bound to Yokohama, Japan, the fine steamers of the Canada Pacific Railway Company would carry him to the Land of the Lotus in 10 days, or 18 days from London, a distance of 10,600 miles.

For the reasons advanced, and in view of what has recently occurred, I think the best solution of the Fast Line service, would be to call for tenders for a weekly service for the year between Liverpool or Southampton and Halifax. Three 25-knot boats could perform the work; this alone would be a saving of 25 per cent. in capital.

To sum up: Halifax, with an equality of rates with other Atlantic ports from the initial shipping points in the great producing regions of the Northwest, must command a large share of the export business, and if the export, the import will follow. Even granting from its geographical position, that the railway carriage is longer, it has advantages that more than compensate, in accessibility, in safety, in distance, and in port charges. All these and more, Halifax offers as inducements which no other port can; and it claims to be not only the winter port, but the best all-year-round port of the Dominion.

J. Taylor Wood.

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CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. II.

MR. THOMAS G. SHAUGHNESSY.

THOMAS G. SHAUGHNESSY, though by birth an American, has, since his first connection with our great Canadian Pacific Railway in 1882, become so identified with Canada and the interests of the Dominion that he is proudly ranked amongst our foremost celebrities.

Mr. Shaughnessy was born at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on October the 6th, 1853. Beginning his railway career at the unusually early age of sixteen, he fully proves by the position he holds to-day Pryde's deep wisdom and common sense when he wrote: "If you study the lives of great men you will discover that this greatness arose not from what has been put into them at school or college, but from what they acquired by their own mental vigour."

From the purchasing department of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, Mr. Shaughnessy, by that "true progress which is gradation" was consecutively appointed, January, 1879, general storekeeper of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad; general purchasing agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway in October, 1882; assistant to General Manager from January, 1884, to September 1885; from September, 1885, to September, 1889 assistant General Manager; from September, 1889, to June 24th, 1891, assistant President; and from June 24th, 1891, to the present time Director and Vice-President of Canada's pride — that glorious steel pathway over which her sons of the East and West glide into one another's lives, thereby cementing the friendships and business interests which are the blocks that form the noble Canadian column of Kipling's "House" that stands together with pillars that do not fall.



MR. SHAUGHNESSY'S MONTREAL HOME.

Mr. Shaughnessy's belief in the future of Canada and "the only real Canadian Railway" is infinite and absolute. That this faith is not misplaced is evinced by the innumerable industries and heretofore undeveloped wealth of forest, field and mine, now brought to the notice and within reach of the world through the com-

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pletion and perfected system of the colossal achievement so admirably guided and unflaggingly supervised by a master-mind, verily—

"From East to West the tested chain holds fast,
The well-forged link rings true."



Yours very truly
Wm. C. Shaughnessy

Though but forty-six years of age, Mr. Shaughnessy has attained a position of splendid power by his brilliant intellect, strong mind and exact judgment; and at the same time gained the respectful admiration and implicit faith of all classes by his sterling manliness, approachableness and that genuine heartiness so thoroughly in keeping with his fine physique.

Those favoured by admittance to Mr. Shaughnessy's magnificent town house may be vastly impressed by the innumerable "objets d'art" on every side, or by the modern masterpieces against the walls—but infinitely more by the exquisitely subtle sense of "home," of that perfect happiness and peace so often sadly lacking where Fortune has passed in beneath the lintel.

E. Q. V.

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The STEALING of the BUDDHA PEARL

By W. A. FRASER

With *Pictures* by C D. WILLIAMS



WHEN a man is rich he joins the 100th Hussars—if he can; when he loses his money he retires—he must. That is what Hadley did—both. It was in Rangoon.

An officer out of service is about as useful as a bronze Buddha in Covent Garden; and the more Hadley thought of things he might do, the more he came back to the predominant idea of a popular crossing to sweep, somewhere in London.

Then rose up Balthazar, the Armenian, and started him in the pearl fishing.

Balthazar had momentum and much money; Hadley had brains and honour—there you are. Also were the Manila and Malay divers the very Old Nick to manage.

MacAllister of Singapore, furnished a staunch craft of 70 tons, the "Ruby," also good "Hinks" air pumps.

Balthazar sent Lahbo, the son of Mah Thu, who lived in Mergui, with Hadley. Lahbo was Coach—Hadley would soon learn, the Armenian said.

All the pearl fishers went to Mergui, in Burma, for their pump-boats and crews. Hadley hired three boats with crews from Ragathu, for 600 rupees per month. For each boat he hired a diver, Angelo, Pietro, and Lahbo.

He was in luck. Angelo was the best diver in all the Mergui archipelago. If other divers got thirty shells in a day, Angelo got fifty; when they brought none, he still found a few. Paralysis never came near him, though he dove deeper than any one of them—worked farther out in the deep water where the best shells were. When the other divers strove for his secret, Angelo showed his white Spanish teeth in a laugh, and said it was the medicine he rubbed on that kept him from the diver's devil—the paralysis.

The medicine? Ah, that was from Father LeFitte, who had interceded with the Holy Mother for it, because of the large offerings Angelo gave to the church. So Angelo dove deep, and drank much gin, and gave to the church, and lived like a prince; he had a rupee a shell for his labours, and he made many thousands in the season.

* *

Hadley's allotted station was off Pawa Island—Pawa where the great waterfall tumbles sheer over the rock-cliffed shore into the sea. It was good fishing there; and each evening when the boats pulled alongside the "Ruby," her decks glistened with the grey-green shells, big as soup plates, that were thrown over the rail. There were pearls in some of them too; sometimes loose like a cherry in the jelly; sometimes grown in the shell, like a fly in the amber.

Perhaps it was trying to keep up with Angelo that caused Lahbo to be laid by the heels by the dreaded paralysis. The second week of the fishing he came up unconscious, and when he opened his eyes again he was paralyzed. Hadley did not turn him off like a broken-down horse, but nursed him. "Hanged if I'll send him off there

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to live on 'betel nut,'" he said. "He's come to it working for me, and I'll see him through. That was Hadley's way. So he fed him generously, and doctored him intelligently, and paid him with a quixotic fairness. And when Lahbo went back to Mergui at the end of the season, he told Mah Thu that Hadley Thakine was as good as a Buddhist.

Then the mother went and smoked her cheroot on the verandah of the Pearl Master's bungalow. The little eyes, like cheap yellow beads, set deep in the heavy Burmese face, watched the white man furtively as he came and went. When the eyes were satisfied, she told him her secret—of the Buddha Pearl. That was because he had been good to Lahbo.

Years before, a Buddhist priest, Crotha, who was favoured of Gaudama, wanted to build a pagoda on Pawa. So he carved little images of Buddha from the alabaster, and put them in young oysters. These he put back in the sea near to Pawa. "The oysters will cover the Buddhas with nacre," said Crotha, "and I shall get many big pearls."

He invoked a curse on any who should come by the pearls dishonestly; and put a sacred mark on the shells so that they might be known.

When Crotha thought the pearls had been formed, he called Sebastian, who was Mah Thu's husband, to dive for them.

Now Sebastian considered Buddha somewhat in the light of an impostor; and when the big pearl oysters with the marks were fished up, he gently strove to sequester them for the use of his own church. Nobody ever quite knew just what happened on the boat, for they were all killed in the row that ensued, and the boat was sunk. Even Crotha, who was with them, was killed.

* *

Mah Thu knew the spot. Outside from Pawa, one mile to the east, is the "Iron Dog Reef;" fifty boat lengths beyond this, sailing south until the great waterfall is opposite the first iron dog, was Crotha's boat sunk. Mah Thu's story was so straight, and her eyes, the gnarled little yellow eyes, so full of truth, that Hadley believed her.

I must keep Angelo for this work, he thought. So, when Angelo's money was all swallowed up in gin and religion, and little side issues, he advanced him more to live on; that was against the next season's work. Lahbo would be fit to work again also, the doctor said.

When Hadley went out next season, Mah Thu went with him to show the place where the great pearls were.

Beyond the "Iron Dog Reef" Hadley anchored the "Ruby," and the divers worked back and forth.

* *

It was Lahbo who found the teak-wood ribs of Crotha's boat sticking up out of the sand, quite half a mile from the "Ruby."

It was in twenty-five fathoms, and the pressure was great. Lahbo had been so long under water that his tender signalled him to come up.

At last he came, with eight shells in his bag. As he reeled in the bottom of the boat, faint and giddy, one of the boatmen gave a queer cry of awe. Lahbo looked at him drunkenly; in the sailor's hand was a shell with the sacred mark of a pagoda on it.

"Loud-voiced fool!" said the diver, "throw it with the others." Then he swayed like a broken shutter, for he was half paralyzed by the pressure, and fell in a heap close to the shells.

"The sun will kill him, oh you brothers of oxen. Put up on this side the canvas that he may have shade!" exclaimed Neyoung, the tender.

And to make hot water for the stricken man he built a fire on the small clay fire-place just in the stern. When the fire was burning strong, and the canvas had shut off the boatmen so that they could not see, Lahbo clutched his mate by the arm, and pointed to the fire and the marked shell. All the weariness of the paralysis had gone—there was only a mur-

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derous look of cupidity in the oblique eyes of the diver. The "tender" understood. He shoved the little iron tongs that were used for the charcoal in the fire, and showed his pawn-blackened teeth in a grin of appreciation. Soon the tongs were red hot; Lahbo had taken a cork from the pocket of his short white jacket.

Then Neyoung put the hot iron close to the hinge of the gigantic shell, and slowly the saucer-like lids opened. The cork was shoved in to keep them in that position, and Lahbo explored the inside with a slim bamboo sliver.

The boatmen heard a sharp cry from behind the canvas, "Lahbo is in pain," they said.

"It's a pearl from the gods," hoarsely whispered Lahbo to Neyoung, as he held in his hand something he had gently rolled out with the bamboo sliver.

Then they used the hot iron again, and the cork was taken out; the lids closed, the hinge was made wet, and the oyster was tossed back among the others; and only the great pearl, large as a man's thumb, nestled in the trembling hand of Lahbo. The yellow in his eyes was streaked with blood-red pencillings. Surely the pressure had driven all the blood to his brain; it was on fire. He strove to clutch at his throat—he was choking; his hand refused to obey—a deathly numbness was creeping up the arm. The pearl clasped in the palm of his hand was ice; it was freezing the blood, and all the time his brain was on fire—the smoke was smothering him.

He tried to call out; the muscles of his tongue had been cut; it lay like an idle thing in his mouth. Then slowly, inch by inch, the freezing crept up his arm, pricking and stinging like a thousand points. He tried to clutch it with the other hand—to shake it; it, too, was powerless.

Then he knew.

Back across the shells he drooped; his eyes, with the red-streaked yellow, the only thing of life in his body.

Neyoung the tender, also knew, and his black eyes glistened with a new light. With a wrench he tore open the stiffening fingers which clasped the pearl, and slipped it in his mouth.

He knelt down and shoved his long yellow arm among the pots and things stored in the end of the boat. He found what he was searching for, a ball of black pitch. Making a hole with his thumb he shoved the pearl in, smoothed down the pitch, and threw it carelessly back where it had lain before.

Then he called: "Ho, brothers! Lahbo is dead," and threw the canvas down.

They rushed aft and looked at Lahbo. The eyes of the paralyzed thief looked back at them, and they knew he wasn't dead—only his muscles strangled by the evil spirits.

Then they seized the oars and pulled for the "Ruby," for the wind was dead, and the sea flat as the blue sky.

* *

Mah Thu leaned over the brass-studded rail, her wrinkled face looking like yellow parchment on the mirror water, as she watched them carry Lahbo up the little ladder and lay him on the deck. She took his poor useless head in her lap, and Hadley watched the big pearl shells brought up. He was passing them through his hands, when he suddenly stopped, and held one out towards Mah Thu.

"That is one, oh Thakine!" she exclaimed.

Lahbo's eyes tried to say something, but they did not understand. Mah Thu thought he was in pain, and rocked her poor, bent, old body back and forth in anguish.

Hadley brought his little tub close to Mah Thu, and opened the marked oyster. There was nothing in it—no pearl.

"The evil spirits have stolen it," cried the woman.

Again the eyes that were in the dead body of the paralyzed diver tried to say something, but nobody understood him—nobody only Neyoung. He knew, and he muttered to himself, "I must send Lahbo away to Nirvana, or those devil-eyes will tell that I have the pearl."

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In all the other oysters was only one pearl—not a Buddha pearl.

Mah Thu, Lahbo and Neyoung were sent back to Nergui in Lahbo's boat. And all the way in Neyoung's eyes was the light of murder; and in Mah Thu's watchfulness; and in Lahbo's something he wanted to tell, and which nobody understood — nobody but Neyoung.

Hadley continued fishing, but no more Buddha pearls came his way.

* *

One moon from that time Neyoung landed in Singapore from the "B.I." mail steamer, to sell the stolen Buddha pearl to Rico, the Russian Jew. That was Rico's business—buying stolen pearls from divers.

Rico had a nose for pearls, keen as the vulture instinct that finds a sand-buried horse. He swooped down on Neyoung.

But the astute Burman would not show him the Buddha at first. He played him for a time. When the Jew saw the pearl he went mad.

Rico had seen big pearls, and bought them too, but never anything like the Buddha pearl. It was as large as the jewel Tavernier had paid half a million for in Arabia. Rico knew that, for he knew all the great pearls in the world. The lustre was good, also. Neyoung dealt like a Burman who has an eager buyer after him—sulkily. If Rico wanted the jewel he could take it at the tender's price, 20,000 rupees; if he did not, then the Burman would take it on to Freemantle, in Australia, and sell it to Simonski. God! how that set Rico's brain on fire. Simonski to get this, the greatest pearl since the time of Tavernier? Not if it cost him fifty thousand; but, slowly, a thousand saved was a thousand gained.

So for days they fenced—this subtle Burman and the sciened Jew.

* *

And all the time Neyoung was trembling lest the eyes of Lahbo should tell Mah Thu of the pearl.

Then one day the sale was completed. Neyoung got a thousand pounds.

That night Rico took the razor he kept for that purpose, and cut the throats of twenty fowls. It was a sacrifice to the god that had sent the pearl to him. It was an extravagance —he could not eat them; but he was drunken with the wine of success. He had never committed an extravagance before; also had he never come by a pearl for a thousand pounds, worth twenty thousand.



"Nobody knew just what happened in the boat."

When he got home he locked the door of his office and cherished his find. He opened his vest and rubbed it against his heart. He kissed it with his black, snuff-smudged lips. He put it on his table, and sat with his arms folded in front of it for a long time, drinking in the beauty of its vast contour.

Suddenly he gave a cry and sprang to his feet. The colour seemed to have changed; a red murky tinge had given place to the faint purplish lustre he had been worshipping.

He sat down with a hollow chuckle and a sigh of relief—it was only a pass-

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"Neyoung put the hot iron close to the hinge of the gigantic shell and slowly the saucer-like lids opened."

ing fancy, or some drunken shadow, for the pearl-white was back again. All this excitement was not good for him, he thought. He would put it away—lock it up in his great iron safe.

When he touched it a shudder ran up his arm. How cold the thing was! The perspiration stood out on his forehead as though he had taken an iced drink. When he placed it in the safe he fancied that two glassy eyes were staring at him from the dark interior. Surely the excitement had unstrung him a bit. When it was locked up he felt better; besides, the thought of the great gain he would make warmed his chilled blood.

Next day he sent it to Dalito, in

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London, for sale. He described it to him as an irregular, pear-shaped pearl of great lustre, weighing 150 karats.

Then for a whole moon he knew no rest. He had insured it, but if it were lost or stolen! It was the one great thing he had achieved in his life.

At length he heard from Dalito, but the letter only increased his unrest. Evidently there had been some mistake. His letter had stated that the pearl was pear-shaped, of great lustre—the one they had received was of no distinct form at all, but approached the button shape. The lustre was bad, of a reddish cast; but they would try for an offer in the London market.

Rico was in despair. Somebody had stolen his priceless pearl, and substituted this red, formless thing.

Then the memory of what he had seen in his own office—that red shadow—came back to him with full force; also the eyes in the vault. What if this were a devil pearl; he had heard of them; where murder had been committed, and the ill-luck stuck to the jewel.

He laughed at his own folly, and sat down and wrote a scathing letter to Dalito. He, or somebody, was trying to rob him, he wrote. Then he tore it up, hysterically, and wrote a beseeching one. This he also tore up. Next he wrote, he hardly knew what, and waited for further news.

The second letter from Dalito stated that on closer examination the pearl seemed to be of much better lustre than they had at first thought, and that there was every prospect of selling it to an Indian prince for a very fair price: they would cable him the offer as soon as received before closing.

Rico cut the throats of more chickens and wept tears of gratitude. Surely it was good to be alive—and deal in big pearls. He prayed that the heart of the Hindoo prince might be made to lean toward him a little.

The third letter was one of despair—despair on the part of Dalito. They had sold the pearl simply on the strength of their guarantee that it was of good lustre. Now the Prince had sued them for damages, and brought half a dozen experts as witnesses who swore that it was of a vile red. They had been forced to take it back, and pay costs; bill of which they sent, and expected Rico to remit the amount. Under the circumstances they would ask to be relieved of the privilege of holding the jewel.

* *

The only thing that seemed tangible to Rico in the whole thing was, that the pearl retained its weight, 150 karats. Verily if it had not been for that he would have cut his own throat, instead of the chickens. He cabled them to send it to Antwerp. There it brewed worse mischief. Two men, an expert and a dealer, got into a wrangle over its lustre and wound up by fighting a duel. The expert was killed; but that did not settle the dispute, for there were other experts, some of whom swore it was red, while others declared it white. But to sell a pearl of 150 karats it must have a steady, sustained reputation; and soon Antwerp was no market for Rico's prize. He made up his mind to send it far from the strife it had created in Europe; so it was transferred to a big firm in Hong Kong.

Because of its likeness in shape to Buddha, its holder there narrowly escaped assassination twice from fanatical Buddhists. It was sold once, and the seller was beheaded for defrauding the buyer, a rich mandarin.

* *

In despair Rico had it brought to Singapore. He would at least see it again. Then one day a brilliant idea came to him. Angelo had stopped at Singapore on his way to Australia. He was on a trip, and, incidentally, would dispose of a few pearls that had stuck to his fingers.

Rico had known the diver for years, and knew that he could trust him to carry out the mission he wished him to undertake.

"Angelo, my friend," said Rico, "my house is thrice accursed because of this shadow of a heathen god—this

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pot-bellied pearl that changes colour like an evil woman. I, a poor man, have given a thousand yellow sovereigns to a thief of a Burman for it, and am ruined. For days I eat nothing because of the poverty that has come upon me. Simonski, who lives in Freemantle, is rich; he has robbed and cheated the poor divers, even you too, Angelo, and now he is rich.

"Take you this purple devil and sell it to him for a thousand sovereigns, even as I bought it. Of a surety you may keep a hundred of it for yourself.

"He will buy it, Angelo; he will buy it," he said, as he walked up and down his office, excitedly dragging his long talon fingers through his yellow-grey beard. Then he stopped and faced the diver, looking pleadingly into his eyes: —"And, Angelo, if you get from Simonski more—twelve hundred pounds, or even more, you will bring *me*, a poor man, my thousand. Think of the money I have spent in commissions and insurances—all lost, all lost!

"Surely you will get for me back my thousand pounds; but if not, then the



"It was as large as the jewel Tavernier had paid half a million for."

Tell him that you have come by it at the fisheries; and show it to him when you are both calm in mood, for, methinks, men's passion brings the blood-red into the unchristian thing."

Then Rico fairly wept at the loss of the hundred sovereigns, and the disappointment of the great chance that had gone by him. He chuckled sneeringly as he thought that Simonski would also have days of tribulation, and that presently he should have his rival's gold in his safe.

nine hundred—*that* you will get for me, Angelo. Remember, next year you will have pearls to sell, and I will pay you good prices."

Angelo's gin-saturated nature did not take in the full pathos of the Jew's plaint, but he made up his mind to bleed Simonski for all the big pearl would fetch. Rico had said £900, and that was all he would get; the rest would be his perquisite for working Simonski.

When Angelo landed in Freemantle

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he was met at the steamer by the Jew. The diver was diffident, and haughty; that proved to Simonski's astute mind that he had something good, something very good up his sleeve.

* *

They were both artists. Angelo was Simonski's "dear friend." But Angelo answered that Simonski had paid him poor prices before; this time it would be a great price—more money perhaps than the Jew had.

At this Simonski grinned and smote his chest, and was on the point of making a boast, when he suddenly remembered that he was a buyer, and said: "Yes, alas! I am a poor man; the divers have robbed me because of the prices I have paid them until I am poor. Rico, who has robbed the divers, is rich."

He thought he saw a look of disappointment creep into the eyes of Angelo. "But I can borrow the money, my peerless diver, by paying ruinous interest, so be it the pearls are good. But pearls are cheap—very cheap this year. Big pearls sell for little more than small ones, because everybody is poor—everybody but Rico."

But not even that day did he see the pearl. Angelo who had come by the cunning from his Spanish father and the patience of waiting from his native mother, knew that he was not quite ripe; besides, there was always gin in Simonski's place. The diver had not taken much that day; it would be luckier to buy on the day Angelo drank generously of the gin, Simonski thought.

At last the gin-day arrived; Angelo became mellow under the gentle influence of the Jew's alcoholic friendship.

Simonski had not seen the pearl before—the diver would never show it. When the Jew beheld its size, and also the lustre, he called God to witness that he was favoured over Rico. Perhaps he would even build a small synagogue in that heathen place, if the favour continued till he acquired the jewel. Surely he would send a mighty present to the firm that had sold him the gin.

Angelo was reckless; he was maudlin. He threw his arms around the Jew's neck and kissed him like an impulsive Latin. In the end he made Simonski a present of the pearl—for £1,200.

Then he took the £900 back to Rico, and his own three hundred to Mergui.

* *

Simonski sent the Buddha to Dalito—even as Rico had done. "I am sending you the greatest of all pearls," the Jew wrote; "it ought to bring £25,000 at least." More he wrote, for the words cost nothing, and Dalito might see greater value in the pearl if it were held in high esteem by Simonski. "He will fall in love with my queen of light when he sees it," thought the Jew, poetically, while he waited for word from England.

The London dealer's letter was hardly a love epistle when it arrived. "This accursed bauble has turned up again," he said, "after nearly ruining my reputation as a respectable merchant; or else there has been a shower of devil-pearls out there, and you have each got one." He refused absolutely to have anything to do with negotiating its sale.

Simonski was horror-stricken. Then a suspicion crept into his mind; Dalito was crying down his jewel because of its priceless value. Did he not talk that way himself every day when buying? But this was too serious a matter; a pearl of that size! It was beyond cavil; he would teach Dalito a lesson. So he wrote to a trusted Jew friend of his in London to take it over to Antwerp, and advised the London merchant to deliver it.

It landed his friend in jail in Antwerp, and cost Simonski many pounds to get him out and the Buddha back again. They were all in league to cheat him out of this fabulous gem, he knew; for had he not seen it with his own eyes and it was good?

Then he had it sent to Hong Kong, to the same firm that had it before; but, as it happened, his letter got there first, and when the jewel arrived they

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promptly re-shipped it to Freemantle without opening the case.

When it came back he was nearly crazy. Day and night he had paced his room thinking of the mighty pearl.

Then Simonski thought of the King of Burma at Mandalay. He paid big prices for jewels, and was not so particular about colour as they were in London. He would have to take it to Rangoon to reach him. So he went to Rangoon to Balthazar; he was the man to get at the king.

* *

All this time Mah Thu had been trying to find out something. Her little yellow-bead eyes were always watching.

When Neyoung came back from Rico—from having sold him the Buddha pearl—he spent money like a son whose rich father is just dead. Mah Thu saw that. Then the curse of the Buddha pearl fell upon Neyoung, for his money melted away and left him with nothing but a craving for opium.

When Angelo returned, the £300 he had got so cleverly from Simonski were not to be spent without many little boastings; especially when the gin was in, which was often. To have done up a Jew of Simonski's calibre was of a surety cleverer than having gathered many tons of "pearl-shell."

Mah Thu heard it in the bazaar, and questioned Angelo about it. Yes, it was shaped like a little bronze Buddha—much like the little, black, alabaster Buddha in Mah Thu's lacquer box.

Then Mah Thu talked to Lahbo about it. She had learned to understand the eyes. When he shut them quickly that was "yes"; when he rolled them that was "no." She asked him questions and he answered—that was their language.

So Mah Thu asked Lahbo: "Did you see the Buddha pearl when you dove the last time?"

The eyes that had been always trying to tell something opened and closed eagerly many times.

"Did Neyoung steal it?"

Again the eyes answered "Yes."

"Did he bring it to Mergui?"

"Yes," answered Lahbo.

At last Mah Thu understood what the eyes had always been trying to tell her; and the eyes looked so glad.

It was plain enough. Neyoung had sold it to Rico, and Rico had sold it, through Angelo, to Simonski. When cornered Neyoung confessed gladly enough. He had nothing to lose now; he was starving; and if he went to jail, even for many years, he would have plenty to eat—and they would also allow him a little opium, lest he should die.

"Yes," Angelo said, "I sold the devil-pearl, the thing that goes red and white by turns, like a changing lizard, to the Jew at Freemantle."

But there was no law broken in that; so Angelo had no fear—only pride at his cleverness.

* *

Hadley followed up the course of the unfortunate pearl. He learned that both Rico and Simonski had failed to sell it in Europe, and that the Freemantle Jew had gone to Rangoon with it. He took the first steamer for that port himself when he learned this, taking Angelo with him to identify the pearl. He also had Neyoung's written confession.

He went straight to Balthazar, saying: "One Simonski has come here with a pearl. Tell him I want to see it."

Now, Balthazar had the Buddha in his possession. When Simonski brought it, and he saw its great size, he knew that the spirits of his forefathers had sent it to him that he might become rich among men. He had marvelled much at the Freemantle Jew's stupidity in not sending it to Europe.

He was a man of much silence on occasion, so he said nothing to Hadley about this.

Simonski thought he had a new purchaser for his jewel when he met the Pearl Master. "Surely the pearl was worth £10,000," he told the captain. "Never had such a precious thing

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come his way. Yes, £3,000 was its price, and the next day he would show it." That was because Balthazar had it then in his hands to decide about buying it.

Hadley meant to seize it when it came into his possession. But that night it was stolen from the Armenian. Captain Hadley heard this in the morning, and told Angelo of it.

"Fernandez has stolen it," said Angelo; "he was a diver, but because of stealing he came to Rangoon. He has taken it—he alone knows how to steal and sell pearls. These Burmese know only to steal rupees." Also, he assured Hadley that he would get it for him. "Give me £100, master, and I will get it from Fernandez."

* *

Then the captain went to the Jew and told him that the Buddha pearl was his; it had been stolen from him at the fisheries by Neyoung, and he, Simonski, had bought it from another diver, Angelo. Now it was stolen again, and he would hold him responsible for its value, the £3,000 he had said it was worth.

The Jew saw trouble ahead. He swore by the beard of Abraham that he had never said it was worth £3,000. It was a vile, gnarled thing, of infamous colour—not worth a hundred pounds. He had been ruined by it—it was a god-cursed thing, bringing nothing but trouble to honest men. It would be better if they never saw it again; and the thief would go to perdition because of it, sure. If he had asked £3,000 for it from Balthazar, that was because the Armenian was rich; while he was a poor man, and the pearl had ruined him. But the Buddha had been stolen from the Rangoon man, he declared, and he would make him pay its value, £3,000.

Simonski was in despair. If he recovered the pearl Hadley would seize it; if he did not the captain would try to make him pay its full value. If Balthazar paid him for it, Hadley would seize that. Surely evil days had fallen upon his house.

Captain Hadley was also uneasy. To come so close upon the jewel and then lose it was really too bad. It would be difficult to grind the money out of the Jew. All depended upon Angelo's being able to get back the pearl. A hundred pounds should fetch it, he thought, if Angelo could get at the right man; for it would be difficult for a thief to dispose of a jewel as large as the Buddha pearl.

That night the diver brought to Hadley the stolen Buddha. Yes, it was Fernandez who had taken it. But he had given his master's word that nothing should be done to the thief; also had he paid him the £100—all except ten pounds he had kept for his own trouble

* *

At last the Buddha pearl had come back to its rightful owner. Hadley had not stolen it—he had come by it in the fishing at Pawa; so the curse of Crotha fell away from it when it came into his hands.

Crotha's pearl had accomplished much. It had humbled Lahbo, and Neyoung, and Rico, and Simonski. And now it brought good fortune to Hadley; for he got £20,000 for it when he sent it to London.

He gave Simonski £500 at the finish. He declared he would give him nothing; but when tears stand in a man's eyes, what can another man do?

W. A. Fraser.

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THE MARKED CARDS.

"A man's past will catch him sooner or later."

THEY had been five days over the sea, the young man and the girl. He had forgotten whether this were the Atlantic or the sea that sweeps the shore of Elysium. Now, on the fifth day, they were on deck, and talking somewhat in this way:

"You must walk with me," she called from her chair.

"It's a delightful punishment."

"Thanks; I believe that's a compliment.

"Truth's a compliment, eh?" he said, smiling.

"The best compliments, I suppose, are those that pretend to be truths, but are lies."

"I am afraid this is getting rather too fast for me," he said. "Wait until I think about it."

"To carry out what you have begun, you should say to me, 'I can't think about it, for I have to think about you.'"

"Is it needful to say that?" he said, looking down at the girl. "How beautiful you are!"

By the rules of conventional conversation it was an utterly inane remark, and the girl's laughter rolled out, full and delightful, but her voice was low.

"I am glad you think so."

A deeper red tinged his bronzed cheeks as he realized his temerity.

"You know I do," he said.

"O, do you? This is the fifth day of our acquaintance. To-day we shall be in Sandy Hook."

He drew a long breath, and his voice was earnest. New York, and work, and to see her no more.

Two elderly persons wrapped to their ears were watching the two.

"What a remarkable girl Nell Wolverton is?" one was saying.

"She's certainly carrying on a remarkable flirtation with that young man. Who is he?" said the other with the severity of position gained by effort.

"Some sort of engineer in the employ of the Winfield Company. Mary Winfield introduced him to Nell."

"That girl would flirt with anybody. She seems to find all men infinitely amusing. Isn't she handsome? Now you would suppose she was somebody or other. But the Wolvertons—O, you know!" quoth the other lady.

"Her mother was one of the most pushing women I ever knew," assented her companion.

"Of the dead nihil nisi bonum," said the imposing one. "She was an extraordinarily ambitious woman. With pluck and ten millions and a daughter like that, an ambitious, clever woman can do anything in New York. The Wolverton money is said to be indefinite millions instead. And now they belong in Far Westchester. O dear, how many men have been after that girl! There was the Marquis di Rodiri and the little Duke of Sussex and Freddy Van Brule, and—she flirts and laughs at them all, just as she does with that young man."

Mary Winfield was watching the two with much the same thoughts. This poor young man didn't understand sophisticated young women; it was abominable of Nell Wolverton; she was sorry she had introduced them; she might have known that Nell would play with any man as she would with a cat or a dog. O dear, this Melville was so out of it; so busy and capable, and such an efficient servant of the Winfield Company. But Nell was Nell, and Mary ought to have known better.

If Nell were Nell, she was proving it with a vengeance. She was making Melville tell her of himself, and she was giving him nothing of herself in return. They were seated now, looking out at the frothing white and green in the ship's wake. She was glancing at him

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again and again with mild, interested eyes. He was forgetting himself, and was telling how his father had left him only money enough for school and college, which he had increased by some tutoring; of how he had worked and won a position in a machine shop of the Winfield Company; of how he had progressed farther, and now was near the head of his department, and had been sent to London on an important mission, and—

A young man came lightly across the deck, and bowed, and exchanged some remarks with Miss Wolverton and nodded at Melville with a "who-the-devil-are-you" air, and passed on after a moment. Melville's confidences suddenly chilled. This youngster represented what he never had known. The girl by his side understood.

"Don't mind Bertie; he's just Bertie."

"O, you know," Melville began, "I'm so out of that set."

"It's the Far Westchester set you mean," she said graciously, as if she would imply politely that there were many others which he doubtless frequented. "The men are very stupid in it. It's all very stupid. It's just sport and gossip. For my part, give me men that do things."

"I think," said the young-man-making-his-way, "that I prefer other men to do things, and leave them to me already done. Now, my father—"

He paused, wondering whether he had better tell her, and then it seemed to him, now that he remembered it, that this put him on a sort of equality with Miss Wolverton, as though the inequality that stood between them was suddenly swept away by the thought of this story. But had he a right to tell her? No, she wouldn't, couldn't know; that was so long ago, and forgotten.

"And your father? Go on—I am interested."

"He might have had the things, the money, to have put me in your friend Bertie's position, if luck had been his way, and if he hadn't been cheated—"

"I never can think of you as a man like Bertie," Miss Wolverton said decisively, with that calm confidence in her eyes; the eyes may have been rather more expressive because this was the last day of all, and he would slip out of her life so soon. She was fair to look upon, clever, accomplished, charming; this fence of the sexes was her delight; she could no more avoid it than she could breathing. Our unsophisticated young man failed to understand her. Later, common sense was to reach out from the grim, matter-of-fact depths of his nature, and grasp his sentimentality until it hurt him.

"Oh, it's a little story of what might have been years ago in Red Nugget Gulch, California. My father was out there after gold, like the rest, and he fell in with a man with whom he made a partnership in a general store. Sometimes, in exchange for goods, they took claims. At first they made a lot of money, and then they lost nearly every penny in trying to develop a claim that failed. Well, each blamed the other, and they decided to separate. They could decide on no other way than to cut the cards. So they sat down one day and cut, and some things fell to my father, and some to his partner. And the papers were drawn up, and the division made. A week after that a claim which had gone to my father's partner began to develop. It proved a find; my father's partner made the beginning of a great fortune that way."

"Well?" said the girl.

"Now the shanty that served for the store had fallen to my father, not the stock, which went to pay the firm's debts. Three weeks after this my father sat talking with a mining expert, who spoke of the big find on my father's former partner's lucky claim; and he stated boastfully, to show his value as an expert probably, that he had told my father's partner—we will call him Smith—that the claim was extremely valuable. This set my father to thinking; Smith had believed the claim to be valuable. But my father could but acknowledge that the man

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had given him a chance even if he had dishonestly hidden his notion of the claim. That day my father happened in the abandoned store. On the table were the two packs of dirty cards, just as they had been left the day of the division. They had cut in the bare inner room, which hadn't been disturbed since. My father picked up these instruments of his bad luck, and he saw that the pack Smith had used had been marked."

"How awful!" the listener said. "And you might have had money, if it hadn't been—"

"If it hadn't been for Smith's dishonesty? Yes, Miss Wolverton. But to return to the story. My father went to Smith, whom he accused, but Smith looked him in the face and laughed. 'You are crazy, man. And you haven't any proof. Who'd believe you?'"

"Was that the end of it?" the girl asked gently.

"No, not the end of it. My father could prove nothing indeed. His affairs went from bad to worse. He left California penniless. Later, in the east, he accumulated the little money he was able to leave me. But it was always a hard struggle for him and my mother, who died shortly after I was born."

"And Smith? That's not the name." Melville hesitated.

"No, that's not the name. It's a well-known name, but we will let it remain Smith. Everything Smith touched became money; he was accused of dishonesty many times in the course of his career; but nothing ever was proven; he succeeded, and is today one of the powerful men of the country."

They were silent, the girl grave.

"And that's the reason you think you are not in the class of Bertie Townley. Well, I don't want you to be in that class."

"If you would care that much!" said he, half lightly, half earnestly.

"O, I like you," she said, cheerily, as she might have said she liked a fox-terrier.

"And the man's dishonesty was really your blessing; it made you do things. O, I know; I know a lot of men, and the men of the Far Westchester set are so tiresome."

"Oh, thanks," said he, lamely.

"But you musn't be tiresome. Do you see that line there? That's Sandy Hook; I know it. I have seen it that way a dozen times. And—I must be going below. O, I have been so much interested."

And she went away brightly smiling, and he felt suddenly the least like a fool. This feeling was increased when he found in the bustle of landing that she had only a cool hand and a distant "So glad to have met you," and no acknowledgment of the fact that he had asked to call, which she plainly had evaded. He felt revengeful and a bit of an anarchist. And the next morning when he was reporting to Mr. Winfield his success in London, and being complimented by the company's head, his success seemed cheap; he had a picture before him of a bright, high-bred looking, exquisitely gowned young woman, surrounded by flippantly gay persons whose world was not his, and never could be; for when one is making his way ploddingly, with no particular capital, he can't reasonably expect that way to be made before he may be gray and all the desire for pleasure, life's good things, quite gone.

It may be supposed that Miss Wolverton put the young man of the Atlantic out of her mind. Perhaps she had some thoughts of him or else she never would have repeated the story he had told her at a dinner where her father was, most unusually, her escort. At a dinner one owes it as a duty to do his part. Nell did not care to be lacking, and wanted her bon-mot to be as natty as another's, and her story as spirited. For she waged a little strife to make the world she knew hold her clever. Now she couldn't, try as she would, think of another story than the one Melville had told her.

"Mary Winfield introduced me to a very entertaining man on the Lucania

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—a man who does things, you know—"

"What does he do, horses or yachts?" said Bertie Townley. "O, I say, Nell, you don't mean that serious-faced chap you were mooning about with so much?"

"The very man," Miss Wolverton said, without turning colour.

And she told Melville's story.

"How extraordinary," gasped Mrs. Pemberton. "You do meet such strange people at sea."

"Business methods are oftentimes dishonest," said Judge Torbid pompously. "Yet—"

"Your story isn't funny enough," criticized Bertie Townley.

Samuel Wolverton—I should say "Sam," the great Sam—held his nose in his port; he's a thin, sharp-featured, silent man, and, looking at him, one always wonders how he succeeded in possessing such a daughter.

Driving home, he said to Nell:

"If I were you I don't think I'd try to tell stories at dinner."

"Why, papa?"

"It's undignified."

"Do you think so," she said petulantly. She usually had him well in hand.

"What did you say that man's name is?" he asked after a moment.

"Burke Melville."

Suddenly she turned.

"Papa, you were in California?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Did you ever hear a story like that?"

"I have heard a lot of stories; California is full of them. Read Bret Harte. As for your acquaintance he was probably yarning."

"No, no, he wasn't."

"What makes you think that?"

"He isn't that kind of a man."

"Nell, I think that you can take care of yourself, but I don't believe you can judge men."

"O, trust me for that," she said airily; and at the moment she was indeed trying to judge no less a person than her father. She had thought that she understood him. Had she? He was fond of her; he denied her nothing, and she loved him. But—there were depths she could not fathom; and she knew no more of his real life, even less, than an outsider.

But now a sudden fear possessed her. She rushed upstairs to a little room which she used for her writing table and her books, and eagerly she looked for a paper in a certain English magazine, "American Millionaires, No. X., Samuel Wolverton." Had she been mistaken? And then she read: "The beginning of this extraordinary fortune was in '66, in Red Gulch, California. Melville and Wolverton were store-keepers who exchanged a supposedly bad debt for the now-famed Bulfinch mine. Wolverton bought out his partner."

For a minute the room seemed to swim.

"O, if mamma were only here!" the girl said moaningly.

"It's true—true. This is all his, and not mine, every penny of it. And he knew when he told me; he knew."

And she stole down to her father.

She went toward him, the magazine in hand, and held it before him. Wolverton started. He had never seen her like this; and her pallor frightened him. And then he saw to what she pointed.

"Was the story he told me true?"

"What if it were?"

"What if it were?" she said mockingly. "You can't understand, 'what if it were.'"

But the father said quietly, with a mastery of himself:

"If it were true, that Melville couldn't have succeeded. He hadn't it in him. He would have failed at anything. I cut loose from him."

"But you haven't told me whether the story is true."

"I won't acknowledge nor deny it," he said at last. "What of it? You ought not to find fault. My money has made you a position as fine as any of them."

"Good night," said the girl.

At the door he called to her:

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"Nell, you haven't kissed me good night."

"I can't—to-night."

And she was gone.

"A woman can't understand business. She'll get over it." But he failed to sleep well that night. She was not at breakfast. He went to her room. She was sleeping with a look that frightened him. On his way down town he stopped at his doctor's. "I am troubled with that insomnia."

"Mr. Wolverton," said the practitioner, "I have told you again and again that you must let up on work and worry."

"I know, I know," said the great man. "By the way, I wish you would see Nell. I am worried about her."

He kept himself busied down town until about three, and then drove through the park in the parade, a tired-faced man whom people pointed out.

As he entered the house he heard Nell's voice. He paused in the hall and listened.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Melville," she was saying.

"I had your note, and came here promptly, I think."

"Yes, promptly."

"I have passed you several times, but I don't believe you saw me," Melville said rather bitterly.

He was thinking how charming she appeared here in her own house. He was blaming himself for all that he had thought of her; when her world, of which he had that brief glimpse, had been shut out.

"I sent for you," Nell went on, "to ask you why you told me that story when—when you knew that your father's partner then—was—my father."

The listener started, and moved toward the door, and drew back.

At last he heard:

"Miss Wolverton—yes, it was so, it is so, and I was a coward to tell you."

"I am glad you told me," Nell said humbly, for this was no longer the proud Miss Wolverton, she wondered at herself, tears were in her eyes, and self-control was far away.

"I don't know what made me tell you, and yet I do know. I have lied; I do know now. You seemed so far out of my reach, and I wanted you to be in my reach. Do you understand?"

"I don't know that I understand," the girl said. "I can't seem to understand."

"And—O, you are crying. I have hurt you. I wouldn't hurt you for the world."

"Don't," she said, "please don't."

But he was saying:

"I know the reason now. It was—don't you see—didn't you see?"

After a moment the listener heard Neil's voice.

"It's best so. If you do, it rights itself. And—I see it clearly. I know now why I didn't want you to be of Bertie Townley's class. You are a man who does things—and will—a man for a woman to be proud of, and—yes—it's all clear to me—I thought I was just flirting with you. But since that night I know it was more."

Presently the portiere was pushed aside.

Wolverton was possessed of a certain grim humour, and instinct for the management of the quick crises was the measure of his success in affairs.

"I am Samuel Wolverton, and you are Burke Melville," he said. "I listened to your conversation. I won't apologize, I am glad I did it. It seems to me, Mr. Melville, that your father's son has it back at me now. It seems to me that you hold the marked cards." He stopped and looked at the two, and then went on: "Mr. Melville, what is it the ministers say? I am not much at going to church. But don't they say that when a man has wronged another the best amends he can make is confession of his fault?"

But, although a moment after the young man extended his hand, Wolverton was conscious that his daughter, whom he held his dearest possession, never would be the same to him; that distrust lay between them; that, at the height of his success, Melville's son had turned the marked cards against him.

Clinton Ross.

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CRACKERBOX.

A Mounted Police Adventure.

FIRST Post had gone on the bugle at Fort Saskatchewan, and the Major was sitting on the porch of his quarters, discussing with his adjutant the details of a practice march arranged the following week for B Troop. The hard blue of the sky changed to purple, then to steel gray, and Saturn appeared low down on the western horizon. Over the level stretches of the prairie the night wind blew softly, rustling the yellow grass. It seemed peculiarly soothing to the two officers, smoking in lazy contentment after an arduous day in the blazing August sun. They paused in their chat and their thoughts drifted to other lands. They saw faces—the pensive faces of women and the laughing ones of little children—while they w tched the stars come out, one by one, in the deepening dusk. They remembered that these same stars shone over the homes which sheltered these women and children; they seemed like sentinel eyes keeping tireless vigil over the loved ones separated from them by long leagues of hill and plain and the vicissitudes of a soldier's calling, and their hearts warmed to their friendly twinkling.

At length the Major's vagrant thoughts reverted to the matter in hand. "Thirty miles will do for the first day," he resumed. "That will take you into the Beaver Hills, where there's good camping; now the cool nights keep the flies down. How's regimental number 2142?"

"All right again, sir. Slight attack of influenza, the veterinary sergeant said it was. He'll—"

The door of the guardhouse across the square opposite swung open and a bugle rang out shrilly on the quiet night air. The two officers sprang to their feet. A shot went off, followed by another and another. Forms flitted back and forth through the bars of light which streamed across the parade ground from the barrack windows. The officer of the day hurried up, touched his hat and said:

"I have to report, sir, that the prisoners McCorkle and Milligan have overpowered the guard and escaped."

The Major muttered something not on record, took three strides up the porch and two back, and then rapidly delivered his orders:

"Detail Kay and Hatherton to scout south toward the Blindman's River; they'll probably work round to that vicinity, sooner or later. Send Smith and Edmonds north to the Athabasca, and Murphy and Kraus east as far as Saddle Lake. Fontaine and Christianson can take the north bank of the Saskatchewan to Lac Ste. Anne."

Twenty minutes later the four details pulled out of Fort Saskatchewan on a blind search for as choice a pair of blacklegs as might have been found anywhere within two hundred miles.

* *

Up to the winter before, some of the Saskatchewan fellows had cultivated the idea that they knew a little about the game of poker, but after Crackerbox, baptized William McCorkle, had dwelt among them for a month they were driven stubbornly to the conviction that somehow they had made an error of judgment. A little earlier, Calgary had been a flower, a night-blooming cereus, from the professional gambler's point of view, but the bloom had worn off; it had become too slow and staid, and Crackerbox had heard of the Saskatchewan game and moved north. He thought there might be a profitable opening for him there and he was correct. His operations at the green table had been quite satisfactory to himself and necessarily anything but satisfactory to anyone

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else. Still, the game went on and Crackerbox continued to pull down his jack-pots with complacent regularity, until one night things happened. He was discovered with four nines in his hand, and as three were held among the other players round the board, Crackerbox was called on for explanations. Which he gave—at the point of a six-shooter. They carried the wounded man home and Crackerbox to the guardhouse. He had done fatigue duty on the wood pile and round the kitchen sink, and while he did not say so, thought it no sort of occupation for a gentlemanly professional gambler. He had been awaiting with feelings of deep distrust the departure of the next stage, which should carry him to the territorial pen, there to abide events while the sick man lingered. Perhaps they would even show so little deference to his cloth and sensitiveness as to put him on the stone pile with absconding bank officers and other low violators of the law! The thought made his nostrils curl. But, as he said to himself on the night of his escape, "We have changed all that;" the stage would depart without him.

Milligan, the other fugitive, was a promoter; and Milligan was in trouble, as promoters now and then are apt to be. He was the chief instrument in the mutiny that had occurred in B Troop three months before, and was serving a year at hard labour in the guardhouse for his zeal in a cause which had been promptly frowned down.

* *

Early in the morning on the third day after the escape, Sergeant Kay and Trooper Hatherton were riding silently across the prairie toward a distant schack beside the trail connecting Calgary with Fort Saskatchewan. It was a stopping place for travellers and the only house in twenty miles.

"They'll be sure to stop at Bennet's and eat," said Kay. "We'd best not ride too close." They drew aside into a bluff of poplars and fastened their horses among the trees. "Now," continued the sergeant, "take a walk to the right and come in below the window in the back of the shack. Mind and don't show yourself; that knoll and the stacks will give you all the cover you want. I'll shy round by the left and get to the front door. When it opens, hold your gun on 'em from the window."

Inside Bennet's, two men were breakfasting at a rough pine table. From the manner in which they ate, it might have been inferred that it was long since they had tasted food.

"Gee!" said the smaller of the two—a youngish, compact sallow man with a carefully-pointed, narrow black moustache, pausing for a minute as Bennet set a second heaping plate of fried meat on the table. "This is great! It would take all B Troop to chase me from such a feed."

"Elegant," said his companion with a mouthful of steak. "Shtill, I'm not askin' to see any av th' clan. Ut's good riddance, anyways y'u take ut, an' I hope ther's as many moiles betune us as ther' is behoind us."

* *

The door creaked a trifle on its wooden hinges. Crackerbox looked round quickly. Sergeant Kay stood in the open doorway with a levelled revolver in his hand.

"I'll trouble you, McCorkle," he said easily. "Oaka—quick now! You know the formula."

The gambler's hands went up. Milligan raised his at the same instant. His eyes were engaged at the window before him.

"'Bout face!" Milligan came round mechanically in obedience to the sharp word of command. "Tut! tut!" Kay went on protestingly—"You needn't strike your dukes, Milligan. Keep 'em up, keep 'em up. They look first rate as they are. Hatherton, walk round here—I'll do the honours while your coming—and fit those new cuffs on the gentlemen. I want to see how they look. Cutest thing in the market; lots of starch in 'em and polished to make a Chinese laundry ashamed of itself. We haven't had a chance to try 'em on a real eligible candidate before."

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He bowed with mock deference to the gambler. Crackerbox smiled amiably in return.

"I'm right glad to see you, sergeant," he said, "Seems just like home again. Funny how things turn out, ain't it? I was just wonderin' if you wouldn't happen along—and here you are! Well, all's fair in love and war. And a fox chase. Some fools in my shoes would probably see things—ropes, beams and hornpipes. I don't. Life's too short to waste in speculation over what probably wouldn't occur. Play your game out and keep on lookin' happy. That's good clean philosophy for a man. And if you do pass out before the rest of the players, why you're only a hand ahead and they'll be hot in your moccasin track to the Sweet Bye-Bye.

"We only just hit the ranch an hour before you, and seein' we was here first we can't do less than make you welcome. You wouldn't have grudged us a hearty reception, I know, if it had happened the other way round." Crackerbox laughed. "We was right hungry. Mr. Bennet, here, was good enough to fix us up a real enjoyable meal an' we've just wolfed it." And, as the handcuffs went on: "And them bracelets! *Ain't* they charming! Such finish! Do you know, sergeant, as soon as I'm out o' this I'm a-going to get me a pair, gold—miniature, you know—same pattern, to hang on my watch chain as a souvenir? . . What's wrong, Milligan? You don't look pleased?"

The big Irishman lowered under his thick red eyebrows. "I suppose this is another twelvemont' for me," he growled.

Crackerbox burst into a loud laugh. "Don't be down-h'arted, me son," he continued. "They can't give me too much of a good thing. I'll ask them to let me have it."

* *

"Well, Mr. McCorkle," said Kay, "now you're wearing government jewelry we can be more sociable. I guess you haven't finished your breakfast yet. It's ahead of anything you're likely to hit between this and the Fort—which the same is ninety miles—so you'd best make the most of it. Jump in. And since you're so hospitable, if Mr. Bennet will be good enough to scorch a little more steak, we'll eat with you. I guess you know better than to make any breaks," he added significantly, looking from one prisoner to the other.

"Too busy to think of it," returned Crackerbox, sitting down to the table again. "Kind of a hard proposition, this, sergeant," he added a moment later, after an ineffectual attempt to cut his meat; "tryin' to handle a meal with your wrists sawing one against the other like cattle in a yoke."

Kay glanced at Hatherton. "Help him out, won't you," he said. "Mr. Bennet will do the same for the other man, I'm sure."

"O, I can't allow that!" protested the gambler, "I'll manage."

He seized the meat in his fists and tore it between his teeth, like a dog.

"Here, quit that!" said Kay. "You're a human at least, not an animal." He took out his keys and unlocked one handcuff. "There, I'll let you eat decently and not like a pagan if you'll promise not to try to escape."

A sudden brightness flashed into the gambler's eyes, but there was nothing of it left in the look he turned on Kay, as he replied with a bland smile: "Sure thing. I'd promise anything under the circumstances. That's easy. I say, sergeant, you're real obliging. I'll see that you're mentioned in orders."

"See you keep your promise, that'll be sufficient," said the sergeant, shortly, unlocking a handcuff of the other man.

Crackerbox laughed provokingly. "Now, sergeant, I like your jokes. You two loaded down with deadly weapons, and us—!"

* *

Sergeant Kay was naturally a kind man. Also, he dearly loved a game of poker, and, therefore, perhaps un-

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suspected by himself, he nurtured a secret admiration for this cool desperado, who looked on life as a game of chance, and took good or ill luck indifferently as it came with imperturbable good humor But, perhaps it was hardly discreet in the sergeant to allow his amiable disposition to influence him to the extent of freeing his prisoners' hands.

During the meal the talk drifted to poker. Kay knew enough about the game to have lost most of his pay for a year before. He was interested in Crackerbox's professional skill. And when the gambler pushed back his chair after finishing his coffee and remarked: "Just let me show you how that's done, sergeant, before you put the bracelets on again," and walked over to another table on which lay a pack of cards. Kay did not demur but followed. He thought he might learn something which would help him retrieve his losses.

Hatherton was interested, too, and stood beside the sergeant. Milligan was still eating.

Account for it as you may, they appeared to have forgotten him—perhaps because he had once been a fellow of B Troop with a blank defaulter sheet. Bennet apparently knew all he wanted to about poker; he bustled round, banging his tin dishes and pans. The clatter enabled Milligan to slip up behind the troopers unobserved.

* *

"You see," said Crackerbox, picking up the thread of his story again, "there was fifteen hundred dollars in the pot and they'd all dropped out except Wat Batty and me. I took the deck in my left hand, like this—it was extremely interesting—"and 'Cards' says I. 'I want one,' says Bat. I gave it to him. 'I'm taking three myself,' says I, while he looked at his hand, and I took 'em. They were good ones, and they came right out o' the deck *here*, like that, see."

"Hands up!" It was Milligan who spoke. The two troopers faced about and each looked into the unfriendly muzzle of his own revolver, which Milligan had deftly extracted from its holster.

"Get thim up, now—quick!" he repeated.

Crackerbox laughed his exasperating laugh. "Yes, I would if I was in your place, sergeant," he remarked. "Everything has been real pleasant between us so far this morning and we wouldn't like to have any misunderstanding, now we're about parting from you. Oblige us. Did you notice how that game came out? Funny how it goes, ain't it? Luck with you one minute and the next it's with the other fellar. I didn't know you understood the sign language so well, Milligan. You tumbled quicker than a tailed steer. You must have belonged to the Invincibles before you left the 'Ould Counthry.' What was your number?"

Bennet looked on stoically, while with some difficulty Crackerbox removed the handcuffs and replaced them on the wrists of his late captors. In accomplishing this, the gambler hit upon what he regarded as a neat arrangement. He stood Kay and Hatherton back to back and divided a pair of the cuffs between them on either side, securely linking them together. Bennet was not risking his health in any attempt to uphold the dignity of the law. Why should he? From an abstract point of view, it seems rather a peculiar fact that there should so seldom in the west be apparent any strong general antipathy toward the man who has done nothing worse than shoot another man, openly. It is only the wretch who lays unrighteous hands upon a woman—the Bill Sykeses of this world, who find all doors of hope, of human forgiveness and forbearance shut against them.

"You've been real hospitable, Mr. Bennet," Crackerbox went on, "and I just hate to put you out any, but there are times, you understand, when a man has to burn all his crossed bridges and this looks to me like one of them times. It's quite a ways to where we're going to and I guess you won't hold it

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against us if we rope you up with the others."

* *

They bound Kay's and Hatherton's ankles and Crackerbox walked Bennet to his bunk in the corner and tied him on it hand and foot. Then, as he stood with his back to the others, he pulled a bank note out of the silk handkerchief about his neck, winked, and held it up so that the host could see the "50" printed on it, and then pushed it into Bennet's waistcoat pocket. Milligan went to the corral and turned out Bennet's stock and brought the troop horses from the bluff.

"Well, so long, sergeant," said Crackerbox, standing beside Kay's saddle. "We'd be glad to spend another half-hour in your company, but you understand we've no time to waste in social entertainment. We thank you for a real pleasant mawnin' and for bringin' down these hosses for our use. My feet was plumb playin' out, but I reckon we'll get on, now. If you look real hard, boys, you'll find the keys of them cuffs in the grass not more'n a hundred yards from here; and, Bennet, your hosses won't stray so far but you'll be able to pick 'em up to-morrer. Good-day, sergeant. If you ever come down my way, look me up. I won't forget your consideration. I won't, honest."

He sprang into the saddle and clattered off, but at a hundred yards he stopped and drawled over his shoulder:

"And O, I say, sergeant, remembeh me to the Majaw! And tell him I said, with my compliments, he wa'n't to fohget to mention you in o'dehs!"

Then the outlaws spurred across the prairie in the direction of that line beyond which lay another government, driving Bennet's loose horses before them, and that was the last seen of Crackerbox by the Northwest Mounted Police for many a day.

* *

In after years I sat often of an evening over Scotch with Kay, when he no longer wore government clothes or nursed an ambition to shine at poker, but had married "a girl" and settled down to raising cattle and a family. He spoke of many things, but he never told me what his feelings were as he lay through that sultry August afternoon on the floor at Bennet's, counting the slow hours, until a traveller came along near dusk and released him; and I never asked. There are subjects which may not be touched upon, even between friends.

Bleasdell Cameron.

LORD HERSCHELL.

BY SIR LOUIS H. DAVIES.

THE recent death of the late Lord Herschell at Washington was as sad as it was sudden. Up to the fatal moment he was to all human appearance in the enjoyment of robust health. Some ten days before his death he fell on the slippery pavement when walking on the street, and fractured one of his hip bones. This accident, however, did not, so far as is known, contribute to his death, which a post-mortem examination showed was caused by disease of the heart.

The circumstances surrounding the sudden and tragic end of this distinguished statesman and jurist evoked everywhere unfeigned sympathy and sorrow, and every possible mark of respect was paid to his memory by the nation in whose capital he breathed his last. The funeral services held in St. John's Episcopal Church were not only appropriately solemn and beautiful, but were international in their character. They were attended by the President and Vice-President of the United States, the Cabinet Ministers, the judges of the Supreme Court, the

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officers of the army and navy in Washington, the American members of the Joint High Commission, and many members of the Senate and House of Representatives.

In addition to these distinguished representatives of the nation, there were present most of the Ambassadors and Ministers of the foreign powers with their respective suites, representatives of the Governor-General of Canada and of the Canadian Government, and a host of personal friends of the deceased.

With thoughtful courtesy the United States Government offered one of its ships of war to convey the body to England, an offer which unfortunately could not be accepted, as arrangements had already been made for its conveyance on board of a British cruiser.

Baron Herschell was born in England on the 2nd of November, 1837, and was, consequently, at the time of his death in the sixty-second year of his age. He was a graduate, with classical honours, of London University, entered upon the study of law in Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the Bar in 1860. Like many other distinguished lawyers, he had years of weary waiting before his abilities were recognized; but after he had obtained his first important brief the profession was quick to recognize his talents, and he rose rapidly.

He was fond of telling a bit of his personal history during the waiting period of his professional career. He was attending the Liverpool Assizes, patiently waiting for the briefs which did not come. One evening after Court was over, sitting with two other young lawyers in a similar plight, the situation was sadly discussed, and the conclusion reached that as there appeared to be no chance for any of them in England, they had better emigrate to the colonies. Australia and New Zealand were the places most favoured, and it was agreed that to these places they would all go. Fortunately for themselves and for British jurisprudence the tide turned about that time; briefs began to appear, and soon came pouring in upon each of them, to the utter annihilation of their emigration fever.

"Of these three penniless young barristers," said Lord Herschell one day to the writer, "I was one, and when I became Lord Chancellor I had the pleasant duty of swearing in another (Lord Russell) as the Lord Chief Justice of England, while the third has for years filled with distinction another very high judicial position."

In 1874 Lord Herschell, then plain Mr. Herschell, entered politics, and was returned to Parliament from the City of Durham, which city he continued to represent till 1885. In 1880 he became Solicitor-General in Mr. Gladstone's Administration, and held that office while he remained a member of the Commons. His private practice during all these years was a very large one, and while giving it all needful attention he found time to achieve marked distinction as an astute politician and capable statesman.

In 1886 he became Lord Chancellor in the Government then formed by Mr. Gladstone, and was elevated to the Peerage with the title of Baron Herschell. He had the unique and distinguished honour of filling that exalted position for the second time from 1892 till 1895.

Like many other successful barristers, Lord Herschell had a marvellous capacity for work, and was fond of ascribing his success in life largely to his determination thoroughly to master the details of every matter he had entrusted to him. With what appeared to be an iron constitution, he was able for years to successfully set at defiance the ordinary rules for the preservation of health, and to work for double the number of hours usually allotted even busy men.

He was a warm personal friend of Mr. Gladstone for whom he had unbounded admiration both as a man and a statesman, and whose confidence he seemed to have unreservedly shared. In the preparation of the great measures which specially marked that statesman's later administration, Lord Her-

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schell took a prominent part, and his trained, acute and lucid mind left its impress upon the drafts of many of these measures. On the downfall of the Gladstone Government in 1895, Lord Herschell, of course, surrendered the Greal Seal, and thereafter continued to sit as one of the Law Lords in the House of Lords, and on the Board of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Though for many years a keen and ardent politician, who heartily enjoyed the great contests in the Commons in which he took part, it was plain that his heart was in the exposition and determination of the law, and that he loved to live in the "gladsome light of jurisprudence."

As Lord Chancellor, Law Lord and member of the Judicial Committee, the late Lord Herschell has had the broadest field for the display of his learning, acuteness and ability, and it may safely be said that his name will be ranked amongst the great British jurists of the century as the peer of Cairns and Jessell.

In private life Lord Herschell was singularly free from either affectation or pride. He was bright and cheerful in disposition, and very companionable. During his long professional and public career he had been brought into contact with many men in different walks of life, and his mind was well stored with a fund of rich and rare stories which he told admirably and with tactful appreciation of time and company. Of many of the great men with whom he had been professionally and politically associated and opposed to, he spoke with generous and kindly appreciation, and when he could not praise he was generally content to criticise with caution or to remain silent. When, however, he felt compelled to correct what he thought were wrong or over-estimates of some public man's character or abilities, he gave his opinion with a charming vigour and honesty.

The confidence reposed in him by Lord Salisbury and the present Conservative Government of Great Britain is evident from his appointment by them on both the Venezuela Boundary Commission and the Anglo-American Joint High Commission. At the first meeting of the latter he was chosen President, and during its prolonged sittings he discharged the duties of that position with dignity and tact. He mastered thoroughly every subject referred to him for consideration, and was never satisfied until he had got to the bottom of the facts. His motto was "Thoroughness," and he lived up to it. He had visited every Province of the Dominion except Prince Edward Island, and prided himself very much upon his knowledge of Canada and Canadians. Of our Dominion he had formed a high opinion, and it would be impossible to over-estimate the zeal, energy and ability which he applied in the presentation of Canada's case before the Joint High Commission.

The Empire has lost a great jurist and diplomatist, and Canada an earnest and sincere friend. His place will be indeed a difficulty one to fill. Pleasant, agreeable, chatty and always kindly, he soon became a lion in Washington society, and was everywhere welcomed with pleasure. The legal profession naturally looked up to him with profound admiration and respect. The diplomatist found him tactful and resourceful, while urbane and polite. Society welcomed him at first because of his distinguished position and great reputation, but afterwards for his pleasant and dignified manner, his absence of pretension and his never-failing fund of anecdote. Public bodies constantly called for his presence and, at a time requiring great prudence and reserve, he was able to accept their invitations and leave behind him an abiding sense of pleasure, power, tact and ability. It may be truly said of him that he possessed:

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

L. H. Davies.

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A VOLUME OF REVIEWS.*

FOR some time, in this and other publications, and in public expressions of writers and thinkers, there has been exhibited a desire for a new Canadian criticism—a criticism which would be a guide to both reader and author. The result is seen in the improved taste of the literary men, the journalists and the readers of this country. The Canadian books and periodicals that were good enough for the last generation of readers, are not good enough for this. The books and articles of ten years ago would be in many cases sneered at to-day. Ten years ago, even five years ago, anything Canadian was welcomed by the small set of persons who took any notice of Canadian literature in its various forms, and was very seldom estimated at its true worth. If it was Canadian—that was enough ; it must have some merit because it was Canadian.

The attitude was, perhaps, a rather judicious one. At least, it was not without its beneficial result. The people of Canada bought Canadian books and magazines and newspapers more eagerly. The better Canadian writers were able to find publishers who would bring out their books without the formality of a guarantee against possible loss. Those persons who had the selling of books in their hands found it profitable to give some attention to native publications. The various sunday-school, high school and public libraries opened a department marked "Canadian Literature." With such results as these, the liberal attitude of the past decade cannot be wholly condemned.

But, as might be expected, and as the record proves, this desire to encourage a native literature has been modified. It was at one time a desire to aid Canadian literature ; now it has become a desire to aid good Canadian literaturer That simple word "good" has been added, and it makes a great difference. Buyers are now tasting their goods before purchasing. The range has been extended, and there is more from which to select. All cannot be taken ; therefore the worst are rejected.

The purchaser with his modified desire looks about for the criticisms of other men. At first he cannot find them. He cries out for them, with little result beyond the waking of the echoes. He cries more loudly, and a weak chorus answers at last. But the chorus is becoming stronger. There will soon be a Canadian criticism. The nation is beginning to understand itself, its work, its weakness, its strength. This is having its effect on music, on art and on literature.

Professor Wrong, of the University of Toronto, has issued the third volume of his yearly reviews of Canadian historical publications, a volume superior in many ways to the first and second. The matter is better arranged, the quality of the reviews is more even and the examination deeper. The contents are arranged under the following headings :

I. Canada's Relations to the Empire.
II. The History of Canada.
III. Provincial and Local History.
IV. Geography, Economics and Statistics.
V. Archæology, Ethnology and Folk-Lore.
VI. Law and the Constitution of Canada.

As a sample of what the book contains in its two hundred and twenty large pages, it may be mentioned that in the first department there are reviews of the following books :

*Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada for the year 1898 ; edited by Prof. Geo. M. Wrong and H. H. Langton. Published by the Librarian of the University of Toronto. Toronto, Wm. Briggs ; London, P. S. King & Son, 9 Bridge Street.

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Demolins: Anglo-Saxon Superiority, to what it is due; Zimmerman: Die Kolonialpolitik Grossbritanniens; Story: The Building of the Empire; Kirkman: The Growth of Greater Britain; Williams: The Imperial Heritage; Van Sommer: Canada and the Empire; Greswell: Canada and the Empire; minor notices of three articles, one by Sir Hibbert Tupper in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, another by Mr. Hodgins in the same periodical, and a third by Sir John G. Bourinot in *The Forum*.

Most of the work has been done by Professor Wrong, although Professor Goldwin Smith reviews a new edition of Parkman; Mr. James Bain, a book on Ontario; Professor Coleman, a volume on Canadian Metals; Professor Shortt, Croil's Steam Navigation; Dr. A. F. Chamberlain, various works on Ethnology; and Mr. Lefroy, a volume on Institutions.

Goldwin Smith's review of Parkman needs no recommendation. A few sentences may be quoted to indicate how interesting the whole article is.:

"Their subjects are so entirely Canadian that we may almost claim the writer as ours. The American, however, would not like to part with him, for in their literature there is hardly a higher name. His style is excellent. It is free from the grandiloquence which used to be the bane of American historians, though to do them justice they have now generally discarded it. Parkman was a paragon of research. At the same time he has few superior in literary art.

"I appear once to have spoken rather disparaginly of Parkman's delineation of the character of Wolfe. I beg to retract the criticism; the character is well drawn, and an intensely interesting character it is. In the union of tenderness with dauntless courage, and in the triumph of the heroic spirit over the weakness of the bodily frame, it bears a resemblance to that of Nelson, while it has the purity which Nelson's character lacks.

"If people only knew how far superior in interest as well as in intellectual influence Parkman's narratives are to the sensational novel, they would lay the sensational novel aside."

Professor Wrong has, in previous volumes, been very severe on Mr. Kingford's history. While retracting nothing, the Professor pays a high compliment to the dead historian in the following language:

"We know not whether most to admire the dauntless ambition which impelled him at that time of life to mark out for himself so great a task, or the the amazing industry and physical and mental vigour which enabled him to bring it to completion. Such an achievement, we venture to say, can scarcely be paralleled in the annals of historical work."

In his other reviews the Professor is equally liberal, although never praising where praise would be untrue. In reviewing such a book as "Canada: an Encyclopædia," he frankly states that he cannot approve of the palpable padding, the manifest inconsistencies, and the disorderly arrangement, adding that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Henry Strong lend their names to introductions to volumes which are not worthy of them. In dealing with a volume published by his own University as a reliable work, he points out its weaknesses also. Speaking of Professor Campbell's pamphlet on the Dénés, he very severely condemns the theory advanced by his learned colleague, labelling it "impossible," and his method as "easy and unscientific."

The same careful and thorough investigation which marks the work of Professor Wrong is exhibited by Professor Shortt in his review of Mr. Croil's "Steam Navigation." He condemns the habit of some writers in using the newspaper paragraph as a source of information, and estimates the general value of the book in very clear language. Incidentally he takes the whole Canadian nation to task for having elevated the *Royal William* to an unearned eminence. Previous to her crossing the ocean, too other steam vessels had already performed the feat.

In conclusion, it need only be stated, to give point to the opening paragraphs of this article, that the example set by Professor Wrong in helping to inaugurate this new era of Canadian literature—an era marked liberally by destructive and constructive criticism—is one worthy of emulation. Canadian literature is a specialty, but it must be tested by some of the world's standards.

John A. Cooper.

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CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

FRANCE seldom fails to supply themes for the chronicler. The almost tragic death of President Faure and the election of his successor, which followed so promptly upon it, have had a distinct influence on the progress of affairs in that country. The most superficial observer must have noted the comparative calm that has followed these events. The maxim that of the dead nothing but good must be said is scarcely broken when it is said of M. Faure that he paltered with the Dreyfus affair, and on his attitude the hopes of the disturbers grew and flourished. To this mob, which, whatever the main body may be composed of, is led by charlatans and mountebanks, the election of M. Loubet was a distinct check. It is fair to say, too, that the leaders of the army, when the critical moment arrived, repulsed the approaches of the men who endeavoured to seduce them from duty.

♥

The new President began his career under the missiles of the knot of cheap conspirators whose chief anxiety seems to be to keep themselves in some way, no matter how ridiculous that way may be, in the public eye. As might have been expected, they went too far. The new President conducted himself admirably, appearing to possess the plain common-sense which his opponents lack. His speech to the Senate has been commended without stint as just what was needed to produce confidence. He not only praised the army, recognizing the position it holds in the esteem of the people, but also said a word about the need for justice in all branches of a nation's life. He especially declared his attachment to the Republic and the principles of liberty that the Revolution was intended to establish. This was the vital part of his speech, and men recognized that here was a man who would stand or fall for the existing order of things, a man whom neither the army nor the Legitimists nor the Bonapartists could coquet with to the detriment of France's deliberate choice of a form of government.

♥

It is noticeable that the hissing and throwing of missiles promptly ceased, and a certain calmness has succeeded the hysterical atmosphere of a few weeks ago, a calm that even the decadent romances of Count Esterhazy are not sufficient to disturb. The change is so pronounced that while a few weeks ago competent observers saw a revolution with a possible Jewish St. Bartholomew's eve on the horizon, the present position removes all apprehension of the occurrence of such dire events.

♥

In the meantime one unfortunate circumstance or another serves to keep the relations between France and her great neighbour across the Channel in an unsatisfactory condition. The last was the collision of interests at Oman. Oman is a weakling Mussulman kingdom on the shores of the Persian gulf whose Sultan has accepted the British shilling. He appears to have been not indisposed to secure a few French francs as well, and agreed to provide a coaling station for the navy of that power. Coal is a dusty and most unromantic commodity, and it seems a misapplication of terms to call it the life-blood of anything, but it is nevertheless the life-blood of the modern vessel, and without it "the armaments which thunder-strike the walls of rock-built cities" are extinct volcanoes. Hence the great anxiety on the part of all the maritime nations to possess themselves of places in all parts of the world where the sea-bird of prey may fill up its bunkers, preparatory to renewed devastations. Strong as Britain's navy is, she is even

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stronger in this respect, and she is determined that her rivals shall not improve their position with her consent.



THE LATE PRESIDENT FAURE.

M. Felix Faure, President of the French Republic, died on Thursday, February 18th, of apoplexy. He is said to have been tormented by a desire to rank with crowned heads, and to have kept up a regular correspondence with European Soverigns. Otherwise he was a very careful and painstaking ruler. He was the son of a Norman tanner.

Oman is too near the Indian coast and the Red Sea. The desire to have a coaling station there had a significance that the naval authorities were quick to see. The Sultan of Oman was also made to see it in that rude but unmistakable way that gives some of us, at least, a twinge occasionally. Why the Sultan should not do what he likes with his own is the question. It will be urged that having taken his shilling he should accept all the consequences that it involves. However, it was only necessary to point a few guns at the palace to make him hasten to revoke his intention of granting a coaling station. Whether he also returned the consideration received does not appear. The singular thing is that the two foreign offices give different accounts of the affair. Each describes the course of the other as a backdown. It is to be hoped, however, that France may be allowed a coaling station there, provided that it is not allowed to be, by reason of fortifications, a menace to the peace of the Indian ocean.

These continual irritations arising between the leaders of civilization in Europe are much to be regretted and an Englishman cannot honestly say that England is to blame. Lord Salisbury has been chided time and again for giving way to France in Madagascar, Tunis and Siam. Whether he is justly criticised or not need not be dealt with here, but the fact remains that in two of these cases Britain had as great or greater interests than France, yet French wishes prevailed with scarcely even a pretence of compromise. Is there one instance in recent times where France has shown a mutually liberal spirit? If there is I should be glad to hear of it. The selfish game went on until the Fashoda affair awoke that bull-dog British resentment, the consequences of which not even the most Chauvinistic Frenchman could fail to understand. He talked about humiliation and he undoubtedly was humiliated, but he emphatically brought it upon himself and now the Britisher is in the mood to give him no other treatment. Let us hope that a frank recognition of the position of both

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parties and a realization of the fact that after a long-continued policy of nagging and irritation a hair's weight may turn the scale, will lead to a resumption of that attitude of mind towards each other that befits two great Christian nations.

In foreign affairs, however, China maintains her position of prominence. If the great inert monster is not dying the kites that hover round her, making an occasional dart for a mouthful of the carcase, believe she is. The newest phase of the case is that the attempt of Russia to make Manchuria a special Russian preserve has been frustrated at last by the firmness of Lord Salisbury. Many months ago Russia, while not prohibiting the building of a railway to New-Chwang, insisted that all that part of it north of the Chinese wall should not be subject to any liabilities of the railway, and if the company became bankrupt that part of it could not be seized or held by the bondholders as security. These terms she compelled China to impose on the capitalists who held the concession. Of course it was difficult to get capital with this disability attached to the security.

Lord Salisbury was appealed to, but was slow to move, and Russia seemed to be having her own way. If he had taken the action then that he has since taken there would have been the utmost danger of a conflict. There can be little doubt that at that time Russia could have secured the aid of France had she been disposed to go to war. The English Foreign Minister did not press the matter; he simply waited. In the meantime the Jingo press, even of his own party, was grumbling at the exhibition of weakness and irresolution. We outside of course can only look at the facts and speculate as to whether they are fortuitous or part of a well-planned policy. At all events, it has been felt all along that France was the only sincere member of the Franco-Russian alliance. As I have said, the latter a few months ago could have depended on the aid of the former for almost any project she had in view. It was not long before it was demonstrated that this spirit of devotion to the international partnership was not mutual.

When France, by her own indiscretions, had got into the Fashoda embarrassment the advice of Russia was to get out of it in any other way but by an appeal to arms, a gentle intimation that Russia did not consider any French question worth fighting for. The incident opened the eyes of France to the real nature of its incongruous ally. The Fashoda incident was therefore not only a triumph for Lord Salisbury, but by it he virtually dissolved the Russo-French alliance. Having got them well separated he immediately assumes a bolder tone with Russia. He tells China that he will hold her to the full terms of the concession to the New-Chwang railway company, and assures her of support against anyone seeking to punish her on that account. And, deprived of France, Russia has to put up with the matter the best way she can. It certainly looks like what the Yankee would call a "slick" piece of statecraft, worthy of Cavour or Bismarck.

While this has been going on negotiations have been proceeding for an understanding with Germany and have been concluded. The precise nature of it has not been made public, but it doubtless removes the irritation that the Oom Paul telegram caused. It is worth noting in connection with this subject the German Emperor's telegram to Kipling and his negotiations with Cecil Rhodes respecting the Cape to Cairo railway. In the despatch to the Laureate of Imperialism the Emperor definitely placed himself among the Anglo-Saxon peoples whose glories Rudyard has sung. This is significant enough when we remember that Germany is surrounded on the one hand by the Latin races and on the other by the Slavs—and between the latter and the Germans no love is lost. If there

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is anything in race, the Kaiser's natural allies are the Briton and his broods across the seas. The humours of the negotiations between the inspirer of Jamieson's raid and Uncle Paul's friend are too broad to need enforcing.



PRESIDENT-ELECT LOUBET.

M. Emile Loubet, who was elected President of France on the joint vote of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies on February 20th, springs from the peasantry of Midi. He is not so ambitious as was his predecessor and is a lover of music and books. He is a staunch Republican, and a man of moderation and judgment.

The conduct of the Czar's representatives in Finland forms a strange contrast to his preparations for holding a peace conference at the Hague. The despatches tell us that the written pledge of his father and grandfather to respect the liberties and immunities of the people of Finland are framed and set in their holy places. In view too of the preparations for the reign of peace it is remarkable that one of the changes which is being forced on the Finns, is an increase in their contribution of young manhood towards the army from ten to thirty-five per cent. and a like increase in their contribution of money to the war treasure. The result is that the aggrieved people are contemplating leaving their birthland, negotiations having been begun with the Canadian High Commissioner in London. The Finns are a fine people, Lutheran in religion, sturdy, industrious, honest and earnest, and would undoubtedly make excellent settlers. Their country corresponds in latitude with that region of our west which extends from Great Slave Lake to the Arctic Ocean, but, as is the case with all European latitudes as compared with corresponding American latitudes, their winters are somewhat milder. Any part of the inhabited western Provinces would, however, suit them excellently as to climate.

Owing to the careful press censorship or to the discretion of the correspondents we are getting the rosiest side of the story of American operations in the Philippines. Of the final outcome of the campaign there can be no doubt, but we must expect that these lawless savages will keep up a desultory warfare perhaps for years. In the meantime the Democratic caucus has declared "that a colonial policy is contrary to the theory of our government and subversive of those great principles of civil liberty which we have been taught to cherish." It looks as if the two parties were about to divide on a question of great moral and political significance.

John A. Ewan.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

THIS Easter number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE surpasses any previous effort. The contributors are all well-known writers and publicists; the illustrations are of a higher order than has been hitherto obtainable in Canada, while the mechanical work shows what progress has been made by native printers. The twelfth volume is complete, but the resources of Canadian art and literature are not exhausted, and volume thirteen will, it is hoped, be even better than its predecessors.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier proposes to reform the Senate by an amendment to the constitution providing that when there is a majority in the Senate opposed to a measure which has passed the popular chamber, there shall be a joint vote of the members of both Houses. The Bill would thus pass if the majority in the House in favour of it was greater than the majority in the Senate opposed to it. The Legislatures of Nova Scotia and Ontario have approved of the scheme; while the Legislature at Quebec has been bound in a similar way, so far as the expression of an opinion in the House by the Premier can bind it.

It will be a long fight. The proposition must be carried in the House of Commons at Ottawa. That is the first step. Then it must pass the Senate itself. That is a longer step. Then it must be approved of by the British Parliament. That is a step which may or may not consume much time and effort.

It is rather discouraging to notice in connection with a constitutional question of this character that the Liberal members of Parliament are, without any consideration, lining up in support of the Premier's proposal, while the Conservative members are performing the same manly feat in support of Sir Charles Tupper's condemnation of the scheme. The members of Parliament do not seem to feel that independent consideration of a constitutional question is either advisable or necessary.

Similarly the Liberal press is almost a unit in support of the proposal, although it was, a few years ago, arguing along a different line. The Toronto *Globe* and one or two other papers are exceptions, however, the *Globe* remaining firm in its absolute hostility to the continued existence of the Senate in any form. Similarly, the Conservative press is a unit in support of Sir Charles Tupper and the present constitutional position of the Crown-appointed chamber. Partyism may be breaking down in England, and Goldwin Smith may think it an unnecessary condition of the British constitutional system, but partyism holds the Canadian newspapers and the members of Canadian Parliament firmly in its grasp. It is worshipped above all other gods, and much more blindly.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier figures prominently in another piece of history making. He has written a letter to the Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, the temperance organization of Canada, defining his attitude with regard to the Prohibition Plebiscite which was taken last year. He points out that 278,478 electors voted yea and 264,571 voted nay. But, he adds, there are 1,233,849 voters in Canada, "and of that number less than 23 per cent., or a trifle over one-fifth, affirmed their conviction

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in the principle of prohibition." In the face of this circumstance he ventures to assert "that no good purpose would be served by forcing upon the people a measure which is shown by the vote to have the support of less than 23 per cent. of the electorate." The Government has spoken through the Premier, and Prohibition is not a question which will be again considered until the country gives a new verdict. Prohibition by legislation is shelved for ten years at least.

The Government of this country should buy up all the railroads, combine them into one large system, and appoint Sir William Van Horne general manager, with a salary of, say, $200,000 a year. After he dies, Cecil Rhodes, Major Girouard, or some other bright man could be found who would be a worthy successor.

Sir William's ability is amply proven by the latest statement of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The surplus for the year 1898 was $4,124,417. After deducting dividends to the amount of $1,535,546, he has a balance of $2,588,870. Further dividends will be paid out of this.

This country is suffering from a plethora of railway bonuses and railway deals. The best method of settling all the difficulties would be to acquire every mile of road in the country, and place the government of the system in the hands of the most competent man procurable. The price which would necessarily be paid for a forced purchase would probably be twenty-five millions above the real value; but Sir William would make that much profit in five years. All the wire-pulling and lobbying now in sight would be worked into a year or two, and the legislative decks cleared for more important engagements. This undignified, disgraceful lobbying when a railway charter is to be granted would vanish from our public life, because all future lines would be built by the Government. This would mean more expenditure, some reader would say. It will mean future expenditure, but there will be future expenditure in any case because we are bound up with the bonus principle. The difference would be that the Government would build the railways and own them, instead of building them for private companies. We would have additional assets to balance additional expenditures.

The accompanying table shows that we have expended on railways in Canada—exclusive of what is being spent on the Crow's Nest and Drummond County Railways—over two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. On railways and canals combined we have spent some three hundred and forty millions.

To pay off these railway subsidies of two hundred and fifty millions, every able-bodied man in Canada would require to contribute over two hundred dollars. If the Governments, provincial and federal, were to call on us for this contribution, I imagine that there would be no further approval of subsidies. Of course we will not be called upon for anything but the interest, which is a small matter. Nevertheless, after we get tired paying the interest, the debt will still stare us or our posterity in the face.

The interest on this amount for each voter of the country (of whom there are 1,200,000) would be at least eight dollars. If a man pays his share for 30 years he would have paid $240. In other words, if he would pay now what he would pay during thirty years of his life as interest, the whole two hundred and fifty millions would be paid off and the future generation would be unburdened. But, of course, the future generation may "go hang" and look after itself.

The only point I desire to make is that we have paid a great deal for transportation facilities, and that it is time to call a halt. It is time for several reasons: because we cannot really afford new burdens; because further expenditures will lead to duplicate lines; because future railway building may safely be left to private enterprise; and

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EXPENDITURE ON CANADIAN RAILWAYS AND CANALS TO JUNE 30TH, 1897.

DOMINION—		
Railway subsidies paid	$41,890,887	
Railway subsidies outstanding	752,742	
Lands granted (if worth $1 per acre)	39,725,130	
Rails loaned to railways	90,356	
GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS—		
Construction and rolling stock	97,444,518	
Excess of expenditure over revenue	8,274,797	
		$188,178,430
PROVINCIAL AND MUNICIPAL—		
Loans	$ 25,046,734	
Bonuses	39,686,625	
Subscriptions	3,064,500	
		67,797,859
CANALS—		
Construction	$69,297,152	
Renewals	2,453,498	
Repairs	5,282,173	
Staff and maintenance	6,764,673	
		83,797,496
Grand total		$339,773,785

because the granting of subsidies is wrong in principle and leads to lobbying and deals. If the Government must grant aid, let it be in the form of loans. These may occasionally be justified, but bonuses can never be.

Similarly we must condemn the bonus principle as applied where municipalities grant aid to new or existing industries. There has been much discussion of this question in the present session of the Ontario Legislature. Even after the discussion, which by the way seemed to bear little fruit, the city of Kingston applied to the Legislature to exempt from taxation three large grain elevators and a cotton mill. That is, it proposes to make the small business man and the wage-earner pay the taxes of the city, and let large accumulations of capital go free. This is but a sample request of many. Truly, to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

So long as the bonus system is continued, there will be demands of an extraordinary character from people who have political influence. A case in point occurred a few weeks ago in Ontario. The Ontario and Rainy River Railway has received from the Ontario Government a promise of $3,000 per mile for 208 miles of railway, and from the Dominion Government a promise of $3,000 per mile for the same road. The owners now ask an additional $1,000 per mile from the Ontario Government, and stated that the Dominion Government is expected to increase its grant by an additional $3,400 per mile. That is, these railway owners ask a bonus of $10,400 per mile. The first grant was asked for 208 miles of road; now this has been increased by 75 miles. For this 283 miles, these patriotic gentlemen ask a bonus of $2,943,200—three millions in round numbers. this, too, for a road which parallels part of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was also built with the people's money.

If one must draw a conclusion, it is that democratic government in Canada fails at this point, and that a strong, crown-appointed, unhampered Senate is a necessity to prevent extravagance. Of course the Senate, as at present constituted, has not always prevented extravagance, and if it is being condemned now, the condemnation is due to its failure to appreciate its own duties.

John A. Cooper.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THE CANADIAN SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

The editor has asked me to say something in these pages about the Canadian Society of Authors. His kind request, and the many communications on the subject which are reaching me from all parts of Canada, sufficiently show that much interested attention is now being directed toward the cradle of this infant organization; the child, it may be said, of many hopes and fears; respecting which its friends are sanguine that it may survive all adverse influences and criticisms; be able in due time to stand upon its own feet, and to play a useful part in the commonwealth. I am the more pleased to do this because it affords me an opportunity of relieving my soul by assuring all and sundry of the numerous tribe of those who wield the pen in this country, that if they were not personally invited to assist at the natal ceremonies of this organism, it was a mischance which none laments more than I. I sincerely hope they will not turn their backs on it on this account. Those who at the beginning formed themselves into a nucleus of action with a view to the inception of a Society of Authors in Canada were exceedingly anxious to obtain the co-operation of all who would in any way bring strength and vitality to it. To this end circulars of the following tenor were sent broadcast over the Dominion:

TORONTO, January 24th, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—Suggestions have been made from time to time as to the advisability of forming an Association or Society of Canadian Authors, for the purpose of facilitating united action with regard to any subject or movement which may be of interest to literary people. The fact that in Great Britain and the United States the chief contributors to the literature of the day have formed Associations for a similar purpose, furnishes a noteworthy precedent for the step which it is now proposed to take. But more particularly the present state of the Law of Copyright in Canada, and the probability that at an early date changes of moment may be made in it, appear to afford a suitable opportunity for inviting Canadian authors to come together to discuss this and cognate topics, with a view to ascertaining their views, and of taking such action as may be judged desirable.

At a preliminary meeting of a number of literary men, held in Toronto, on the 13th inst., for the consideration of matters affecting Canadian authors, a committee was appointed for the purpose of convening a general meeting of Canadian authors to be held at the Canadian Institute, Richmond St. East, on Monday, February 6th, at 8 o'clock p.m. At the request of the committee a statement with regard to the present aspect and future prospects of Copyright Legislation will be submitted for consideration, by the Hon. G. W. Ross. The discussion of a question of such importance cannot fail to be useful to authors and the public generally.

We therefore earnestly hope that you will be able to attend the meeting and give the movement your valued countenance and support.

Yours faithfully,

Signed on behalf of the Committee,

BERNARD McEVOY, *Secretary.* GEO. W. ROSS, *Chairman.*

In response to this invitation a well-attended meeting was held at the Canadian Institute, Toronto, and an important and thoughtful statement on the present state of the Copyright Law in Canada and the best way to meet its deficiencies in the interests of both authors and publishers was read by Hon. G. W. Ross and afterwards discussed. There was a healthy amount of criticism and differ-

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ence of opinion on the subject, but there is every reason to suppose that the work done at that and subsequent meetings will have a useful bearing on the settlement of a question which is of vital interest to our native authors. Experience has long shown that a fair and just copyright law is in these days one of the most important roots of literary activity. It was out of the necessity for improvement in this regard that the Society of Authors in Britain and also that in the United States originally sprang, and it is therefore no strange thing that the same necessity should bring about an impulse of organization in Canada.

Although there was, as I have said, a very hearty response to our circulars, I am grieved to find that many industrious and able writers were overlooked, and that some sensitive people were thereby hurt. I can only now say that if any literary man or woman will write to me, as Secretary, on the subject, I shall be most happy to furnish them with all the information I can with regard to the Society, and that their co-operation will be welcomed by the Committee.

The following report on the objects we have in view and the proposals as to the conditions of membership was adopted at the last meeting, held on March 13th, in the Canadian Institute, Toronto:

Resolution adopted at the meeting on February 6th:

"That the following provisional committee be appointed, with instructions to prepare a memorandum setting forth the objects of the Society, and if so advised, to prepare a form of charter and to report to a subsequent meeting of the Society: Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., Hon. G. W. Ross, Prof. Mavor, G. R. Parkin, C.M.G., James Bain, Oliver Howland, Q.C., Byron E. Walker, Charles Lindsey, A. H. F. Lefroy and Bernard McEvoy, secretary, with a recommendation that whatever be decided by the Society as to the conditions of membership, members should be appointed from all parts of the Dominion of Canada, in order that the Society may have a thoroughly national character."

Your Committee begs to report as follows:

1. The objects of the Society shall be to promote the production of literature in Canada, and the interests of Canadian authors.
2. To discuss and circulate information with regard to public questions affecting literary workers.
3. To obtain and distribute information as to channels of publication open to Canadian authors.
4. To keep a register of Canadian-printed books by Canadian authors.
5. To hold meetings in various parts of Canada, at the call of the Executive, at which papers may be read relating to the work and scope of the Society.
6. The Society shall consist of Members and Associate Members; Members being those who have written and published at least one book; Associate Members, those who are in the habit of contributing to current literature. Only those who are Canadians by birth, or by present or past residence shall be eligible for membership.
7. Candidates for membership shall be proposed by at least two members of the Society, who shall specify the claims of their nominees for membership on forms of application prepared for the purpose, and such claims shall be adjudicated upon by an electing committee chosen from various parts of Canada.
8. The yearly subscription shall be: Members, $2.00; Associate Members, $1.00.

It seems to be highly probable that the publication of these particulars will lead to a very considerable membership. An amount of correspondence has come in which shows that there is a feeling of much interest with regard to the production of literature in the Dominion, and that there is a larger number of potential authors than might have been supposed. It will be the work of the Society to endeavor to weld these scattered units into some degree of fellowship; or at least to enable them to place themselves on record as belonging to the republic of letters.

It is scarcely necessary to say anything to intelligent people as to the advantages of co-operation and mutual help. It may be remarked, however, that writers are frequently somewhat isolated persons, who find themselves to some extent out of harmony with the ordinary spheres of fellowship that are supplied by various social organizations. Reluctant as one would be to say anything to stimulate the sort of conceited exclusiveness that fancies itself above its fellows, it were foolish and stupid not to recognize that the possession of literary gifts places the possessor of them

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in a class apart. If he be wise he will minimize this separation to a large extent, and endeavour to understand the multifarious life around him by immersing himself in it on every convenient opportunity. The life of every thoughtful man must be determined by the claims of society and solitude upon him. A *via media* between too much solitude and too much company must be our quest. Solitude is impracticable, because if persevered in a certain decay of power must follow. Few men can keep their own minds going, and few women. Nevertheless, to the literary person who sometimes feels out of harmony with present surroundings, we are hopeful that our Society of Canadian Authors may be somewhat of a help. Already some have joined our ranks whose names are well known as writers, and whose works have already shed considerable lustre on Canadian letters. It will be something for the unknown but ambitious tyro to feel that he belongs to an organization on whose roll are these bright names; and we think there is much to be said for the Society on the simple ground that it will create a certain *esprit de corps*, and enable the lonely and struggling to feel that they have the support and sympathy of friends.

It is a matter of congratulation that the feminine contingent of Canadian writers are with us to a woman. From the first they have signified their adhesion to our programme and our principles. In the membership of the Canadian Society of Authors there will be, so far as I know, no distinction of sex, politics, religion, or birth. Literary endowment certainly does not make any, and it would be useless to create any narrowing separations on these accounts.

It is very much to be hoped that there may be in the history of the Society no sectional jealousies or distastes. There is the greatest desire on the part of those who have been instrumental in bringing the Society into being, to recognize, in the fullest manner, the literary ability that is to be found in the Maritime Provinces, in Quebec and in the West. But it was necessary to begin the Society somewhere, and there seemed to be no fitter place than that which on many accounts has long been regarded as an important Canadian centre of literary effort. More books and periodicals are published in a year in Toronto than anywhere else in Canada. But we need the zealous and loyal co-operation of all Canadians who are interested in the production of current or permanent literature. It is a matter of great satisfaction that this seems likely to be given to us, and from both east and west letters of encouragement have come. It will be the effort of the officers to stimulate the all-Canadian feeling with regard to our Society, and to place such benefits as may accrue from its formation within the reach of all. In our aims we have worthy examples in the Incorporated Society of Authors in England and in '*La Societé de Gens de Lettres*' in France. The former was established in 1884 by Sir F. Pollock, Cardinal Manning, and other eminent literary men, under the presidency of Lord Tennyson. Its objects are similar to those which we have set before us in the Canadian Society of Authors, and it is our belief that we shall find a similar path of usefulness.

I have only to add that I shall be happy to correspond with any authors who may wish to have further particulars or to join the Society. If they will address me at the Canadian Society of Authors, Toronto, their letters will receive careful attention.

Bernard McEvoy.

NEW BOOKS.

Not many days ago, I asked an acquaintance for an expression of opinion upon the book notices in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. "Very good, usually," he replied, "but sometimes flippant."

The man was right. In the face of the literary world of to-day, one cannot avoid being flippant. The reviews are dwindling into long-winded rehashes and

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wearying iterations. The magazines are full of trashy articles with newspaper headings and flashy illustrations. As for the new novels, the only thing that one can be sure of, is the regularity of their appearance. If a man becomes a publisher, he arranges to have a new book issued every time he takes his forty-fifth meal. The quality of the novel does not count, but it must fill three hundred printed pages and be ready on time.

Let me recall James Russell Lowell's opening remarks in his essay on Carlyle.

"A feeling of comical sadness is likely to come over the mind of any middle-aged man who sets himself to recollect the names of the different authors that have been famous, and the number of contemporary immortalities whose end he has seen since coming to manhood. Many a light, hailed by too careless observers as a fixed star, has proved to be only a short-lived lantern at the tail of a newspaper kite. There are names in literary history which are only names; and the works associated with them, like acts of Congress already agreed on in debate, are read by their titles and passed."

I have several shelves filled with Canadian novels, and out of all these, I find only some seven or eight volumes that I would recommend a young Canadian not to miss—and those are all by one or other of three writers. Of all the novelists whom Canada has produced, there would seem to be only three, perhaps four, who will be read twenty-five years from now. Why, then, should the reviewer be too serious?

A few years ago "Robert Elsmere" was on every table; now no one bothers about it. Four years since, "Trilby" sold by the thousands, and to-day it can scarcely be given away. Only last year "Quo Vadis" was the rage, and already the best readers are making sport of it. In the face of this, dare a man be very serious?

Nevertheless, I confess that these temporary luminaries while away many of my spare hours. "David Harum" * one of the latest pieces of fiction from the pen of a United States writer, interested me very considerably. The author, Edward Noyes Westcott, who died last year at his home in Syracuse, disdained the romance of the dead centuries and left the manuscript of a realistic novel dealing with the quaint provincial life of Central New York. David Harum is a rude, illiterate, humorous horse-dealer and noteshaver with an unsavoury reputation and a large kindly heart, a character that amuses, interests and stimulates. Mr. Westcott has added another piece of proof to the accumulation of evidence which shows that American novels must deal with the American life of to-day, and paint it piece by piece, ready for the time when an American Dickens shall weave the pieces into one beautiful and comprehensive picture. There are many characters in Canada just as striking, just as quaint, just as amusing as David Harum. W. A. Fraser has described one or two, Miss Wood another two or three, Gilbert Parker one—perhaps—and several other writers one each. But the field is broad and ripening to the harvest.

A Canadian edition of the "Adventures of Captain Kettle," ‡ by Cutcliffe Hyne, has been issued. This famous sea-captain has already been introduced to the readers of this magazine by the publication of two of these "adventures" in the form of short stories by this gifted English story-writer. Cutcliffe Hyne may not produce literature, but he tells good stories. He reminds one of Robert Barr. Captain Kettle has many impossible adventures, but he is amusing, and is not that a great deal?

In the Colonial Library, issued by Longmans, † there are two new novels of much the same character as Cutcliffe Hyne's first book. S. Levett Yeats, who has written one or two very fair novels, is the author of a volume of short stories of doubtful value. The India tales are of medium strength, but the long-

* Toronto: William Briggs. † Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.
‡ Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

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est story in the collection, and the one that gives a name to the volume, is very weak. This story, "The Heart of Denise," is a story of court life in the days of the hard-hearted Catharine de Medici. The plot is good, but its development is crude and incomplete—in places almost unreasonable. "Two Men o' Mendip," by Walter Raymond, discourages the reader by the tameness of its earlier pages; but, before the book is half read, the interest is ully aroused. On the whole it is a rather clever picture of the miners and farmers of England in the early part of the century.

Better than any of these, with the exception of David Harum, is a new Scotch story by John Buchan. "John Burnet of Barns"* is a quiet, graceful character-study. The author does not aim at blood-curdling and hair-raising incident, but rather at the pourtrayal of several very interesting characters. John Burnet, the boy with his fondness for fishing in the trout pools, the student at Glasgow and Leyden, the outlaw, soldier and lover, is a person concerning whom the imagination may weave a halo of romance. The pictures of scholastic life at Leyden are exceedingly clever.

NOTES.

Four popular authoresses are represented in the excellent list of forthcoming books shown by William Briggs. Amelia E. Barr has a new story entitled "I, Thou and the Other One." Florence M. Kingsley follows up her "Titus," "Stephen," and "Paul" with a fourth in the series entitled "The Cross Triumphant." "Pansy" ventures with "Yesterday Framed in To-day," a book that it is predicted will give her new popularity. A new story by Annie S. Swan is also announced, but the title is not yet made public.

"Concerning Isabel Carnaby," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler—a neice of the noted English Liberal leader, Right Hon. Sir Henry Fowler—was last year, and is yet, one of the best selling books on the market. A new story by Miss Fowler, "A Double Thread," will be published in May by William Briggs.

The latest issue in the Victorian Era Series is "The Science of Life," by J. Arthur Thompson. The broad scope and the evenness of this series must commend it to the reader who is on the look-out for books which convey knowledge. The Copp, Clark Company are the Canadian Agents.

"The Market Place," by the late Harold Frederic; "A Dash for a Throne," by A. W. Marchemont, announced for early issue by William Briggs, promise to be two of the best of the year. The reading public will be especially interested in Mr. Frederic's last book, which is said to be the best he had written.

"The Two Standards" is the title of a new novel by Dr. Barry, whose previous story, "The New Antigone," published many years ago, created a marked impression on the reading public at the time, and is still having a considerable sale in England and America.

Henry J. Morgan is engaged in preparing a work on "Types of Famous Canadian Women, Past and Present." It is intended to make it a superb holiday book embellished with many portraits, and to publish it by subscription.

* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

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A SHAKESPEAREAN REVEL.

MRS. ROMEO MONTAGUE was on the verge of hysterics. She had sent out cards for a pink Shakespearean luncheon in honour of the Bard of Avon, and it had rained uninterruptedly ever after the last invitation was mailed at the general postoffice. Worse than all, the fête day arrived, and with clouds low and sullen, which gave spasmodic imitations of what they could do if they list to be nasty. This was just to tease Mrs. Montague, and the poor lady was frantic. Everything depended upon the weather, as the function was an al freso affair to be held in the old Capulet's garden.

Papa Capulet, by the bye, had long since gone to his account, leaving his property to his daughter and her devoted spouse, the erstwhile gallant Romeo. Juliet, who was putting the finishing touches to the festive board, continued to feel pretty blue, when suddenly through a rift in the grey the sun came sailing, beaming complacently on every thing in sight, and boldly winked his left optic, which had a naughty little twinkle in it, at Juliet. That worthy dame was so delighted at the metamorphosis in the atmosphere that she forgot to be indignant and called joyfully to her better half within doors: "Oh, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?"

Clear and distinct came Romeo's awswer: "I am minding Montague, junior!"

"Well, give him to nurse, and come down here and help me arrange these orchids!" So out he came, and presently the feast was in readiness; and the guests began to arrive shortly after.

The gathering was a distinguished one, only the premier people of the Shakespearean drama having been bidden. Juliet, a charming hostess, was very picturesque in mousseline de soie and a Leghorn hat. Romeo was in tennis flannels, white sailor and a shrieking cravat. He was cordiality itself, and insisted on showing young Montague to everyone, much to the disgust of Othello, who being a bridegroom of but a few weeks, deemed his host's enthusiasm about his bald-headed, goggle-eyed offspring a colossal display of vulgarity. But the Moor, as we know, was always a bit jealous.

Gentle Desdemona came with her husband, of course, and immediately ensconced herself among the wilderness of cushions in one of the cozy corners which the hostess with rare tact had placed for her exclusive use. Desdemona invariably evinced a distinct partiality for pillows. No one knew positively (politeness made them forgetful), but they hinted at a romantic little episode in connection with her liege lord.

Macbeth and his wife, a picture of radiant mischief, rode over in a horseless carriage. Portia, in dazzling cap and gown and with her old time regal, or rather legal air, was escorted by Shylock. Rosalind, Viola and Katharine arrived in a private car, while Richard entered en cheval tremendously distingué in stunning riding breeches.

Hamlet, deep in the mysteries of "Punch," sauntered in, wearing a tweed suit and grey fedora. Ophelia followed in a Norfolk jacket and divided skirt, while a cigarette case dangled helplessly from an over-burdened châtelaine. She carried a bouquet of rosemary, pansies, fennel, columbine, rue and daisies which she had gathered at the brook, where several years before she met with that famous accident. She and Hamlet were a model couple and occupied the ancestral castle of Elsinore. The Dane was little changed, albeit he was given to a playful habit of writing jokes (?) for the comic weeklies. His former melancholy was not in evidence. The guests were engaged in conversation when suddenly there was a lull, and glad cries of welcome announced the advent of the hero of the day, William Shakespeare, Esquire (he was not knighted during the Jubilee), who strode up the lawn to pay his devoirs to Mrs. Montague. He wore knickers, very loud bicycle hose and a jaunty cap, while he chased the festive mosquitoes to "the undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns," with a palm-leaf fan. He was the cynosure of all eyes. Behind trotted Touchstone, trundling Bill's wheel, "which," as he explained to his hostess, "had got punctured down the road." Touchstone, catching a glimpse of Juliet's nurse in the shrubbery, ran quickly down the asphalt path ostensibly to admire the son and heir of the house of Montague, but in reality to flirt with the lady who perambulated the precious bundle of disturbance and Valenciennes lace.

The luncheon itself was a distinct success. Although the dishes were all English, the menu was written in French—a pretty conceit on the part of Madame the hostess, for it afforded the guests ample opportunity to juggle with their "Ollendorf," besides ex-

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periencing a timid pleasure in dodging such names as did not appeal to them and accepting horrible concoctions which they did not want. Altogether, it was unique, and the delightful exercise it yielded was apparent in overheated countenances when the toast list was reached.

Rattling of cutlery against the mahogany and cries of "Shakespeare" brought sweet William to his feet. Several moments elapsed before the commotion subsided. Bill was visably affected. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "it gives me the greatest pleasure to be with you to-day. [Hear, hear.] I consider it an honour to be entertained by the princely house of Montague, but I consider quite as great an honour to meet my old and distinguished friends. I would it were possible to have other comrades among us. Capulet and Polonius ("Poor papa!" moaned Juliet and Ophelia in a tear duet) are sadly missed. The latter's death was pathetic and not justifiable" — (here Shakespeare looked meaningly at Hamlet, who blushed and hung his head)—"as some persons would have us infer," (a fresh burst of artistic weeping from Ophelia who was clearly playing to the gallery), "but far be it from me to make accusation. Julius Cæsar regrets his inability to be present in a telegram. He has gone to the Klondike, which is 'A Winter's Tale.' King John and King Lear have not yet returned from the Jubilee celebration, and the 'Merchant of Venice,' I am sorry to say, accompanied Andree on that silly balloon expedition, which, as I take it, is 'Love's Labor Lost.' 'Anthony and Cleopatra' are circling the globe on their tandem and do not expect to reach home before 'Twelfth Night.' They, also, cabled regrets. So, you see our friends abroad have been ever thoughtful of us as you have been of me, dear comrades. And for that remembrance I offer my sincere gratitude. There are many to-day who utterly ignore me, and if they speak of me at all, it is only in ridicule. They say I never wrote my plays, that someone else did them for me. while I, I, William the Great and Only, quaffed flagons of seltzer at a café chantant, forsooth. By the rood, friends, when I worked on these dramas I had no pretty typewriter to give me, a holiday and compose them for me. Even the poetry—you know I wrote poetry, iambic pentameter sort of thing—is my own. Some touching lines beginning 'Even as the sun with purple-coloured face had taken his last leave of the weeping morn' etc., are addressed to Venus and Adonis, and may be found on page 593 of Vol. I. of my complete works. If you will send in your names, I shall be pleased to forward you, post-paid, a copy for the modest sum of £5, 10s. 6d. And oh, those horrid critics" (fierce glares from the men, indignant pouts from the ladies) "would even maintain that I hadn't penned a popular song." (Display of intense feeling on the part of the guests.) "Madame Hamlet, I composed a catchy little lyric which you were wont to trill before you married the Prince here. It was very effective when voiced by yourself, fair Ophelia. If I mistake not it began with 'Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's day,' and so on. I wot that is quite as trueful as 'Rosie O'Grady,' or others of that ilk, even though the critics do ignore it. [Cheers and cries of hear, hear.] But, my dear companions, I am boring you, for it is 'Much Ado About Nothing' to complain at this late date. A word before I sit down to our sweet hostess. This fête will remain in my mind as 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and for your sake, fair lady" (Juliet looks curious at this flattery, and Romeo looks daggers and several other things. "Imperdent old bore," he mentally terms the gay and festive Bill), "I am exceedingly happy. 'The Tempest' has passed leaving in its track the most radiant sunshine and your bright smiles" (Romeo says something under his breath), "and as I have remarked previously, on page 639 of my unabridged works, post paid, £5, 10s. 6d., "All's well that ends well." [Renewed cheering and waving of serviettes.] "Fill your glasses to the brim, and let us drink 'Measure for Measure' in the best Canadian to 'The Success of the Drama.' Ladies and gentlemen, here's looking at you!" Then a short silence, broken by one long, affectionate gulp which floated away under the trees of old Capulet's orchard in a low, blissful, ecstatic, glorious, gigantic gurgle.

Margaret O'Grady.

THISTLEDOWN.

It is better to seek "the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth" than at the mouth of one's friends.

A man takes up his coat and flings it over a bedpost; a woman carelessly places a dainty confection of a bonnet in its box; and the things in the coat pocket remain there—the bonnet is still a dream of beauty. But let a clumsy man touch the latter and the flowers wilt in his grasp; and similarly should the wife meddle with her lord's apparel, loose change will pour from every pocket to gladden yet dismay her eyes. This is one of the mysteries of life.

When society would be charitable, put one hand over your eyes and the other in your pocket.

It is the fools blindly rushing in where cautious angels fear to tread that keeps the world moving.

The very audacity of folly is a force, and one often being exerted for the best ends. If men could all see with angelic vision there would be no saving of the situation. It is the commonplaceness and earthiness, the ignor-

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ance of the fool—if you will call him so—that often in blindness plucks victory from defeat.

There is a tiger which preys upon men, and the bravest shrink at her call, yet obey. In private do their sisters urge them to resist or flee—but shall the tiger of the Bazaar lack one victim for her feast?

Nay, for the sisters themselves are the betrayers.

When the world which "loves a lover" loves him enough to let him and his love alone, as much before the engagement as it leaves them alone afterwards, it will have a chance of dancing at more weddings.

Children are unconscious poets. They are owners of two realms—the possessors of Everyday and the kingdom of Letspretend.

Though a man owns (without his overcoat) fourteen pockets, if he putteth on a summer suit he will grumble of a surety that he hath but eight.

Florence Hamilton Randal.

BEATING THE RAILROAD.

An Irishman, after questioning the ticket agent at one of the depots of Chicago some time ago about the fare to New York, purchased a round-trip ticket and went out on the platform to wait for the train. He seemed to be in quite a cheerful mood, and when asked what it was he found so amusing, replied: "I'm 'beatin' the road.' It's a round-trip ticket I've bought, and I'm not comin' back!"

THE DEUTSCHE VERB.

Mark Twain, in his account of the German language, tells how "the intelligent German plunges into a sea of verbiage and comes up on the other side, like a dog, with his verb in his mouth." The same idea is illustrated in a story, told in the Century, of a lady who once listened, through the aid of an interpreter, to a speech made by Bismarck. All went well for a time, as the low voice of the painstaking translator rendered with some adequacy the thought of Bismarck. Then there were short pauses, followed by rapid little summaries of what had been said. As these grew more and more frequent, the lady became irritated. Finally there was an entire cessation on the part of the interpreter, and yet Bismarck was going right on with ever-increasing vehemence. There were constant calls from the lady of "What's he saying? What's he saying?" and an increase of impatience proportionate to the growing violence of the speaker. Finally the wretched interpreter could endure the strain no longer, and, turning with a gesture of fierce resentment to his excited employer, he hissed: "Madam, I am waiting for the verb."

A SYMPATHETIC INTERPRETATION.

The lesson was from the Prodigal Son, and the Sunday school teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother. "But amidst all the rejoicing," he said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now can any of you tell me who this was?" There was a breathless silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen sympathetic little geniuses came the chorus: "Please, sir, it was the fatted calf!"

THE CARDINAL AND THE CASUIST.

The casuist, who was dining with the cardinal, was famous for beginning every sentence with the phrase, "I make a distinction," and his host, wishing to "draw" him for the general entertainment, asked him, as the soup was served: "Pray, father, can you tell us if it is ever lawful to baptize in soup?" "I make a distinction, your eminence," replied the casuist; "with ordinary soup it is by no means lawful to perform baptism, but your eminence's soup is perfectly suitable, as it differs in no way from water."

A MUSICAL CRITIC.

Dr. Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury, entered an East End church one night, and standing in a back pew joined in the singing of a Moody and Sankey hymn. Next to him stood a workingman who was singing lustily in tune. The bishop sang lustily also, but not in tune. The workingman stood the discord as long as he could, and then, nudging the bishop, said in a whisper: "Here, dry up mister; you're spoiling the show."

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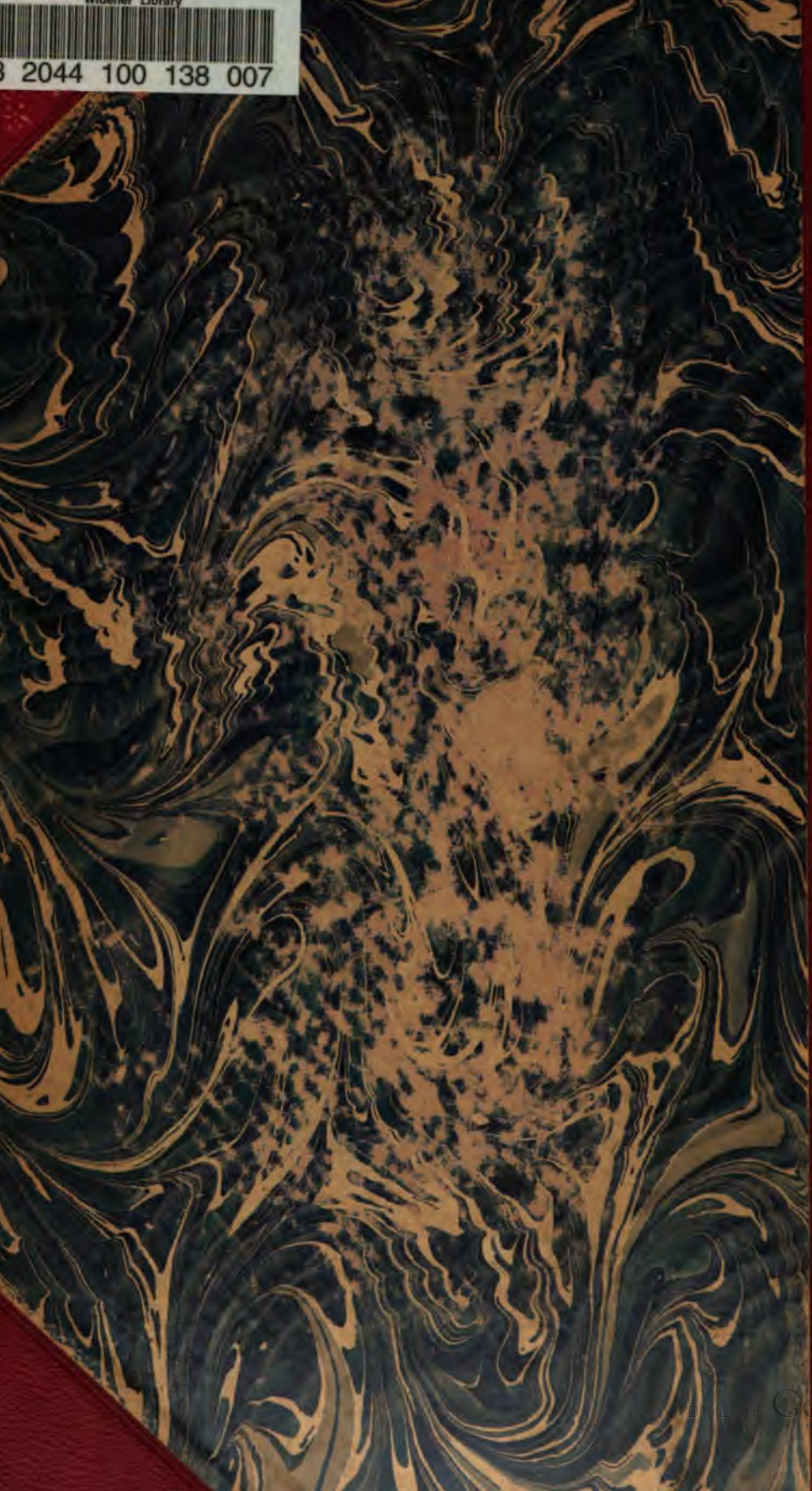
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